

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय

SANTINIKETAN
VISWA BHARATI
LIBRARY

223

G 12 a

36298

THE ANANDA GITA

THE SONG OF BLISS

BY

GAGANDAS H. JAISINGHANI

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ARTHUR YOUNG.

—

1933

Dedicated to Shah Latif
The Poet
of
SIND.

INTRODUCTION.

While touring in Hyderabad, I came across a Sufi singer. His face, clear cut as if by the hammer and chisel of a Greek Sculptor showed up something so refreshingly different to the modern features about us. When we do find time to look around, we find God's image has been distorted and confused by the impact of our so-called scientific conveniences. The telephone, the railway and the motor car, to mention a few, have left on us a harassed look which needs the fragrance of the deserts and woods to bring us back into a realisation of the real.

The Author, Mr. G. Jaisinghani, is obviously a visitor from the "lonely places apart" which often speak loudest through their silent messages. Instead of singing of Gods of War as forms the theme of most epics, he translates the silences of his beloved Sind into a poesy of God-like things. The Ananda Gita or, as we would call it "The Song of Joy" is really the music of understanding soaring with Omar Khayyam, Tagore and the Indian nightingale, Sarojini Naidu,—all rolled in one. Like champagne, the King of wines, it cannot be gulped down, it needs the mental environment in which the singer and the *notes* of his song both travel through the wide spaces of philosophical fancy to the goal of spiritual attainment. The appreciation of a poem is not only the height to which it aspires, but the mountain top to which it is capable of lifting us or, as Pope aptly puts it, "the Empyrean Spheres" to which it soars or makes us soar.

As with a delicate Stradivarius both the instrument and the player must be in tune which means that this garland of thoughts was never written for the class of readers who rush for an "Edgar Wallace" to steady the

confused gymnastics of the day's material greed. Every thought is clear in itself and as the reader becomes intoxicated with the cup that brought more than knowledge, that brought wisdom, to Umar, he too will lose himself in this Song and find :—

*"The hunger within me, the Soul,
has taken a newer form to-day,
to fill the heart through other strings."*

For my part, I have had the manuscript with me for some weeks and it has provided me with many an odd hour's meditation. Sometimes I have had to re-read a paragraph more than once to catch the author's thought, but it has always been worth the trouble. I have often felt that it is to India only we can turn when in search of those fragile fantasies which though providing us with a book of words are most eloquent in their wordlessness. This is the real joy in the Ananda Gita. It is not a volume to wade through but a friend whose interest never wanes. As the Author says :—

*Whenever thou speakest to Life, to thy wonder,
instead of saying anything in reply, she fills up a
newer cup and offers it to thee with thy every
newer word.*

And so it is, each query which stands out in our every day struggle offers in its answer some greater and more intricate question till, as Mr. Gagandas Jaisinghani says :—

*I am as restless as is the dust to be changed into the
flowers.*

ARTHUR YOUNG,

September 1933.

FOREWORD

These songs are not the melodies of a moment but they all come within the One Song—The Ananda Gita—or The Song of Bliss.

Plutarch, the Greek Biographer, said that by writing the lives of others he was also writing his own biography. So, often by expressing our own soul, we express the soul of mankind.

The Ananda Gita is nothing if not an expression of the soul.

Often throughout it the word 'thou' is put in the place of 'you' for it has to do with our higher dreams. If in some places it is used in a fantastic sense, it is only for the sake of 'spontaneity and ease.'

The Gita means the Song—the Song means 'Union.' So the Ananda Gita is the expression of the inner self and nothing 'religious' or sacrosanct.

If anything, it is something flowing—flowing between the Indian spiritual goblets and the Persian poetic cups.

G. H. J.

All Rights Reserved.

PRINTED BY NAVALRAI FATEHCHAND
AT BHARAT PRINTING PRESS, RAMBAUGH ROAD, KARACHI
PUBLISHED BY GAGANDAS H. JAISINGHANI,
TAIB (DISTT. LARKANA)

THE ANANDA GITA

1

O Vision! Speak through Love that is Union itself!

In the Cradle of Sorrow thou rockest at every moment the
very soul of Joy and thus keepest it awake.

The faithful hold over thee one kind of crown, the faith-
less, a crown of another kind, but all hail thee.

Oh Seeker! even this may be thy day, for what is it if it
does not give thee a newer name for everything?

Lo! It is often not the place where no seed can grow but
the place where one can not bury any secret, thou
callest it a soul-less place—such is thy doubt!

Tempest or Calm! Thou art the Breeze itself!

Joy or no Joy! Thou art Mystery itself!

Love or no Love! Thou art Perfection itself!

2

When thou didst approach the Law-giver where the spirit of Law and the spirit of Kingdom meet, He said the Law of Love is as tender as Love itself.

O Thou that ever wishest for Purity—for Purity in its highest—if at all it is thy true desire, make thyself pure instead of trying to make Purity itself pure.

O Wandering One! Know that one may be able to live without Light but one can not live without its true Shadow, which is the Shadow of Nature herself.

Still know that one may be able to live without Nature, but one cannot live without her true halo at any moment.

I wonder at thee, when Day and Night at their every turn put their own ring on thee, in thy confusion, thou lovest thine own ring amidst their many rings.

3

O faithless One! Thou mayst not believe in Soul but still thou must gather that soul that lies "scattered" on the earth before thy very eyes.

If thou wishest to see Earth as it really is, come nearer and see it between its flower and its root—between

its flower and its fragrance.

O tremble not ! For though the face of Day may be wholly turned against thee, making thee lost between its two opposites, the face of the Dawn is ever towards Thee.

Oh flowing One ! Thy drops that do not know any kind of message, even those very drops hinder thee from flowing onward to thy goal.

How stands Life on a hair's end, sowing and reaping everything there.

How stands up the whole world to seek out Man !

How Mankind seeks Man, Man seeks Mankind !

4

Listen ! O Spirit of divine Liberty ! The places known or unknown to us where even once thou hast "visibly" walked, will one day be changed into heights or depths.

Know thou that first givest everything the face of Dawn, the first face of Soul that Nature shows thee is the face of Dawn itself and of nothing else.

Behold ! The Flower unites in any way that thou mayst think but the fragrance gives a soul to that very Union.

Thou hast so linked thyself with blood that often thou canst not weigh anything if it has not upon it a touch of blood—let it be a mark or stain.

When one speaks forgetting the presence of Silence, one really forgets one's presence and not of it.

5

O Soul! even let thee be dead if it can be so, but even then let not that part of thine be dead that 'offers' in any form to the formless One!

Rise! rise! O Sun of eternal glory, rise in thy truest form, for it is not hidden from us that many other little suns wait for thy rising.

Where! where! all this is like a chain of endless 'Wheres'—no, not of mere 'Wheres' for some of them are the riddles, others the solutions.

If at all thou wishest to know the seasons of Nature, know that her inmost seasons are the seasons of Fragrance and Light, while otherwise are the seasons of Man.

Thou mayst be sowing or reaping, but know that it is only the Hand of Nature that can sow in any way; for Man knows only how to bury—how to cover endlessly.

Oh true Warrior! with thy offering begins thy first day, with thy sacrifice ends thy last — and thou art not lost between them.

6

O Love Immortal! the world calls thee Love because thou thyself didst first call it Love in the name of Soul, or else it may not call thee so.

As many days thou hast, O Soul in Flesh, so many curtains dost thou ring up, not only every day, but every moment, in a form unknown to the world.

When thou enterest the Garden of Lights and meetest with that Light, to thy wonder it says to thee to forget the

height and yet to rise.

O Conqueror of many things! If thou wilt not be at peace with the Spirit of Day, the Spirit of the Moment may kill thee, within or without it.

When the Soul drinks through its own true wounds, it really drinks through thee or through whatever is nearest to thee, O Spirit of Nature!

Lo! wonderful it is that the Spirit of Light thou callest 'death-less', while the Spirit of Twilight thou callest the 'ever-living', though it all means the same. It is only a change of words.

7

When thou callest a spirit a Soul, O Seeker, it calls thee by the name of Union;

When thou callest it Union, it calls thee by the name of Soul.

The heart ceases to throb when it loses its way, and begins to throb only through the beginnings and ends. Be certain, O Deep-drawn, that if the Ebb will not bring out the Soul of the Deep, it will prepare it for that in some way.

Before the Mountain, O Seeker on the path, whatever flows from the Soul takes no other form than the form of a river.

Beneath the Star, whatever springs up from the Soul in its perfect purity, takes the form of a twilight unknown to itself.

What if the flower or the fragrance comes out first!

What if Joy does not show the clearest face of Growth itself!

8

When a river spreads its arms towards the ocean it really spreads them towards Thee, otherwise it may not be called the spreading of its arms, O Joy !

If at all thy wish is truly to die, die only on that weapon which is given to thee from thy very birth, of whatever kind it may be.

Having given thy names to all trees, born and unborn, thou comest to know that in Nature there is everywhere a tree of Knowledge, and that there is nowhere a tree of Ignorance.

Thou who always criest for Freedom, know that the hand that is not as free as it ought to be, whatever it holds within becomes its chains.

O, if thou sayest that the visible stars shine only on the visible ones, say that the invisible ones shine only on the invisible ones.

Many Conquerors who have not even heard of the East, even they have heard of that Star of the East !

The Spirit of Light that said 'liberty, love' in one age, in another age said 'the liberated, the loving.'

9

The last name that thou givest to thy hunger or thirst, is the name of thine own soul; therefore, O Seeker, it is not a mere name but something greater than it—something that holds up the soul.

From the sinner has begun the Law of Purity; from the shadow the Law of Light; therefore they are not laws made but Laws born

Not only • once but daily art thou driven from Heaven,
till thou reachest its highest point—till thou canst
give thy everything its true place within it.

Surely the Soul had been tempted by something else, if
Good and Evil would not have been created ; other-
wise it could not have been linked without the link
itself.

Some call that a twinkle in which they can make a
weapon ; others that in which they can make a flower !
The flowing they call the present, the overflowing
the future ; others the opposite of it.

Lo ! they believe not a ray until they know within how
many heavens it has been up to that time.

10

Thou mayst even leave the beginning, but still, O Seeker,
from the shore of Beginning, try to spread thy
wings of Endlessness and no other wings however
great they be.

Thou knowest not how long thou hast travelled to that
Joy, for in thy endless journey sometimes thou dost
travel before Time, at others after it, till thou reachest
it.

To thy wonder thou seest on thy journey that where Hope,
Joy and divine Love meet in their visible form, there
thou findest thyself invisible, though not lost.

Lo ! that ever in thy desire to make equality itself equal
thou not only dost fail to do so, but also in trying
that thou dost destroy thyself.

They differ only in this : some say that they had

seen Thee when Thou wert 'giving'; others, that they had seen Thee when Thou wert 'offering'; others again, that they had seen Thee when Thou wert 'sacrificing.'

11

Wonderful it is that within the whole creation every one has his own kind of soul : the poet of divine Wine, the peasant of Grain, and so everyone of that which he truly holds up.

O Nature ! Thyself the creator of all things, thou thyself knockest at thine own once created Beauty ; no it is not thy knocking but it is thy giving it newer and newer forms.

O, if, before creating anything thou hadst said that thou wouldst create only one bird, one beast, one man, and so one of all things and spirits, thou art still true.

O Nature ! Wherever thy shadow falls there newer wings of newer visions are born, and ever does it fall and ever does it create newer wings like that, and so they are not mere wings.

O Man ! That which is neither a weapon nor an offering of some kind, thou thinkest that it is neither of body nor of soul—and so thou buriest it within some depth.

12

When we stand beneath thy Statue, O Liberty, we see that thou art the living Voice and we the statues.

O Soul ! Know that it is the nature of the Ocean to drown though it be only an ocean of sands, but it must

first be called an ocean by the least and by the greatest.

O Things that are restless, let ye melt, ever melt from world to world, for however liquid ye may be, there can be no end to your melting.

Ever have I seen thee sleeping beneath the tree of thine own soul, and ever have I stood silent between them both—what to call this, what that !

They who believe only in peace, thou callest them unbelievers ; they who believe in peace within peace, thou callest them believers, how curious it is !

If thou sayest that only they have a soul who are born beneath the visible ray, what have they who are born above the ray itself !

13

Oh Seeker, turn to meet with that Vision not so much where the Past and the Present meet, as much where the Voice of the Past and the Voice of the Present meet.

Look to the revolving One and see that where there is no Spirit of true Harmony,—where there is no perfect Link of Light, there the souls not move but creep.

Some know only that a twinkle in which something of Nature can be set in motion ; others that in which it can be set in 'revolution' round some spirit in its many ways.

Oh Soul of true Suffering ! Suffer, still truly suffer, for even the Winds and the Flames sometimes turn to thee for thee to give them some true name or soul.

O, if thou canst not write the word 'peace' with the true ashes of those who have died for it, write it at least with the true ashes of those who have 'stood' for it in some way.

14

Do not give birth to those visions that refuse to give themselves thy flesh, for then who knows that those very visions may turn against thee, O Soul !

Thou mayst call this thine hour or day, but tell me, O Soul, how canst thou call it so if the Moment does not make thee its own, even for a moment.

I call thee true only then, O Object of my Quest, when thou art lighter than a Dream, and heavier than the object of Dream, for only then art thou true.

I wonder to think that in the beginning of Creation the Evil Spirit moved only round that Tree of Knowledge, but today it moves round every leaf of every kind of tree.

If thou doubtest if this was once thy memory, do not stand near a flowing stream ;

If thou doubtest if this was once thy song, do not put thy word anywhere ; if thou doubtest if this was once thy soul, do not call this thy vein.

15

O stringed One ! watch and call only that the flower which the String of Soul itself calls a flower, or else remain silent before the ever-revolving One.

Even if all this may be an endless night, a star amidst the stars, may still illumine it like the Sun for all the worlds to take this Vision from it.

If Hope should be like Despair, Despair like Death, Death itself may make thee breathe like Life, and still the worlds may revolve, though it may be in a newer way.

O caged One! look and see that the bar that hinders thee most, is the very door for thee to pass through, if at all thou hast to pass through some door.

Even if only in one heaven can a seed be sown, only in another heaven can it grow,—only in yet another one can it bear the fruit—even then thou must call this all 'as nothing but one.'

16

When the whole world is asleep, the eternal birds on the way of their quest descend—some add their grain to it, others take away from it, and the world calls them newer worlds.

Lo! sometimes thou takest thy refuge within the Word, at others within the Deed; sometimes within the Silent, at others within the Silence, and yet thou callest thyself the Victor!

Whatever rises thou carest not, if only it rises from the East, and though the Present may not breathe through its own soul, thou triest to breathe only through the Present.

Whenever Nature teaches thee how to mark, whatever she holds in her Hand is her Arrow; whenever she leads thee, whatever she carries in her Hand, is her

Candle of Light.

Thou mayst say 'Light or Light-to-be', but thou must not say 'Message or Message-to-be'—for Light or no Light, it is a Message.

17

Rise! O Ocean rise! let thee not be lost between thine own tide and ebb,—between thine own pearl and grain of sand, if at all thou art the true Ocean.

Though there may seem to be some vacuum all around, the Voices ever come, 'meet', 'part' from dawn to dawn, and the world is busy giving them many names.

Thou mayst create thine own 'shadowy' ocean but in that thou canst not create thine own 'Pearl' thou mayst create thine own 'shadowy' breath but even then thou canst not create thine own breath within that breath.

What is not a battlefield of some kind is at certain moments only a graveyard.

What is not an offering of some kind is something worse than a bone. The difference between the Present and the Future is only the difference of a breath; the difference between a breath and a breath is only the difference of a breath.

18

Look to a flower and see that amidst its many colours it itself is a colour of its own soul.

O whatever does not 'rise' out of the truest sacrifice, thou mayst call it anything that thou mayst like, but even

then, thou must not call it its 'rising' !
Birth or no birth—death or no death—but, O Love, all
these births and deaths come only within thine outer
garland, though the word 'outer' cannot be linked
to the garland.
Ever in one breath of Nature's Joy the bound and the
free together stand ; in one touch of her soul of souls
all things melt into a newer garland.
Though the soulless ones say that there is no flame, even
they believe in the touchstone, though some put
'touch' before soul, others soul before touch.
O when all the shadows of the Past fall on thee, all the
shadows of the Future fall on those shadows and
make thine own form clear again, O Siprit of Quest !

19

O prepare for thy journey, the journey which is of
Nature herself, for it is not a mere journey but the
Goal itself. O leave these prophecies, for often the
great prophecies prove dangerous, the little ones
lead astray.
So full of doubt are the worlds that often a dying world is
flowing between two things, the living one between
two pairs of things.
The doubt about the soul is the doubt about the whole
Nature herself ; the doubt about the endlessness is
the doubt about the centre itself ; the doubt about
immortality is the doubt about Love itself.
In trying to separate the said words from the words un-
said, thou dost injure thyself ; in trying to separate

the unsaid words from the words unsaid, thou killest thyself in some way.

O, though thou hast risen even above this 'birth,' thou must know where thy Messenger was 'born'.

The to-morrow of Despair is Hope !

The to-morrow of Darkness is Light !

20

O dreamy One ! if at thy birth thou hadst directly looked into the face of Nature, thou wouldst not have slept and dreamed like this in a shadowy way without reaching anywhere.

Light does not show itself to thee, because thou always triest to deceive it by calling thyself its child as well as the child of Destiny ; but still thou blamest it.

Lo ! the world buries itself not so much by burying itself as much as by raising its walls higher and higher till they bury it or cover it with many shadows.

How canst thou separate the shadows of unborn wings from the shadows of unborn dreams, if thou canst not separate the shadows of thoughts from the shadows of visions at their own moments ?

A window through which a candle of thine cannot pass, if any one else passes through it, he only loses his own soul—but it is only then when the candle burns in a dreamy way.

21

O Gatherer of the worlds, though the Earth may sometimes forget some flower over it, a desert will not

- forget upon it any soul, if at all it is a true desert.
- Though the Dawn be changed into the Night, and may wander without any vision, it will not forget its goal ; though the Cloud of Nature be perfectly empty, it cannot be at least without one shower.
- Lo ! He brings only that message for thee which the soul brings for the body ; he brings that gift for thee which Light brings for the Light-like.
- Such has been the way of the world, O Nature, that in the beginning of every newer world, when thou settest up a newer tree, it sets up a newer stone opposite it.
- O Wind ! Thou wert the first breath !
- O passing Flame ! Thou wert the first tongue !
-

22

- Oh Song ! if thou art the true song of a seeker, let thee not call thyself a mere Song, but another seeker in some way, though with the same Soul.
- O walk warily in the land of Shadows, for though on earth thou mayst be wholly changed into a Spirit, thou hast still the slipping foot of Man.
- O bloodless Soul ! if thou callest this thy killing as thy stringing, let thee not call thy stringing as thy killing ; if thou callest thy destroying as thy linking, let thee not call thy linking as thy destroying.
- Nature might have created a prison, but thou hast changed it into a hell for thyself, O Soul ; she might have created a hell, but thou hast changed it into a thousand hells for thyself.

O shadowy One ! whose stream ever flows from world to world, call it not a stream of sands even if it can run only through the sands.

23

O Spirit of Vision ! Wander no more but only try to see whether thou featest together with the Future, or whether it feasts together with thee.

In Nature, nothing can really be killed for such is the Law of Soul ; and yet know that there are many things that can be worse than killed.

Rise ! O dying Light ! Nature's Pearls ever call thee from many places, born and unborn,—their blood calls thy blood—their bones call thy bones ; for else they can never be called Pearls.

How often dost thou take to the tempest, Oh Tempest-driven, for thou mayst rise on a tempest, but the Tempest itself knows only a breeze.

From the other shore thou hearest the Voice thou knowest not whether it is of pure poesy or of pure prophecy, for it is the Voice of Union.

24

Before the seasons offer their fruits and flowers to thee, O Vision, in their many, many ways they first offer them to thee and even then they become the newer still.

O Seeker ! if thou canst not stand without the highest summit, thou never canst stand ;—if thou canst not hold without ascending, thou never canst hold.

THE SONG OF BLISS

When the true spirit creeps, its creeping becomes worse than the creeping of other creeping spirits.

O Dawn! on our first waking, on whatever true thing of thine our glance falls, from that we take our lesson for the whole day, or else we lose our way in what—we know not on earth.

All adore thee O Flame! some thy flicker, some thy glow, some thy warmth, and so some thy something else—often thus thinking that they all adore thee in other ways.

25

The Spirit that thou didst suddenly see thou didst call a riddle, but thou wert joyful to know that the Spirit of the Riddle itself called it nothing but a vision.

O Waters with many tides over thee, if indeed thou art the Waters of Immortality, change every flower over thee into no other flower than a flower of Lotus.

Lo! O Silent One! a warrior thinks that the earth revolves round a weapon-point, and so does every one think that it revolves round that which he truly holds.

O one-faced Desire! Surely thou art not the desire—the empty desire—but the very soul that we have and that we still seek; but then let us not call the many-faced Soul as a mere desire.

There is something greater than height itself, for there is something greater than Liberty itself!—there is something beyond twilight itself, for there is something beyond the Message itself.

26

Thou hidest Sorrow, but Joy hides thee, and so it is not its mere hiding but its creating something; so the least and the greatest things ever hold thee up.

When first Nature had spoken the word 'Love,' she remained silent for so many ages that thou dost not know it; nay, whatever word she creates, she creates it either in a moment or in a century.

Lo! the ocean gives birth to many a pearl when it meets with its own self; for its shadow itself is a pearl, say not that its pearl is made up of a mere shadow.

Thou mayst say that it is not the beauties of earth but only the seasons that grow; but even then thou must put the word 'growth' in them at every time.

Often thou sayest what to call that Spirit whose only first and last words are true!

Oh! If only those words be true that thou utterest upon a certain peak, say not that therefore thou shouldst remain silent at every other place.

27

Look! Oh 'thou on the path! the same thing over which thou walkest and playest in all ways, thou art unable to 'stand' over it at a certain moment.

Even where man himself can not reach or where he cannot sow in his own way, even there is written the word 'man' but in another form.

Oh doubt not! If Nature had created poison everywhere, she would have created a two-fold nectar within that very poison.

I wonder when I hear thee say that thou canst hear only the voice of prophecy! O know thou art not born to prophecy and yet thou canst not grow without that Prophecy's tongue.

Some have been offering to thee, O buried Vision, others to the flowers that rise over thee, and this they call the way of making thee clear before their eyes.

If there had been a beginning to Beauty, it would have been only a breathless beauty, destroying, instead of giving a soul or a breath to the world.

28

O thou within any kind of ship, let thee know that a ship may sometimes sail even on the sands on which nothing can sail, but still it never can sail over the soulless waters.

O let thee pass through Light, or if thou canst not do so, let thee pass through the door through which Light itself passes, for there is no other true way.

O Time! Not through thy broken body, but through its true cuts can we see thy soul, which is our own soul, but even then let us not only take to the weapon.

Whenever thou speakest to Life, to thy wonder, instead of saying anything in reply, she fills up a newer cup and offers it to thee with thy every newer word.

The ray that falls on thee, may not fall on thee if before it falls on thee, it may not also fall on thy coming moments and may thus get replies from them for thee.

29

Oh what makes thee deathless is something between soul and breath, something between dream and vision, if not even the breath and the vision themselves.

O let thee not only try to see out of what shadow is born the spirit of Poesy, what shadow is born out of Poesy itself, for it may be nothing but the loss of poesy itself for thee.

Thou mayst divide as many things as thou canst, but even then know that thou must not divide anything with the hand of Division itself, for it means something worse than that.

O Wearer of robes, wear them warily, for however long thy robes may be, if they have no link within them, they will never, never reach that Earth.

What makes us think that we are riders is nothing other than the thought that we are riding to thee, to thine own Shrine, O Deep !

30

O why dost thou call it the Spirit-fallen, when the least form that it takes is the form of a Vision ?

Why dost thou call it as something lost when the least form that it takes is the form of a Throne ?

O why dost thou call this empty clay when the least form that it gives itself is the form of a flower, though it is not for thee to say what is greater still.

O Spirit of many forms ! however innocent may be the Spirit of Time—however free from any kind of

blood, its finger-tips are always red with it.
O beware ! lest thou mayst be pressed between Good and
Evil, lest outside them thou mayst lose the centre.
If at all thou hast any birthday gift with thee given to
thee by some passing Light, keep it hidden with
thyself to give it to that Spirit of true Death.

31

Behold ! O thou near the tide, the shadow that falls on
the waters is the shadow of their own Depth and no
other shadow ; but if there is no shadow, think not
that they have no depth.
Behold still ! the shadow that falls on thee if it is not the
shadow of thine own soul or of whatever is in-most
within thee, it must be the shadow of Death.
It is not so difficult to walk upon the corpse of Flesh
as to walk upon the corpse of Joy, if at all Joy itself
has a corpse.
If thy Dreams of Soul should be true to themselves,
as true as is Light to the Vision of Light, Nature her-
self may become a messenger from thy one dream to
the other.
Tell us, O Spirit of Blood, where Man knows not Man,
but where only Weapon knows Weapon, what land
shall we call it ?

32

When one wind comes thou sayest that thou art a pri-
soner ; when another comes thou sayest that thou

art the free ; and in that way thou locest the path where the winds eternally meet.

Ever have I seen thee standing between bird and beast —between man and angel ; but between whatever Spirits have I seen thee standing, I have called thee the Spirit of Flight.

When thou sittest in the Feast of Kings, let thee not forget the 'Law' ; when in the Feast of Angels, let thee not forget Man, lest thou mayst fall from that state.

O Joy! whether Freedom itself truly binds thee or whether Bondage itself truly frees thee, it all means the same though here thou mayst not be able to put the one in the place of the other.

O mark ! in the Stone Age, the stone must also bleed— and bleed it must, but only then when man himself remains stony or deaf to those Voices of Life.

Lo ! only that thou callest 'the visible' upon which thou canst put the ring of Light ; only that thou callest 'with a soul' upon which thou canst put the Garland of Light.

33

Thou hast seen that the cry of the world creates many shores—the shores of Beginnings and Ends, and thus loses itself between them in quest of a Deep.

Not these days, but as many rounds as thou truly givest, so many are thy days; not these moments but as many times thou 'offerest', so many are thy moments, O revolving Spirit !

If thou hast any true desire to take thy place amidst the everlasting winds, let thee not take to the mere tempest, for however furious it may be, it does not know that Touch.

Lo! thou savest that thou hast not 'sung' from every height and yet thou usest the word 'sung'; thou sayest that thou hast not 'breathed' from every shore and yet thou putttest the word 'breathed'!

Today, though man weighs himself from morn to morn ceaselessly, with whatever weight he weighs himself, he finds himself wanting in this or that, for he puts the weight before Life itself.

34

Those who shower flowers on thy body at any time may be thy flatterers, but not those who shower them on thy soul, or over whatever is nearest to the soul.

When thou dost stand link from link apart, first truly make the word 'man' near to itself, so near in the other way as apart in the one, lest thou be hurt.

Between Joy and Sorrow thou art man; between East and West, a soul; even then let thee not think that at no other place art thou man or soul.

If thou goest and beggest something of the 'law-giver,' he will give thee only a newer law in some form or other.

If thy body misses the eternal arrow, thy soul may be hurt instead; but still thou must see if it is the arrow of Nature, though often her arrow comes also in the form of a rav.

O silent One ! when the eternal birds descend from their Heaven over the world, they first descend on the tree of Dawn before descending on any other tree before thee.

35

I know not hunger, and yet the hunger within me, the soul, has taken a newer form today, to fill the heart through other strings—through other veins and only then to rest.

O beware ! for when the invisible ones bury those 'visions,' they really bury not them but thee, for often thy visions are greater than thine own self.

Lo ! while man is man, even the buried things can cast their shadow upon him—upon his moments, or upon whatever he creates, and lo ! for all that he blames the Flesh.

See ! while word is word, every wind can change its soul and every wind can make it little or great, when it is only a word lighter than a wind.

Surely in the end when Mankind will call itself Man, Man will call himself wholly a spirit ; when Man will call himself wholly a Spirit, the Spirit will call itself wholly his halo.

O Sower of soul-less seeds ! it is not something that thou dost sow, but it is only thyself that thou dost bury, for next to wrong-sowing comes burying and nothing else.

36

Lo! after sowing in many ways thou seest that thou sowest everything like a tree, but thou sowest the seed of tree like Nature herself.

O Soul! instead of trying to build something between earth and heaven, let thee try to build it between fragrance and light, so that it may rise in a proper way.

Whatever kind of flesh had Nature given thee, she would have created within thee the same kind of throb, if at all it would have been a throb.

O Soul! let thee leave this play of black and white and yet let thee give each colour its own place!

O thou higher Self! when the Light itself first called thee Star only then did the whole world call thee so.

O let thee not hurt thyself by diving in other ways if thou canst not dive into the soul-strings of Song, for only through them canst thou create thy pillars of Light.

37

O Poet upon the deepest Deep, say, what is the distance between thee and the true Spirit of Poesy, if not the distance of a cup—the distance of what is within a true Cup?

However earlier thou mayst rise before the sun, thou canst not rise earlier than the ray itself.

Come, let us leave those things the voice of which is only the voice of give and take.

Come, let us leave those ornaments the glow of which

goes only in the way of the winds, not in the way where the winds truly meet.

The ocean does not drown its own pearl; the sun does not burn its own ray—for their doing so is only their creating a newer pearl or a newer ray.

When the goblet is not only flowing but over-flowing, if then thou speakest of life and not of life beyond life, thou speakest untruth.

O let thee leave this thy quest to see what visions have the glow of morns and eves—what visions have the glow of mid-day and mid-night.

38

O thou wandering Spirit! when that Vision speaks to thee from a height, thou doubtest it; when from a side, thou dost not hear it, thinking it as something shadowy.

They who say that they have changed nature's everything, born or unborn, into weapons of war, be sure that they know neither of war nor of peace, but they only flow aimlessly.

Things pass away and yet when thou seest with clear eyes, thou canst see that it is only the sun of the Moment that shows equality with the sun of the Year or with the sun of the Century.

O Beggar at the door of Life, even when the spirit of Charity becomes a beggar at thy door, even then let thee think that not it but thou art the beggar.

The two-fold war that the soul or the soul within soul

has waged against whatever comes across it—one is the war, the other the peace, and not that the other is war within war.

39

- O arrange thy words only in that Line in which Joy
arranges its own worlds with many lines of Power,
Victory and Peace.
- O pilgrim, thy word, if it has not its every letter like a
corner-stone, it is not the true word; in the here-
after, if a wind amidst the winds turns to thee, it must
be thine own still straying wind.
- O thou who listenest only to the prophecies of soul, from
whatever place thy prophet of Light speaks to thee,
it is nothing but a mountain for thee—the mountain
for thee to ascend.
- Listen O wanderer after that Light, that the first vision
is always either of the seeker or of the sought, or else
it must be called neither the 'first' nor the 'vision'.
- Lo, the things beneath a peak thou callest buried, the
things above it thou callest shadowy, and thus thou
movest on from past to past.
- The words that can stand neither upon a peak nor upon
a stem, thou linkest those words with the weapons,
thinking that there is no other place for them.
-

40

Surely if this world had not begun with Charity in some
form or other, it would not have breathed so freely,

nor could it have changed itself into so many ways of winds.

Give! ever give! for it is only Life that 'gives', for it is only Death that 'takes'; but even if Life itself should take, call it its giving.

'O! when thou art alive, thou art a dead shadow; when truly dead, a living shadow—a living shadow, therefore something greater than this light itself.

O touch not an immortal stone if thou knowest not to how many streams it has given way to flow on.

Thou mayst say that this is all but a vacant hour, but thou must say that if it cannot be filled by true life, it can be filled by true death.

O say not that because this world is like a slaughter-house, therefore thou must breathe the breath of blood within it, which is worse than the slaughter itself.



41

O Thou whom we see ever revolving, the greater thy 'revolution', the greater is the voice of thy Silence, and it makes the world create many things in many ways.

At times, there may be no place even to stand within thee O World, but there is always place within thee for some or the other sacrifice, so why not place for standing too?

O be not doubtful when I say that clearer is the voice of Reason than Reason itself,—that clearer is the voice

of the stream than the stream itself, for that gives them their own halo.

Though Atheism may avoid even the sun itself, but however much it tries to avoid the everlasting ray, it cannot avoid it.

Thou mayst think that the Earth knows only a warrior's and a pilgrim's foot-print—only a poet's dream and the dream of a Flame.

42

O Blindness ! let thee not show thy little mirror to nature—that she herself has given to thee ; for by that thou wilt only make thyself more shadowy.

Many are thy separated links upon that Beach, but thou knowest only those of them that have dwelt either in an armour or in a garland—for if it is not so, thou buriest them in the clay.

Lo ! Often when Freedom puts one yoke on thee, in thy turn thou triest to put two yokes on her and thus makest thyself more bound.

A chain which is broken between the water and the flame—thou knowest not how many of its links have become one with the water—how many one with the flame before thee.

O Love ! the immortal day let thee call the dawn itself ; the immortal dawn, the sun itself.

43

O touch gently the unborn string, for thou canst not both truly divide and link at the same time, for it is only

nature that can do so; so the one is her link, the other what holds it up.

O why dost thou show thy face to that mirror which does not show its inmost face to thee, when thou givest it even thy future place in many ways?

When the first ray of light fell on thee, thou knewest that thou wert the messenger; when the last fell on thee, thou knewest that thou wert the prince of Joy.

If a Day does not exchange its soul with thee, think it not thy day, but think it as something that hinders thee.

Some things are preached to the world from those 'deserts' and those 'mountains', others from those true 'graves'; but there is no other true way—no way apart from them.

44

Go in the Land where are only those 'statues', and there see the Stone itself sowing and reaping like thee, for it is a land of the living statues.

O instead of destroying daily a newer shadow, let thee rise earlier than the Shadow itself, for then the shadow will itself be buried for ever.

When thou walkest there in the land of Laws let thee walk warily over the law nearest to thee, lest it may be the kingdom itself, appearing otherwise on the surface.

O true Happiness! Even if thou mayst be a mere idol, we will not break thee like the other idols, but we will only change thee into thine own true form.

The war which there is ever between man and nature, is no other war than the war which is between Dream and Vision, so it is not a war but something that holds up that Vision.

Lo! How often those 'voices' at the same time wake the child and make Childhood sleep—at the same time wake Childhood and make the child sleep in many ways.

45

Why the spirits have gathered before thee, thou thyself canst not say, for it is only the spirit of Gathering that replies.

When thou sayest that thou hast 'won' the censures (not the praises), how dost thou call them the censures when thou puttest 'won' before them?

Lo! today man cannot move without scales, without the weights he cannot breathe, and I wonder how still he only blames thy yoke which is not a yoke.

O Time! there is no need for thee to blow thy war trumpet to call thy children to sleep, for they can listen to anything coming between the word and the wordless.

Thou canst see the unborn spirits only through their offerings, but therefore say not that thou canst see the soul of born spirits only through blood-offerings.

If thou wishest to know what comes next to that 'flame', try to see what comes next to that 'incense.'

Let thee not use those things if thou knowest not whether

their shadow of soul falls on thee, or whether thy shadow of soul falls on them.

46

Lo! out of the suffering a soul is born, to which only the spirit of Suffering itself can give a name, if it is a soul truly born out of the true suffering.

O Warrior! by calling thyself only a god of war, how canst thou join thy foot with the foot of revolving Earth, to show it that thou canst revolve with anything?

O, in thy desire for a newer vision, let thee not only take to the 'newer' and forget the vision itself though that 'newness' may often be the vision.

O Vision! thou always takest the form of that place from which we fetched thee once, though often do we give thee many other forms, say what art thou?

Without thy cycles, thou mayst not be able to know thy many kingdoms that pass away, for without them thou canst not know what place to give them within thee.

O if thou art true to thyself, let the spirit of Charity breathe out—ever breathe out for thyself, and let thee ever breathe out for Charity—in many a world.

47

Where only the breezes move, there though thou canst not know the morn from the eve, thou canst know the breeze of morn from the breeze of eve, and canst see everything only in the form of some breeze.

Oh! instead of washing the blood-red hands of Time, wash thine own hands, if they are stained with blood—if there is a stain at all.

O cut not away that 'stony' part of thy soul, for when the soul itself refuses to give thee any blood, its that 'truly' stony part gives it to thee.

Let thee not so much fear the place where 'things' are slaughtered as the place where dreams are bought and sold as if they were the visible objects of daily use.

O Pilgrim! thou canst not hold the hand of Sacrifice for thou canst not hold the hand of Creation; sometimes thou mayst hold back a flame, but thou canst not hold back the flicker of that flame.

48

O wake little Dream! send forth thy unborn rays through the unborn heavens, for beware! Childhood plays both in and around thee and thou art still in trance.

O Soul of eternal Sacrifice! take to thine own wind though it may seem to be a very passing one, for surely, though doubt is good yet never the seed of Doubt.

Not that is a poison which the world calls so, but only that which is called a poison by both the Sweet and the Bitter.

O tell me who can make him move who sees in* the very winds some stoniness ; who can make him believe who says that the whole creation moves round the point of Disbelief ?

O Soul ! who gave thee the message, thou knowest not ; thou only knowest that it was a string of Harmony.

49

By dividing the things of to-morrow, thou art only dividing thine own self ; by dividing the things of to-day, thou art only dividing thine own soul ; so let thee divide warily.

O thou freed One ! today nature has made thee free that thou mayst put the word 'freedom' before every word.

Thou mayst be changing or thou mayst be changelessly standing, but the changes that ever come, some give thee their name, to others thou givest thine own name.

O Voice ! we call thee so for before thou didst teach us how to 'give', we did not know the 'thing' itself ; before thou didst teach us truly to 'turn', we did not know the 'east'.

Look to the sun and behold : one day it shows the sign of a newer flute, on the other the sign of a newer cross, though those very signs are changed into rays.

50

In the vast confusion, one knows not whether thy newer word or newer world has begun, so swiftly flow the born and unborn things in their quest for thee.

○ Spirit of Victory! here they sing of thee in their many, many ways, but thou 'singing' of them only when they are above this flesh, but thine is not a mere song.

○ ever give, for the path to peace is not the path between give and take, but it is only between give and give, though thou mayst forget peace itself.

○ Often thou doubttest if thou art the present, for at some things thou lookest after burying them in earth—at others after raising them into statues.

51

○ Gatherer of the worlds ! Gather them only as they ever gather their own dreams—gather them as if they themselves were gathering other worlds, or do not gather them in any other way.

○ eternal Voice! Give name to thyself or to thy words and deeds, if thou dost not wish to divide thyself—if thou dost not wish to make either of them untrue.

Think not, O Love, that which thou dost sacrifice neither upon a height nor in a depth—goes only to the evil spirit, thinking it without any soul.

Who knows that the paths over which some while passing are made deathless, may one day be changed from mere paths into flowing streams.

O finish thy draught but see whether thou finishest it or whether it finishes thee—whether thou refillest it or whether it refills thee in a newer way.

52

When thou thinkest that thou hast a soul of Silence, thou canst speak well;

When thou thinkest that thou hast a soul of Love, thou canst breathe well.

Listen! O thou that knockest at every door, that next to the door of Love is the door of Charity, next to the door of Charity is the door of what makes it breathe.

O Thou art the dagger, not the one that kills but the one that gives a breath.

Thou art the sword, not the one that divides but the one that links.

Lo! the world calls only those the fruits that can satisfy its hunger, but for the tree even its leaves are its fruits, for they are as nearest to it as its fruits.

O first Desire! that resistest like a flame, let thee not burn thyself by also resisting the dream of Flame out of which thou thyself hast sprung.

53

O paint this fully and then keep it in the heart of nature, for when all the worlds are away from themselves, a soul may enter it asudden and may thus make it a living one.

Either thou hast to stand up with nature, or thou hast to

creep; either thou hast to rise with the unborn spirit
or thou hast to set with the twice dead.

Lo! the soul that trembles both in joy and sorrow, how
can it put any other opposites in their place.

Lo! the foot that slips on a bed of roses, how can it
revolve with the soul of the Dawn without slipping
on many a coming dawn.

Even they who do not believe if there are some spirits
that dwell, even they believe that there are Smiles
of nature deeper than those known to the children
of Earth.

When thou dost separate the paths upon which the
deathless ones have passed from the paths on which
some have been made deathless, only the heights
and the depths remain.

54

O fear not if weakness lives in thee, for let it live, but
only see that it does not give thee its name at any
time unawares, for only that is worse than weakness
itself.

O Hand that rulest over Destiny itself ever before all
these worlds, when we come nearest to thee we see
that thou thyself art not without some mark of
Destiny upon thyself, and so we sorrow not!

O Vision that givest a soul to fire itself and makest it
give things many a face, when we closely watch thee
we see that thou thyself art not without a brunt of
fire!

Thou mayst break the cup of Dream, but thou canst not break the cup of Fulness, for it is not a mere cup, nor is it mere Fulness.

O when thou sayest that thou linkest sometimes 'with'—sometimes 'through' the flame, those very 'with' and 'through' become nothing but its flickers.

55

There is no such curse as that of not knowing the Blessing, there is no such sorrow as that of not knowing Joy.

O give the word 'peace' its place which was given it by nature even before there blew on earth the winds of Peace visible.

O add warily a newer letter to life, newer than that which it already truly has, lest by doing so thou mayst change it into death.

True things may look to thee like stones, but they do not look to thee like stoniness itself, for they either revolve round thee or make thee revolve round them in new ways.

Whatever the tongue describes without first giving it a tongue, it really speaks against Love; whatever the hand paints without at the same time making it paint, it really takes away its beauty.

56

O do not apply the word 'nearness' to anything other than the kingdom—the kingdom in its true form, though it

may be only the kingdom of dreams, but it must be the kingdom.

O ever try to keep thyself green even without the green colour ; ever try to make thyself shadowy even without a shadow.

O fair Winds of Life ! let thee move in whatever way thou mayst, but let thee never creep, for by creeping thou mayst gather the poison also.

Sometimes the spirits that do not know Time itself, even they offer thee many gifts on thy birthday ; whatever spirit dwells within the heaven, though it may be wingless, call it the winged one still.

I wonder that the place where thou seest only the signs of chariots, even there thou givest the names of thy Desires to those very signs ; so hast thou linked thyself with them.

Often thou sayest that if the height itself is a vision where is the height itself ; if the vision itself is a call, where is the vision itself ?

57

O Soul ! on thy journey thou knewest the fragrance before the flowers—before the wings the flight, and perhaps therefore it is that the world calls thee ever unborn though many a time art thou born.

O eternally flowing Things ! let thee always flow from one altar to the other, from one heap of incense to the other, so that the world may learn to breathe like that.

O thou near the shrine ! what is the use of thinking of buried things as to how much below they are buried, if at all they can be buried in some way ?

O be not confused if Light tells thee that sometimes to fill one jug makes thee a beggar, sometimes to fill more than one jug makes thee so, for if at all thou truly fillest, nothing can make thee a beggar.

On the shore of that Joy what wilt thou exchange, if thou hast neither soul nor dream—neither light nor shadow, there where many messengers meet ?

58

What if Peace dwells within thee if thou dost not let it breathe for thee ; what if it shines over thee if thou dost not make it visibly shine over whatever thou createst !

Lo ! great things always rise like the sun, but the sun rises like Greatness itself !

O, if the sun dazzles the unborn visions, call it an unborn sun.

O Cross of all ages shining before the worlds, on thee first falls every new born ray and then it falls on other worlds, born or unborn.

If thou canst not raise thy head when thou art between the moment and the moment, how canst thou raise it when thou art between the moment and the century ?

O, in thy confusion let thee not try to see how many drops of riddles—how many drops of solutions has the stream that runs before thee—in a clear form.

59

O soulless One! if thou canst not seek thy soul in any other way, go, let thee seek it as a stone seeks its own soul even amidst stoniness.

Lo! many a fruit comes out of a tree sometimes even without a branch but never without a root, if at all it must be called a fruit of sweetness.

When Freedom herself in a visible form makes thee sing the song of Freedom, let thee put the heaven of Freedom before the heaven of any other spirit.

Silence! O eternal Drums! hush O whispering Stones! let the passing messenger of Light draw his new line of life on thee.

Here on thy face O Earth, among the many weapons of war, we can see only one trumpet of life; amidst the many pillars, we can see only one string of Union—one string alone!

Every one chooses his own stone from among thy stones to make it his touch-stone, but we wonder when we see that the poet chooses the stone that lies in the bottom of a truly flowing stream.

If the robe of some has not yet touched the earth, say not that therefore their any desire has not touched it still, in some way.

60

O moving Spirit! if thou hast lost thy tongue, let thee seek it amidst the stones; if thou hast lost thy breath, let thee seek it among the clouds, if thou canst not find it anywhere else.

Ever hast thou kept silent, refusing to speak to thine own created worlds, till Silence itself has made thee speak to those wandering worlds.

Sometimes Love, sometimes Silence, sometimes Hope, make thee breathe in many ways, but they all make thee grow at the same time, O Spirit of Seed!

Beyond these cycles there are the dots of eternal Joy; beyond those dots again there are the cycles that ever mark all thy future wanderings.

The Shadow that had risen in the beginning of creation, will ever be rising on till every shadow is changed into light, and never before that, though the things of nature may revolve in any other way.

61

Thou mayst not take to the form and yet lo! whatever thou puttest in a Flower-cup cannot fill it, for it is only a flower that can fill it.

Thou mayst put light before music or music before light, but know though the eye may know little centres of Light, the soul knows great centres of Music.

Lo! all try to spread forth like the tree, and yet all are afraid lest in their spreading forth they may lose touch

with the seed of Oneness.

Thou mayst even call this a dream but thou must call it so only as Life calls it ;

Life ever offers herself to thee, but thou hast to sacrifice at her feet.

If upon the shore of an ocean of whatever thou speakest, thou speakest only of life and death, upon the bank of a little stream of whatever thou speakest, thou speakest only of joy and sorrow.

Wonderful it is that within thine own created body, often before a flame enters it, a new Desire enters it and calls it a shrine of some kind !

Lo ! Such has been the way of the new age, that every word that it writes, it first writes it either upon a cross or upon a yoke of some kind.

62

Ever does the spirit of Poesy move amidst these worlds giving them many riddles and getting them solved, and yet they know it not, and it still goes on making them do the same.

O if thou wishest to take to the 'true form' for which all the worlds are athirst, let thee not stand between the 'true' and the 'form,' for it is only being lost.

Shadow, Sleep, Death : their shadows fall on one another and not on thee, O Child of Light, but thy shadow falls on whatever thou dost create.

O Visible ! sometimes I take delight in calling thee the Invisible, to make the Invisible visible to me, though I stand not on thine threshold but on the threshold of that which makes thee up.

‘O let thee not try perfectly to describe human joy or sorrow, for to perfectly describe it is as difficult as to create a soul, for man is the offerer and the one who is offered, at the same time.

63

‘O Nature ! all things are made sacred: some by the touch of thy Pearl, others by the touch of the spirit of Pearliness ; some by the touch of thy Dream, others by the touch of the spirit of Dreaminess—ever within thee.

‘O thou that wert once a poet’s dream, what has changed thee into a stone to-day; thou that wert once the shadow of a stream, what has changed thee into the shadow of a corpse ?

‘O thou that wert once the wind of the sails, what has changed thee into the mist to-day—into something misty ?

Some call that their birth-day upon which they had first sung the song of Union; others that on which they had made some other spirit sing it.

Though the world in its rush forgets thy every true colour, it cannot forget thy true rain-bow still, for it is above the colour itself.

On those Heights and in those Depths, by speaking of the ever-sleeping ones, thou only speakest of those visions that ‘rise’ over them in some way.

64

If thou carriest a message of ‘Silence,’ let it not be hidden from the soul of earth or of heaven.

O revolving Spirit ! let thee revolve round any other sun, born or unborn, but let thee not revolve round the sun of Doubt; for when thou callest it the sun, it calls thee something worse than doubt.

If at all thou wishest to enter that Garden, let thee enter it only through the gate of the flower, otherwise thou canst not truly enter it, for surely it is the garden of the unborn.

No beginning ! No end ! and yet when thou ceasest to begin, thou ceasest to see at all, for it is not this soulless beginning.

The word 'flesh' is written with blood, therefore it is not the highest word; but when it is not written with blood, it cannot be called even flesh.

The East and the West meet for one 'breath' of silence; the Word and the Silence meet for one 'ray.'

O thou art a link between thine own self and Self.

65

When everything has flown out of the soul, only then does it know the soul of a drop; when everything has entered it, only then does it know the voice of a flowing stream.

One breath of Silence creates so much that the whole world cannot put it in words, though it tries to put it in many words of wind and water; one touch of Union links so much that all its songs cannot equal it.

O fear not where thou shalt stand to-morrow for even if the earth becomes more and more shadowy, its thresh-

old becomes more and more visible.

What spirit dwells in that lonely 'place' thou canst not say until thou sowest a seed and until it grows in its full form; for such is that land of dreams.

O doubt not, if where a certain number of messengers is buried, if there whatever flower rises has not so many petals of some kind.

There are voices which if the world tries to bury them, it cannot bury them but instead it buries its own tongue; there are tongues which when it tries to bury, it only buries its own soul.

66

O walk warily for there are showers for which the clouds themselves are athirst,—there are shadows for which the lights themselves yearn, so they are not mere showers or mere shadows.

O Thou on the path! Whatever thou mayst 'offer,' think it thy first offering, or if at all it may be called an offering, it will be called only an offering of Death.

O let thee sorrow not for them who cannot grow, but for them who can drink neither from a desert nor from a 'spring'—let that spring be of the desert or of some other place.

A the first bird that set its foot on earth was the bird of nature call it a bird or anything that thou mayst like, but call it something between the Flight and the Voice.

Nature's walls are not the mountains but the things that make the mountains stand, for nature knows no walls that divide, so they are not walls but links.

Say not, O Love, that by only putting life and light by turn thou createst a newer light and by no other way, for ever art thou the creator.

67

There is only one earth: the earth of Union; there is only one heaven: the heaven of Reunion, though there may be greater reunion on earth.

Only from the bud of Oneness grow all kinds of flowers, though thou mayst call the growth itself a flower—a flower itself the growth.

Behold! O thou that believest not in that 'returning', it is only the real joy that can return to itself.

Behold! the law itself is made perfect in Love, and Love is made perfect in one selfless breath

O beginningless One! with a beginning of Union!

O endless One! with an end of Union!

Things may not grow if earth and heaven should not be newer at every moment! Things may not spread if the Spirit of Nearness should not be newer at every twinkle!

68

O Love divine! we know thou art immortal because thou makest us breathe even through things unborn;

and whatever word we put nearest to thee before or behind, it is changed into the word 'immortal'.

The soul of One may come and go, but ever present is the soul of Oneness.

O Soul! thou emptiest thou knowest not what; thou fillest thou knowest not what; thou only knowest that thou dost express something.

The eternal thread that hangs over thee, shall hang over thee for ever in as many forms as many dreams are dreamt by thee or as many quests are made by thee.

One may be preparing this, another that, but it can be either 'the feast of the soul' or 'the soul of the Feast,' and nothing else apart from them, though it be outwardly otherwise.

O ever-losing One! lose a world of light or dark, but never the world of Harmony, though it be without any ray or shadow. Ah! let thee see on what side of Joy thou ridest.

69

Thou wantest not only a newer earth, but also a newer fragrance; not only a newer heaven, but also a newer Light.

The soul is familiar with every sign of nature, for it is the spirit of Sign itself; the body wants freedom: the soul, the soul of Freedom, for anything less than that will overshadow it.

The greatest joy is expressed by nature through her unborn self.

Whenever thou knockest at the door of Earth, Heaven replies to thee in return; whenever thou knockest at the door of Heaven, the Earth replies.

If the inmost Freedom had been a snare within which the world had been caught, the world would not have breathed so freely.

Let it be death or whatever else, if it gives thee soul-strings, let thee follow it, for it must be a part of that Music—

O higher Self of Joy!

O centre-driven!

70

If thou wishest to follow anything, follow only as a 'stream' follows its own voice, or else let thee be at thine own place that thou mayst not lose thy way.

Surely there will be the birth of visible Oneness when a flower will hold the fragrance of born things before things unborn—of unborn things before born things.

O tremble to touch the spirit of Time even if its rope-like ends may be buried in dust, for even then it may bind thee in many, many ways.

Upon the living, moving visions thou mayst throw these flowers of earth, but on the buried ones, if at all thou wishest to throw some flowers, let them be only the unborn flowers or the flowers of the future.

The musician thinks that whatever string is not of some music, is only a noose of some kind; so has he linked himself with the string—with nothing but the string.

71

O Soul of the Desert ! wake, within thy paradise wake !
let little tempests over thee blow; for in beauty nature
has beautified her dreams ; in love she has fulfilled
them.

When the Earth wakes thee like its own self, thou
breathest like it; when the heaven wakes thee like
its own self, thou breathest like it; so dost thou
breathe like other spirits when they wake thee, if they
have some seed of sacrifice within.

Lo! the earth even after revolving round many
other suns, revolves round thee at last—round thee
only.

Lo! a newer string of the soul is daily broken, a newer one
is daily linked to it, and though it forgets the string
itself, it does not forget its eternal link.

Not to see anything like a mirror is to disbelieve ; to see
it like a stone is to be stony inwardly ; and yet all
these are called by the world its cycles.

O doubt not when thou seest more messengers than all
the heights and depths around !

lo! often thou callest the half-burnt wings as half-burnt
flames.

72

The fallen world is not so hopeless as the one that knows
nothing but how to creep, for it is worse than being
fallen.

'Things' that have only one blood-drop within, call

it not a blood-drop but the very soul itself, for,
thou canst not call it by any other name.

When the Darkness itself calls thee the Dawn, O Soul,
what will the Dawn itself call thee; when the Dawn
itself calls thee the sun, say, what will the Sun itself
call thee?

O Nature! often thy prophecy of Silence becomes clearer
and clearer through the pillars and the strings by turn,
and to that prophecy the worlds call by many names.

O rise! and the spirit of Burial itself will rise with thee!

O revolve! and even the spirit of an unborn earth will re-
volve with thee.

Thy shadowy words become perfectly clear only when
they are written as many times as nature writes
every word in countless forms.

The star of Reason is as clear in the day as it is at night—
as clear before the curtain as behind it.

73

Lo! often thou sayest thou hast as many desires as
many bars has a cage that thou seest before thyself.

Go! worship that place which is worshipped by Liberty
itself, for it is something more than a mere place—
thou mayst call it even a nurse of Liberty itself.

What If Doubt replies to thee before Belief, or Death
before Life; for even then they all take their own
place within Life.

O let thee not stand apart from that Secret, but still
let thee not breathe only secrets, though thou mayst

be wholly made up of secrets, or mayst be given by nature a breath of Secret itself.

The dream through which comes the whole secret of life is not a mere dream but the very breath itself !

O even when thou art the creator of newer Light within a newer world, when thou watchest it thou seest that at times it shines 'over' thee though it is created by thee.

O thou Bough of Life ! if there is no place on thee where a burning candle can be placed, how can there be a place for any fruit—if it is a fruit of true sweetness !

74

Wandering in the world of Ends, thou seest that there is an endless search for the soul, for it itself is in an endless quest.

Knocking at every door of nature thou seest that when thou dost not knock thou thyself becomes deaf upon the Threshold.

O even Freedom that cannot move—that cannot enter thee—has its wings in thee, though it itself may seem to be standing apart from thee.

I wonder that thou givest names to things sometimes as the message thou givest them, at others as the message they give thee.

Upon the beach of Life, thou hast no need to 'try' to breathe, for then thou art one with the breath itself, though at times thou mayst not be able to create a

newer breath of thine own.

75

As to see Harmony only from one side is only to see
Dis Harmony or something worse, so to see the soul
only from one side, is only to see the body.

A flower can not grow until it has within a flower of
Harmony to make it grow; a wing cannot fly until
it has within a wing of Harmony.

In the heaven of Harmony, fly the wings of Harmony.

O how is it that before the same curtain thou art dazzled,
before the same thou fallest asleep from moment to
moment.

Whenever thou puttest a question to a stream, it changes
itself into many drops; whenever to a drop, it
changes itself into many streams in a moment.

O let thee not try to see whether it is a birthday gift or
the gift of the last day.

76

Therany-faced Joy has one soul of Love.

O when thou givest touches of darkness to nature, she
hides her soul from thee; when thou givest those
touches to her points, she turns those very points
against thee.

O you World of Light! The Darkness which is with a
soul is better than the Light which is without it.

The heart that is born of Doubt, with itself drags away
the soul if it does not destroy it; the soul that is born

of Doubt, whatever it creates, is with the lines of mere ashes.

Not the winding-sheets but the knots of Confusion hinder thee from breathing, if at all anything can hinder thee from breathing, O thou born upon the Shore.

When first thy flame arose, O ever-burning One, whoever gave it any kind of name, so he himself became, but then let it not be thought that the name means the soul itself.

Lo! often thou art ready to stand where Light and Shade meet, but wonderful it is that thou canst not stand where meet the angel of Light and the angel of Shade.

77

Only to that extent is thy kingdom to which not only thy robe, but every link of thy robe can reach, otherwise, neither will it be called the Robe, nor the Kingdom.

Only to that extent is thy world to which not only thy soul, but every step of thy soul can reach can make it reach itself.

O Spirit that walkest on the earth of Purity, and rest on the bread of Purity, tell me in thy clearest form, what is it that stains thee still—what is it that makes thee soulless?

The Silence speaks: the Silence Listens.

O it is not the big burdens but the big scales that weigh thee on thy path, not thy gathered works, but the lines that thou drawest upon them.

O listen! Darkness whispers to Light, but Light breaks through Darkness;

Ugliness 'touches' Beauty, but Beauty melts it;
Death knocks at the door of Life, but Life breathes through Death.

78

Great things are born out of some martyrs' blood;
The lowest things too are born out of their
tears; and so other things: some out of martyrs,
others out of martyrdom itself.

O singing Bird! the soul that was given thee for breathing out worlds, thou hast changed it into shadowy under-worlds.

Lo! often the fruit of heaven thou callest the fruit of sweetness, but the fruit of heaven within heaven thouallest the fruit of Bitterness.

O Hy! instead of trying to fill the gap between the past and the future, take to the present, for thou canst not fill that gap by filling it with mere dead bodies.

Rise O dead Visions, rise when the soul of Dawn itself prays for thee; come into Life when the Dawn changes itself into dew for thee.

Lo! when the things without flesh have upon them a touch of blood, thou art puzzled of what world to call them.

There what-ever the world paints, it first paints it in the form of heaven or hell; or else it cannot see it well.

79

O Soul ! often when all has been emptied, only then does the soul of Fulness begin to shine ; but therefore say not that when all has been broken, only then does a link appear.

It is bad to doubt about the soul that breathes, but it is worse to doubt about the eternal Harmony ; though one may doubt about Light, one cannot doubt about its true halo.

If the same breath of Life that creates a riddle does not also solve it, it can be called a riddle not of Life but of Death.

Not the breath that is breathed, but the Breath that is born, links the depth with the height, O Love !

Not the dream that is dreamt, but the Dream that makes thee dream, is the dream perfect.

Some see as many earths as many seekers they see ; others see as many seekers as many earths they see.

O, the first seeker thou callest the Quest itself ; the last seeker, the Goal itself !

80

If the earth revolves round the sun, the sun also revolves round the spirit of Earth, and so does everything else.

Before the coming of Dawn messages of many kinds come from many sides, but when the Dawn comes, thou canst hear only one message—the message of beyond life.

O wandering One! change thyself into a flower before thou mayst paint the earth or the heaven: or else it will be called not thy true picture but thy mere untire idol.

If by dreaming thou becomest uncertain, by never dreaming thou mayst forget Certainty itself, and mayst thus lose thy path.

Thou canst love only 'above' a world, but 'beneath' it thou canst only mourn, though there is the same vision all around.

81

Melt O Stone! it is a stain on thee that while Stoniness itself should melt, thou shouldst remain stony.

Rise! O Sailor! sorrow for thee if thy sails should play with the tides even before thy waking—before thy setting on thy voyage.

The unreal bond is a burden: the real one a part of the soul of Joy, and lo! thou callest it first a bond, last a link—first a link, last the creator of a link.

Near thee is Nearness, but beyond thee, what is there if not the soul of Nearness itself, though Nearness itself is a soul—a flame or a breath.

Often the birth-day of the Day thou callest the ray; the birth-day of the ray thou callest the sun.

O many are the rays that come from thee, but often one can see only so many of them as into as many parts one can truly divide or link oneself.

82

O Pilgrim towards the beach, enter the Deep leaving the burden of words on its shore, for many of those words are less than a link, many of them more than it.

O awakened One ! If at all the Night awakes thee, it must be the soul of Night; if the Dawn, it must be something greater than the soul itself.

One wind comes from the East, one from the West, and yet both of them know only one East of Joy, out of which rise many Lights of life beyond life.

Ever does Light write on thee that a shadow is a shadow because it has no touch with union—that the touch of Light is a soul itself because it stands between the shadow and the shadowy.

Wonderful it is that often thou canst separate the thirst from the soul, but even then thou canst not separate sorrow from joy, so art thou puzzled !

83

In thy quest from world to world, everything invites thee to itself, but be not surprised when the Dawn invites thee to thine own self or even to thy future self.

Here on earth all count in their own way : some count the years of Time ; others, of Losses, Gains, or of Offerings to thee, though all count the same moment within them all.

It is better to tread upon one's own bones than to tread upon one's own soul, in whatever form the soul

THE SONG OF BLISS

stands.

Let there be always deeper and deeper depth, for surely though thou art 'drowned' in the depth, thou art 'buried' in the shallowness which is worse than the shadow itself.

Nature has given a tongue to all things and spirits, but some have changed it only into a voice, some into nothing but a mere bone; but still all have the tongue.

84

When thou thinkest that thou hast no soul, thou art bound; when thou thinkest that thou hast 'the soul,' thou art freed, though true bondage and true freedom make the same true shadow.

O whatever may be thy goal—to whatever height or depth, let thee not have more than one soul, lest the other be a soul of Doubt, lest it may turn against thee.

Joy is the heaven of Sorrow!

Thou mayst be writing for the invisible spirits to read, but the invisible spirits write for thee either to 'engrave' or to 'raise' what they write for the worlds to behold.

When the stone of a peak comes down melting in a newer way, thou thinkest that nature has given a newer peak to that mountain; and in newer and newer ways does it often flow.

Say not, O Poet! the words that escape thee do not make some kind of path for thee; let thee not dream so many dreams as not even the goddess of Dream doth dream.

85

The many things that thou knowest, will escape thee, if thou dost not link them to thy inmost garland; soul is the Harmony that links the broken world with a touch of Fulness.

O world with blood all around thee, let thee not give names to things at the time when thou thyself art rolling in blood, not because of its stain, but because of something worse than a stain.

O Things that have no soul—things that only pretend to live, ye are worse than Pretension's self!

If the whole world had been with no 'end,' there would have been no union in anything at all.

Lo! they who know the heaven only from some flight, they know the earth only from a feather—not even from a flower.

When the Dawn comes, one can paint only those things that stand upon the Threshold; when the tide comes, one can gather the soul of the Deep, and not before that.

86

Let there be only one Feast, the Feast of Offerings—the Feast which is not without a soul—or which is not a mere Feast but the very soul itself.

Enter the garden of Union—and see within it there is nowhere any flower of Disunion, or if at all there is one, it also has the fragrance of Union.

The language of one part of the body is one, the language of the other part, other, but the language

of the soul is One, for it is not a mere language but the true breath itself.

Lo! whatever newer word thou makest, thou wishest nature to create a newer flower in that form, or else thou dost not call it a word of soul.

O thou above the beginning and end, come nearer and see that Light always begins, Darkness always ends—though it is all the exchange of Dawns.

87

O let thee not bury thyself by burying what thou hast deeper than the Depth itself—by sowing where neither the highest nor the lowest seed can be sown.

O flying One! to thee the things become burdens only when thou dost not fly thy fullest, and perhaps then thou art caught within thine own wings.

The restless Ocean that has not even heard of Silence, itself cannot exist without a soul of Silence; so things that are the more unknown to Silence, the deeper Shadow of Silence they have.

O begin this as thou mayst—like a star or a twilight or like a Shadow if thou canst not begin it like the sun itself.

Whatever comes out of Nothingness, if it is not something greater than a world, surely it must be something worse than nothingness.

O Spirit! all is light without any door or window, all is fragrance without any flower or bud, but even then let thee enter the door of eternal Light, let thee still touch that Flower.

88

Here thou always likest to carry some 'burden', for without doing so, to thy wonder thou seest that thou thyself art unable to move well from one place to the other.

In the land of offerings, there is room only for offerings,—offerings that are as light as the soul itself.

Thou bringest many offerings thou knowest not for whom, and still thou bringest them, and bringest them endlessly.

Here thou settest up a statue with an arrow in its every side and yet thou callest it a statue of Union!

O if it is the breath of the spring—call it not a mere breath but the very rose itself, in whatever form thou mayst see it.

They are also the hearts that though they know nothing of breath, upon them grow the seeds that refuse to grow upon any other place.

89

Doubt not if some bough even when it is touched only by some messengers if even then it does not spread in all ways.

O behold! the soul of Knowledge is between Light and Dark; the soul of Love, between Joy and Sorrow; the soul of Joy, between the Created and the Uncreated.

The breath unites: the Union gives breath to that very breath for ever.

O thou on the path, often thou becomest weary not when

thou carriest many burdens, but when thou dost not hear the voice of those wings.

When thou art upon the stage of those 'kings', let thee put on only that robe which though creates nothing, at least shows a link between the least and the greatest, if at all it must be called a true robe.

Many messengers who come within thy dome, some of them thou knowest, some of them the Candle that burns within thy dome knows—if it is a true Candle.

90

O sleepy One! when the moments bleed, and when thou art touched with that blood, think that it is not they but thy soul that bleeds, though that blood may flow like any-thing.

The mountain from which every kind of river does not flow, is not the greatest mountain; or however greatest it be, it cannot be called a mountain with a height.

O Spirit of Union! the soul becomes clear where the earth and the heaven meet in some way.

O Creator of many strings! the many voices however creative they be, they only 'imitate,' for it is only the one Voice that 'creates'!

Wonderful it is that the moments on which the heavenly spirits visibly appear, thou linkest them to thy dream; but the moments on which they visibly rejoice, thou linkest them to thy soul.

In thy doubt even when a halo appears on earth, thou callest it a mere foot-print, thinking that the word

'foot' must always be linked to earth in some form or the other.

91

Whatever is written within thy flower, must be changed into fragrance one day, if at all it is truly written.

The water which is within thy cup, can not fill it, without the sweetness of its soul; though thou mayst think that it is only the water that fills it, say, that it is only the sweetness that refills it.

O call only that the highest for which every curtain is a height! O call only that the sweetest for which Sweetness is only a tide.

Often those moments visibly touch thee within which thou hadst truly rejoiced or mourned even before they had given one round within the year in some way.

O ever-lasting Dream! the flame of nature must ever attack thee, even if thou mayst wholly change thyself into the very flame; it must make its mark on thee, though thou mayst change thyself into a mark itself.

92

O Thou that dost read on the invisible brow whatever thou canst not know anywhere else, what thou dost read on the brow of the Morn, the Morn itself has read it from thine own brow.

O if thou wilt refuse to bury things that should not be buried, the Stones themselves will refuse to bury thee, even if the spirit of Time places them upon thee.

Look at the trees and see that amidst them the Tree hides itself: amidst the flowers, only the shadow of the Flower is seen.

Joy escapes thee when thou comparest it to this and that. Whatever is between a stream and a stream thou mayst call it a drop, but whatever is between a hill-top and a hill-top, thou must not call it a stone.

If thou hidest thy soul from Darkness, be sure, Light will hide its soul from thee.

O burning Candle! The Flame says it sees itself in a flicker, the Flicker whispers that it sees itself in the Warmth, and so it keeps itself clear.

93

A newer breath does not come without a newer depth; a newer ray does not shine without a newer height.

The wings which Freedom spreads in many ways, are as large as nature herself, but even then they do not hinder thee on thy path.

It is better for thee to be silent—silent like the Deep or the Depth—than to speak of divine Love not with thine own tongue, but with the tongue of Death.

Thou canst invite the eternal One only within the garden of Oneness, but thou canst invite the spirit of Oneness only within the garden of One.

O whether thou art a pilgrim or not,—be Joy, create Joy, and change thyself into Joy; and only then wish for a halo of Joy.

Ever following Destiny—ever holding it up in their many

ways, they who only worship it, it only curses them, for them not to take to it but to seek for themselves.

94

The spreading of the wings to their real fulness, is better than their mere flying here and there, for when the one is called a flight, the other only spreading.

Before the mountain, newer wings that are born, are only like that mountain, and so it is before all other visions of nature, for the soul to know that there is something above nearness itself.

Lo! all the worlds give their own meanings to Silence, but silent or not, Silence gives only one meaning to them all.

They who see the cross from their own side, even though they are bloodless, they see nothing but blood; they who see it from its own side, they see nothing but soul.

O Singer with thy half-visible strings—half-visible because half lost within that 'vision'—every song of thy soul brings out the soul of the desert or of the mountain before thee in a visible form.

95

O rise and see that when nature wrote the word 'Creation', she really wrote the word 'Love' but that only in another form; when she wrote the word 'Love,' she really wrote the word 'growth'.

O Breaker of bonds, without taking upon thyself outer bonds, thou canst not fly well; without taking upon

thy self inner bonds, thou canst not breathe or make
thine own created things breathe.

When thou lovest touch with the soul of Freedom, thou
lovest touch with thine own self.

Ever art thou taught to love, but lo! Love teaches
thee to grow!

Thou art taught to 'grow,' but the Spirit of Growth teaches
thee how to 'spread' world beyond world.

If the Spirit of the Year gives one more round than the
rounds it ever gives, call it not the round of Time but
the round of Timelessness—the round of life beyond
life.

When the world knows that the little grains—so little that
it cannot make them—are of true things, it tries to
change even its dark deeds into as little grains as
it can.

96

The eternal Winds hold fast thy soul, not that thou
mayst be silent and soulless—bound within thine
own self—but that thou mayst be able to fly the more
from heaven to heaven.

Many circles of every size hast thou drawn, but if at
all they are drawn by thy soul, nature herself will, one
day, make them draw other circles.

O immortal Self! if really these are the waters that can
give immortality, let thee not call them mere waters,
but something greater, deeper, more shining still.

O Seeker! Moving along the deep waters, thine own soul

sinks within, because thou movest only on the waters of Forgetfulness.

To the half-burnt wings, wilt thou call the wings or the flames; to the half-born flames, wilt thou call the flames or the souls?

97

Ever art thou 'lifted up' from the root and ever dost thou give it many a meaning, but it is only the true flower that 'holds thee up.'

From Life thou canst expect the object of secret, but from Death thou canst expect only 'secret'—secret in its emptiest form—secret without a soul.

Ever have I seen thee busy with the weaving of thy flower and ever have I marked that when thou ceasest to prepare thy garland, thou thyself beginnest to wither in some way.

Often thou dost not wish to make an offering that has a shadow, but wonderful it is that which has a shadow, thou offerest it to the goddess of Shadow.

Who can awake the sleeping soul except the soul of Silence itself?

While a centre of light may create a soul, Harmony creates many a centre.

98

I often wonder thou givest names to things after the littleness or greatness of their own cloud.

When thou dost stretch thy hand towards the darkness, it is Light itself that comes to thee; when towards the desert, the Deep itself.

Rise not, O Vision, if thou canst not change thyself into a cloud of life, for else thou mayst not be called the vision.

Thou knowest not Freedom and yet thou art free, therefore thou thinkest that there is something greater than Freedom itself.

When there are more offerings than the moments in the day, often thou thinkest those offerings as the very moments and those moments as their shadows.

O Giver of many gifts! even for one gift in its purest thou must wholly melt thyself; for one voice in its dreamiest, thou must stand in all ways of the dreamiest.

99

They, the Voices, come and move from one to oneness, from oneness to one, and lo! thou givest them names after the ways of their doing so endlessly.

Even if we know no joy or sorrow, we hail thee, O Prophet of Joy or Sorrow, we hail thee still!

Though we do not know the words 'kill' and 'save,' ever do we welcome thy word, O Saviour!

O Children of Dream! ye that are made up of many atoms upon the face of earth, let ye not compare yourselves with those spirits that are made up of many memories.

O if thou art a true lotus, let there be born a lotus wherever on whatever waters we keep thee before or behind the spirit of Time, for the worlds to believe thee.

Beyond Union, there can be nothing but the soul of Union!

100

O silence ! and see the soul of Word.

O revolve ! and see the soul of Light.

The universal peace means the spreading of universal wings, if at all it means peace ; if not so, it is something that leads to disunion.

When thou passest a threshold to meet with Joy, thou seest thou hast passed over Joy itself.

Sun or no sun ! ever from a newer ray becomes a newer
East, O Light !

Growth or no growth ! ever from a threshold springs a newer pillar of Light.

The Darkness is only a feast of Doubt : Light, a feast of Faith ; the one a soul of shadow, the other a shadow of soul.

O separate all the candles and then see how many of them are kindled by the Flame, how many by the Dream or Shadow, or by something else upon that Threshold.

101

O Height ! this soul that ever flies higher and higher, think not that it flies for thee, but that it flies for thy soul for which thou thyself dost fly.

O, the beach may be unknown to thee, but however thou mayst pretend thou canst not say that the ocean itself is unknown to thee, for how can it be so ?

O see the darkness as Light sees it ; know the fragrance as the Flower knows it.

O Vision on the way ! thou mayst have many bonds or

thou mayst be without any kind of bond, but be sure that as many bonds come upon thee, so many-armed becomes thy soul, if only they are true bonds.

O ever silent One! being weary of 'silence,' again thou knockest at the door of 'Silence;' being tired of 'light,' thou turnest to 'Light' again, in a newer way.

Often thou seest the whole nature in tides of joy, but never the whole in ebbs;—the whole in lights, but never the whole in shadows.

102

O Word with countless tongues, should I call thee tongue or voice?

O Bird on the wing! speak, should I call thee bird or flight?

O beginningless One! tremble to walk where the spirit of Beginning itself learns to begin yet cannot begin in the way of light.

O Spirit! when they call thee the poet, they really call thee the warrior!

When they call thee the warrior, they really call thee the Victor:

When they call thee the victor, they really call thee the one who makes other victors!

Dazzle not the 'soulless ones' O Moment, dazzle them not, for the Hours and the Years have given their soul to thee at the very moment at which they saw thee, for thee to give a soul to the soulless.

When our different offerings pass through thy window, they take the one and the same form, so how can not the souls also take the same form when they pass through it ?

103

In thy Joy thou givest names to things unseen, but it is not the giving of names but of creating a newer soul within them !

O Soul ! we call thee a soul because thou givest a soul to everything thou createst ;—because thou canst make it stand between the dream and the dreamy.

O Light ! we call thee light because thou dost change dawn into dew, dew into dawn,—life into law, law into life.

O if thou wilt knock only at the door of 'How' or 'Why,' thou wilt lose even that 'How' or 'Why' !

Life also has its stone through which it breathes, but mistake not, for that stone is without stoniness, so it is not a stone, but what melts the stone.

104

O sweet Self ! let thee not leave thy visible pillars or what-ever like them holds thee up, before thou mayst be able to stand on dreams, otherwise it will turn against thee.

It is as vain to avoid little things as to play with great things in and around thee.

If from the highest and the lowest caves of Life do not come the prophecies of life, they must be only the voices of death—still let thee not call only those the prophecies which come from the highest or the lowest places.

O Dream! glitter still, though they may say that thou art neither the messenger nor the message—neither the path-maker nor the path.

Often thou drawest the picture of the Day, but let thee see that the soul of eternal Night draws a picture of thy soul afresh.

Only when thou comest 'unto' Joy, only then wilt thou call everything by the name of Joy.

Only when thou comest 'unto' Union, only then wilt thou call everything by the name of Union.

105

O Poet! if thy every word we may call a message, what should we call thy message itself; if thy every message we may call a soul, what should we call thy soul?

I wonder often though thou putttest the word 'wedding' to both Joy and Sorrow, thou putttest it 'before' Joy but thou putttest it 'behind' Sorrow.

Come! open this window, for if it must be the ever-flying One, it must pass through.

I wonder thou callest only that a thing of soul that can

stand upon the threshold and the 'stake' at the same time.

Come! there is a certain mountain on the one summit of which thou canst speak with the spirit of Poesy; on the other, with the spirit of Prophecy; and yet on the other, with the spirit of true Death: so with as many true spirits as many heights it has.

106

However golden be the dome built by thee on the face of earth, if it has no soul within, be certain that a new born ray will not 'first' fall on it to mark it with itself.

O thou buried beneath many stones, let me, the Voice, be buried with thyself that I may make thee grow again; I have no need first to change the word 'burial'.

The cloth which is already wet with one kind of blood, lo! how they wash it only with another kind of blood; that which is dry with the death-like wind, how cannot even some passing wind burn it?

O Pilgrim! thy feet want the short cuts, but thy wings want nothing but the breath on thy journey, otherwise it may not be called thy journey.

O blind One! say not thou hast learnt to twist the thread of thy soul from Destiny, for then it must be called not thy thread but the thread of Destiny itself.

If only it is the winds that make thee certain that thou

art moving, let thee leave the winds and walk
thine own way, though it may lead thee elsewhere.

107

Thou mayst say that the whole world is a dream, but thou
canst not say that it revolves round the sun of
Dream.

O ever-drinking One ! let thee drink from whatever thou
mayst like, but still let thee not drink from the 'cup
of Emptiness' for it is worse than emptiness.

However tired one may be, no one is so tired as not
to sing in tune with the soul of Life—no one so
asleep as not to wake with the ever-tuned String.

Beyond the shores of broken thought, flows the soul of
eternal Song.

The breath that cannot go from one shore of life to the
other, cannot be called its perfect breath ; nay, it can-
not be called even a breath.

By only standing upon the shore of Life, thou givest
her every tide a different name ; nay, thou so
linkest the names with tides that thou canst not
know the tides from names.

Often only so much flesh canst thou give to all thy words
and deeds as much as thou canst give to the word
'Quest,' O Soul !

108

O sinless One ! walk on the path of true sinners
and thou wilt see that even on that path, though there-

grows no other flower, there still grows the flower of Virtue.

O deathless One ! walk on the path of the soulless, and even there thou wilt hear the twofold call—the call of life beyond life.

When thou longest for Life, thou really longest for something greater than Life ; when thou wishest for the 'Unknown', thou really wishest for something greater than the 'Unknown'

Not the weapons can make thee free but the ring which Light itself has given thee or whatever name thou mayst give to that ring, but thou must call it the ring still.

So full of names art thou that often thy very 'killing' and 'saving' thou callest the giving of names, though it be with bloodshed.



109

Having taught thee how to swim across the ocean, the eternal Vision made itself one with the waters ; having taught thee how to mark, it made itself one with the point for thee.

Go Messenger ! carry this message only to Silence, for that alone will explain it to thee ; if it is not a message, it will change it into thy yoke.

If everything even Faith itself makes thee faithless here, despair not, but take to the soul of Faith.

To the king, I, Love, offer my own soul ; to the poet I

offer my own crown; to the one wholly a soul, I offer my song; to the one wholly a song, I offer my own soul, and lo! they all take it oppositely.

He, who drinks blood all his life, turns away even from water, looking on it as if it were blood and as if the blood were water .

O give us blood through the fruits and flowers, for how can we take it direct from thy hand?

Often thou bringest one more and more offering daily—thinking that the light-messenger has one more and more ray daily, till thou changest the offering into the ray itself.

110

Thy robes that are heavier than a 'thread,' are only thy chains; those that are lighter than it, are nothing but dreams.

Not a thunderbolt but a touch of nature shows the beginning of a newer world, though thou canst see a world within all things, upon or not upon a shore.

Lo! the world is ready to die for everything, but it is unable to live for one thing only!

Lo! it often says that there is life 'within' life, but not life 'beyond' life.

O thy own soul may leave thee on the way, but its halo cannot leave thee so, though thou mayst not be able to change it into thy soul.

○ Soul of Oneness ! nothing can stand between one and openness without destroying itself, for only that can stand between them which is greater than oneness itself.

○ Blindness ! let thee not put a newer day on thy eternal string of days, if Light does not allow it ; let thee not put a newer moment on it, if thy soul does not wish it.

111

Thou dost breathe only the breath of that land in which thou wert born ; or if thou art above the birth itself, thou breathest the breath of that land in which thou didst create thy first vision.

○ Soul ! let thee not breathe like a desert so long as thou seest the bud of Dawn, that is for ever ; say not that because a desert also has breath, the breath also has a desert within.

○ Spirit of Warmth lo ! often when a goblet cannot hold blood, thou thinkest that it cannot hold even anything else everlastingly.

Behold ! even at certain moments when the world does not wish for light, even then it wishes for something to which it may truly turn its face.

At some moments, when the soul begins to write, it uses one word of the breath of the flower ; one, of stone ; one, of tide ; and so one of every free thing of nature on the bough of Life.

112

O in thy confusion, often after building many shrines
thou knowest not how many abodes of Sacrifice—
how many tombs of mere bones hast thou made.

At certain moments, thy one breath, O Nature, changes all
creatures into birds, another into angels that is still
higher, but still let the world think that this is but
one breath.

Surely there is no death yet let not Life forget the
law of Death; there is no poverty still let not Riches
forget the law of Poverty, for if there is no death or
poverty, there is something worse still.

O Statue of Liberty! if thou art the statue of true
Liberty, let thee wholly melt thyself into many far-
spreading rays though thou mayst not create so many
other statues out of them in the same way.

O let thee be buried by anything else, but still let thee
not be buried by the Spirit of Burial itself.

O Spirit of Doubt lo! often whatever light nature gives
thee, thou first triest to see how many desires, how
many thoughts or visions can be made out of it.

113

If sometimes thou wishest for the return of the cloud of
Nature, it is only for the return of thy own soul that
thou dost wish and not for the return of that cloud.

O Nature! as many faces of thine we see, so many times
have we begun the world again and again, even if we

have seemingly begun it only a fewer times.

O Seeker of paradise! thou must enter many a little paradise of Sympathy, Love, etc: before thou mayst enter the last great paradise—paradise, as it is called by the poets and prophets.

Joy! why, it is the angel of Joy!

Hope! why, it is another soul of Dawn!

Thou seest every Light busy creating its own poles of light from world to world, but lo! O Love, the Sun itself is busy creating other suns or whatever it truly creates, are called the suns.

II4

O Seeker of souls! a prophecy comes to thee from every side that this is thy turn—the nature's turn, if only thou art nearest to her.

Often when bondage becomes over-bondage, it injures itself; when Freedom becomes over-freedom, it injures others.

With whatever beautiful gift they come to thee O Love, such kind of beautiful soul they want from thee, or they do not call the soul beautiful.

O Spirit of Joy! only on thy foot-prints grow all these flowers that we gather; and those flowers that we gather from any other place, we do not call them the flowers.

Let thee not stare at the wings before thee, for on them is written no other word than the word 'flight'!

O whatever thou offerest—let it be incense or anything else—if it does not truly flow, call it not an offering of soul, lest it may hurt thee.

115

O shadowy One! when-ever thou sendest Him a gift,
He returns the same gift to thee by changing it into
a soul, though there may be already a soul within that
gift.

O whatever name thou givest to thy 'beast,' it becomes a
burden.

He, who made thee an exile, ran away from thee; he who
made thee free, stood near thee in that wilderness of
many visions.

O enter the Palace! if it is not the Palace of Joy,
it must be the slaughter-house—not that is a
slaughter-house where 'things' are killed, but where
nothing can grow.

The flower that grows on the path over which only the
seekers pass, seems to whisper that it will be growing
on till the last seeker passes over it; and then it
will begin to grow anew.

116

O there is no quarrel between these winds and the
winds of thy soul, therefore, there is no quarrel
between all these worlds and thy vision.

O blood-stained One! even if the blood has touched
thee, let it not touch thy inner breath; if it has

touched thy inner breath, let it not touch what it holds up.

O how can one stand here on this shore when one's own soul is crying from the other ?

O be not surprised if the reply comes to thee—the reply of a question by thee put to Light ages ago; if a true statue built by thee ages ago stands before thee.

Lo! often thou thinkest it is only with newer and newer names that anything of earth can grow; but the spirit of Earth thinks it the other way.

The eternal soul can live even with one vein—with one true shadow; surely even if the vein had been without blood, Light itself would not have been without some ray.

117

Lo! often before thou touchest a newer vision, thou triest to know how many words of flesh can be made out of it.

If thou canst not wake with every round of Hope, how canst thou wake with the soul of Hope itself.

O let thee give Dream its own place, for the endlessness of dreams shows the endlessness of soul itself.

O Nature! the soul ever sings in thy way, for it is both alone and in company—both on the threshold and on the stake.

The ever-revolving world never loses its hope, for it is born of Hope: it never loses its voice for it is the first and the last form of voice.

If at all the world wants a religion, it wants the religion of the Flower, not the religion of the Stone—Stone which is Stoniness itself.

Come, let us speak of the 'spirit' though it may not be flowing between us, but it may be flowing between our future visions.

O doubt not if more rays than those that have died for Light come from it.

118

The Vision that does not make the Present still nearer to itself, is more shadowy than a mere surface.

O Folly, let thee not 'carve' thy words, for it is for nature to carve them in her own way.

The moments whisper that over them is place only for the flowers, for anything else over them is frozen unto Death.

O behold! often the Desert refuses to exchange its foot-prints with other common foot-prints.

When thou canst not say from what side thy Light is truly shadowy, from what side thy shadow is truly shinning, how dost thou call this thy soul?

O mysterious One! Thou art ever a fire-eater and yet softer than the breath of a flower is thy breath that gives us breath.

119

O Nature! surely the veil which thou dost ever put upon thyself is, unlike that of the world, no other veil

than the veil of Light itself, but the world calls it a veil.

O Thirst ! if really thou hast a soul within, call thyself by a name greater than that of the Drop, or call thyself something drier than grain of sand.

If what comes between day and night is not a dawn, it must be something worse than death.

O Spirit ! let thee not compare a sleeping child to a sleeping moment, for however sleeping a moment be, it is still awake like the Dawn.

In a depth thou meetest with the world in the form of a flower ; on a height, in the form of a star, though there be more depths than the flowers—more heights than the stars.

Behold ! ' I am Love ' ; it is only the true Dream that has made me immortal.

Behold ! ' I am Beauty ' ; it is only the true Shadow that has made me endless through many worlds.

120

O Folly ! thou mayst draw many lines upon many things of life, but let thee not draw any line upon the Fates themselves, for it will only mislead thee the more on thy path.

O Spirit ! often hast thou heard me whisper that I am as restless as is the dust to be changed into flowers.

O beware ! the creator of living dreams should be as careful as the creator of twice living souls.

O let thee not lose the voice of the Present and depend upon another voice, though it be the voice of the two-fold Present. Present in its purest form is purity itself, present in its sweetest form is sweetness itself.

One says a touch of water has changed him into a pearl; another, that a touch of flame has changed him into it; and so another speaks of another kind of touch, but every one uses the word 'Touch' in his own way.

121

O beware ! Nature calls thee by the name of Nature, but thou callest her by the name of Chaos.

O paint her as she paints thee but be sure that thou canst not paint her by only changing thyself into winds.

If thou wishest to follow like a river, let thee not forget the stones from which it flows or that which comes between the Drop and the Deep.

Come! let us fly though Freedom itself may mean more than mere Flight. Come ! let us offer, though the soul itself may mean more than an offering.

If both 'to write' a word and 'not to write' it is a sin, waver not, but write it on the Present with the Presence.

From birth to birth thou seest the star that shines directly above thee, nearer and nearer to thee; nay, nearer and nearer to thy words and deeds, if really they are truly thine.

122

All these rivers run to thee not because they are full of these waters but because they are full of the waters of Harmony; they all meet thee, not because they meet thee but because they reach thy rubies.

O Altar of Joy ! many lives are sacrificed beneath thee and yet, whenever we listen, the voice comes—they were not living ones but mere corpses: corpses, some because they had a mark over them, others because they had no mark.

If thou changest thyself into the moment, the years will not roll over thee like this, nor will they leave their spots upon thee or upon whatever thou createst.

The believers and the unbelievers differ only in this; the former think that they live because they sacrifice; the latter that they sacrifice because they live.

O let even Light itself have nothing more than a mere corner, but even then let it shine over thee; let it be buried, but even then let it make its circle, round thy feet to guide them.



123

O something ever covers thy soul with robes, something ever uncovers it; or if thou dost not call them the robes, call them whatever is nearest to the String.

O say not what thou shalt offer to the goddess of Peace when thy soul is full of the darts of passion, for they themselves will be thy offerings.

O shadowy Self ! when many days come within thy one

day, they are only the many replies that come within one reply for thee that art ever athirst.

O World of only one Star ! a threefold voice ever comes from thee, the voice of Dawn, the voice of Spring and the voice of Love; in whatever way they come in that way thou givest names to all things.

O be not confused if the voices of Dawn, Spring and Love do not meet in their quest equally with the voices of Poet, Prophet and King.

124

O let thee be a prophet of Sorrow before thou mayst be a prophet of Joy, or a prophet of any thing else, —a prophet as the Spirit of Message knows it.

Sometimes it is easier to change mountains into thy breath than to change the 'bars'—the bars that stand before thee.

Here the world is bound not by its shores, but by its own tides and ebbs—not by its cycles but by its centres and corners, though it thinks it the other way.

O Divider of all things! if at all thou dividest anything, divide it only in the way of Union; if thou wishest to break it, break it only as a Link itself breaks it.

The once garden of Fruit is now changed into the garden of Flesh, one day it will be changed into the garden of Spirit.

125

How dost thou call them the dreamy Ones when thou

dost not know whether they rejoice or mourn round thee ?

O eternal One ! I am not surprised to see that thou hast made me a messenger from thyself to thyself—from thyself to thyself a pilgrim on many paths.

One may have to 'stand' as a sinner, but Virtue itself ever stands up.

Only then will thy gift be accepted, when it is given by the soul-Dream and the dream-Soul at the same time.

We have flown together with thee O Nature, and yet should we call thee a statue or a stream ?

We have grown together with thee, still should we call thee a flower or a tempest ?

Thou mayst be able to live without Light, but thy true Shadow cannot live without its true Shadow.

126

The Voices that do not come from thy cross, O Nature, are only the voices of death, however living they be.

Let this be a flute or a cross ! for to sing on the flute or to die on the cross means the same, and there is no middle way.

O Soul of eternal String ! move gently, and let thee not slip on the string of thy Dream, though it be a half-dreamy string.

Come ! partake of Life even as the Breath partakes of the Breath.

Enter with half-throbbing soul, and as surely as ever thy sorrow shall be changed into joy, thy hell into heaven, thy death into life.

Today thou hast to choose between dream and dream,
to-morrow thou wilt have to choose between law and
law, though thou mayst be above the moment itself.

127

O ever-struggling Soul! thy destiny is the destiny of the
living String that binds nature herself.

Whenever we carve thee into a stone we lose thy throb,
for thou art ever moving on, though it be only from
stone to stoniness, or from stoniness to stone, but
still thou art ever moving on.

O Dream! though thou mayst wholly become the dawn
itself, thou hast still to see the sun; though thou
mayst be above light itself, thou hast to know the
true dream of Light.

O Shower of the cloud of Life! descend, why dost thou
wait for a twilight?

O Pearl! come out, why dost thou wait for a tide to
come out?

Many a soul hast thou seen within this soul, but only one
soul from thy many souls remains faithful to thee to
the last, the others being changed either into rays or
into desires.

128

A true Vision, if it descends from a mountain, it first
changes the very mountain itself; if from a desert,
it first changes the desert itself.

The natural division has an inner Union; the unnatural
union means nothing but a division. .

O Seeker of Dawn! the last form which the 'dawn will take, will be the form of the sun itself, even if the word 'Dawn' may not be written upon it.

There, where many dawns and many windows are seen, often thou canst not know a dew-drop from a ray, so linked together are they.

To simplify Flesh is to live with Nature, yet it is only Nature that simplifies Simplicity itself.

At least let that much of Shadow be within thee, as may not make thee forgetful of the Shadow of true offerings, O Soul!

129

O faithless One! say not thou hast nothing to offer, for often what thy Breath offers, thou thyself mayst not know, though it may be called an offering of thy future Self.

The lowest things can be dreamt of, but the highest things can only be breathed out in this world of Breath!

The lowest worlds may be upheld, but the highest ones can only be 'waved'.

Lo! O thou nearest to earth, the little joys and sorrows free and bind the little shores of life, and lo! ever art thou busy giving them many names.

The drop finds its Freedom in the ocean, the ocean finds its Freedom in the drop.

Lo! O blood-stained World, the blood in a stone makes it more stony, the blood into a cloud changes

into a kindly shower; it so much art thou bound to blood that thou ever triest to stain even unborn things with unmade blood.

The ocean is awake, but it is only the Drop—the eternal Drop—that ever keeps it awake; it is ever rising, but it is only the Spirit of its own true Depth that makes it hold something upon itself.

130

The soul which thou hast given to Dawn, it returns it to thee in the form of dew; the vision which thou hast given it, comes back in the form of the dewy.

Whatever flows from death to life, call it an ever-lasting river; but still whatever flows from drop to drop, call it the endless soul, O Love!

Often what looks to thee sweet, thou callest life; what bitter, sweetness itself; thou callest the sweet as life, but thou callest the true sweetness as the very breath itself.

O has Freedom burnt all her wings, that thou canst not hear their voice?

To make the world more round, let thee not give many a round, even it for creating a certain word of soul, thou mayst have to give a certain number of rounds.

131

O eat the bread of Sorrow, that the wine of Joy may also be given thee.

O eternal Harmony! thou hast the heart-strings of Sorrow, but thou hast the soul-strings of Joy.

Behold! the sun itself may be for thy bread, but the star is for the spirit of bread, though thou mayst not be standing beneath a ray.

Here stands the dark Shadow writing on every door of Reason except 'one', but that 'one' is not a door, but the very Light itself.

Thou holdest Sorrow like a mirror, but thou holdest Joy like thine own self, O selfless One!

132

What is the necessity of a halo round the moon of Fulness?

What is the necessity of a cub in the feast of Tides?

Everything has its own dew—even a thing without any depth,—yet without the dew of nature the ocean itself looks dry, though not as dry as the world may think it.

Rise! O Soul of Union!

Rise in the heaven of Union!

Union is the Word! the Silence, Union!

O Spirit, because thou canst not divide, thou multipliest; because thou canst not separate, thou linkest.

Lo! in thy Palace the same Feast is called by the one, by one name, by the other, by another.

Lo! often when a thought stands on one side of the candle, thou callest it a thought; when on its other side, thou callest it a dream; when on its yet another side, thou callest it a vision.

133

O Law-giver ! if thy law is true, let it be written on a leaf of a tree instead of a leaf of gold, for even then it will shine in more ways than are the leaves of the tree.

Descend from thy sword O Victor, descend and worship the all-faced Sword before thee.

O Deep ! when we stand before thee, though nothing has gone out of us, we hear the voice of something returning to us in such a way as if it had gone out from us.

When we stand near the depth, we see though there is nothing drowned, we hear the voice of something trying to come out of it.

Here, for some sweet it is to die with all their curtains flying ; for others, sweeter it is to die with all their wings spread to their utmost.

134

O Nature ! when we come to thee like pilgrims, thou makest thyself a pilgrim and so walkest with us, and yet we ever seek the place of newer Union.

Upon the bed of arrows, O Seeker ! thou seest Life visibly showering the flowers of Immortality, or whatever it showers upon it is changed into flowers.

Though for ages, I, the soul, forget even water or nectar, I never forget the flowing voice, so think not that I have only the soul of a Drop, but that I can also give a soul to a drop itself.

What can I write upon the face of Time except that which
I can write upon the half-born things of soul?

Of what are these rubies made if not of some poetic
dreams and still lo! wherever they melt, they really
melt before the poetic Shadows.

Often, though thou hast died upon all kinds of weapons,
thou knowest not which of them to call a cross and
which of them not to call a cross.

135

Joy melts things, but alas! thou thinkest it its 'dividing';
it strings them, but lo! thou callest it its 'counting'
and thus givest it a soul of Division or of Counting
and so it escapes thee.

Though everything of nature makes thee silent to speak
through thee, thou callest only some of them as things
of soul—some of them the soul-creating things.

O leave this habit of dividing for it leads only to the
habit of killing, as the habit of killing leads to the
habit of marking everything with blood.

From the buried world a wind comes, no one knows whe-
ther it is first of life or first of death; from the buried
life a breath comes, no one knows whether it is
first of division or first of union.

O look to the sun and see that not only the sun, but also
the Spirit of Hope makes a full day.

O rise or descend only on a flame!

136

O Nature! whether thou givest us or whether thou takest

from us, these are all the ways of thy giving, or else they may not be called even the 'ways'.

The winds that in themselves have no fixity, come and make thy soul firm and steady; but surely they are not these winds but the winds of the soul of Fixity itself.

Beneath one altar, though many rivers of blood flow, it is still untouched by it; beneath the other, even if only the rivers of water flow, marks of blood are still seen upon it.

The soul can bear the thirst of the whole world and yet often it cannot bear the thirst even of its own one string.

The threshold at which meet Light and Dark, at that very threshold meet Earth and Heaven; but where no two things of Light meet, it is called a stake.

O call thyself 'dead' not when thou diest, but when the caravans of Light and Dark cannot pass through thee in a visible form, as they pass through the gates of Heaven.



137

O Joy! I can stand before thee only when I can stand before mine own self; for when I try it in any other way, I cannot do so.

O Nature! drive thy chariots on any place, but do not drive them on visions—not those visions which are ours, but those visions of which we are.

O Spirit of Quest! ever try to search, for true perfection means an endless search, if not so, it is not

perfection but a corpse.

Not the shadow but the shadow-like things make thee see.

Not death but the death-like make thee live.

How man thinks that because the earth revolves round the sun, whatever he makes, gives a round of some kind if it be not so, it must be something deathlike.

138

The unnatural law more binds than frees, the natural one more frees than binds; though it may be freer than the soul itself, it can be called a law.

However free all things may be, the lower things stand between law and law, the higher ones between kingdom and kingdom, even if thou mayst leave the height and the depth.

Lo! when the world loses its soul, it goes astray and only worships the extremes of things; but its calling them the extremes shows that it has still a soul.

In the Age of Reason, the Stars become clear: in the Age of Faith, the Sun.

Things that breathe in and out many worlds, how dost thou call them mere things but not greater than the passing lights.

139

O take to the living Shadow, for a living shadow is better than a dead soul.

When thou walkest in the land of shadows, thou seest everything in the form of a shadow, but the shadow

itself in the form of Light; though everything looks to thee like a shadow, the fragrance is still the same. O Mystery! thou art the womb, from which whatever spirit is born, has a visible halo over it. Upon whatever place thou settest thy foot, we call it a throne. O Love! if thy Light should shine only upon the highest and the lowest things, even then, unlike this, all things may be changed into the highest and the lowest.

140

Instead of using the words that come between dream and vision, O Soul, use only those words that come between one and oneness, if thou wishest that they should be clear. When thou dost stand between the finite and the infinite, utter only those words that come between the riddle and the solution. O Spirit of Reason! thou mayst think that Nature sends her every first voice to thee, but the truly voiceless think she sends every new dream to them. Amidst the many lights of nature that are before thee, some of them do not hurt thee for they have lit thee, others do not hurt thee for thou hast lit them. Come closer to light and see that the poetry of Life is the philosophy of Death—the poetry of Death, the philosophy of Life. O Weaver! if thou knowest not how many mortal—how many immortal threads are within thy robe which thou hast woven, call it not thy robe,

141

Ah! one night thy soul was seeking thee, and thou wert seeking thy soul, though it is all one—surely one was the vision, the other its shadow.

O some call thee a warrior, others a pilgrim: but all call thee the eternal Poet.

Some call thee a messenger, others a sower: but all call thee the Weaver.

O eternal Dream! sometimes thou meetest with us either in a sleeping place or in a grave-yard—sometimes either in a field where something is sown or on a battle-field.

O think not that this life between two opposites is only between two winding-sheets, even if it may be between two curtains of Nature—curtains that may have no line of life upon them.

I, the Pearl, was once as great as the ocean itself.

I, the Messenger, shall give my true name when I shall make all others free with me.

142

Thou art the earth beyond the flower!

Thou art the heaven beyond the star!

From a root of Poesy, comes a flower of Philosophy;
from a root of Philosophy, a flower of Poesy.

O eternal One! thy smile gives fragrance to some, light to others; soul to some, soul-strings to others; half dreams to some, two-fold visions to others, and yet it is a smile.

In man thou hidest thyself; in woman thou expressest
man himself; no, it is only to thy unborn vision that
thou givest a clear form.

The offering that can go from Altar to Altar, only that
offering has a soul.

Who knows thy words may be only the echoes of some
other words uttered by thee in some past Age!

O doubt not, for the journey of the soul is the journey of
Hope itself—of Light itself.

This is a world for it melts: that a world for it makes
other things melt.

143

Some call thee a sinner, but lo! the angels call thee
their Lord; for them with whatever thou dost
begin, they see that thou dost begin with the wings.

O living Dream! die within the valley that the rivers that
flow through it, may carry thy message to the ocean,
though the ocean itself may be unknown to thee.

Because thou hast made me a breeze, I call thee the Tempest;
because thou hast made me a tree, I call thee the Fruit;
because thou hast made me a messenger, I call thee
the Stream.

O Seeker! when thou wastest thy hands with blood, how
dost thou call it the washing of thy hands, but not
thy making the very opposite of it?

Everything in nature seems ready to break through its
shores, so much so that within the ocean of Content-
ment itself, there is a restlessness for newer forms
of life.

144

O wandering One! let thee not breathe through that soul or through whatever that rises up within thee, if it hides itself from its own self; let thee not create that which hides itself from thine own self.

Many a round there is always; yet there is always one round of Joy, another of Sorrow, though it is only Joy that knows a round.

Stand up! for it means everything, for not 'to stand up' is to die—not to rise, is not to ride.

However high thy destiny be, thou must still see that it is only a shadow of another Destiny; however shining thy vision may be, be sure that here on earth it is not yet a full halo.

O let Freedom see instead of the eye—let it hear instead of the ear.

Whatever voice of nature once reaches thy soul, it becomes a part of thy soul, for such is the nature of soul.

145

The dream of the soul is soul itself!

The shadow of Hope is Hope itself!

O Word of Union! the seers and singers call thee even older than the word 'life' itself.

To every one has nature given the power of victory, for to every one has she given the power to create a soul.

Singing always only of things 'unborn' and of things 'dead' thou thinkest that thou createst something

between them both—something greater than a soul.
O Seeker !

In thy doubt when thou dost stand between the dead and
the unborn, thou givest thyself one name ; when be-
tween the past and the future, another name, even if
it may mean the same.

O do not blame nature if her winds blame her ; do not
avoid her if only they seemingly avoid her, for they
turn from flame-nature to nature-flame.

146

O if thou canst not rise even when thou art near the
ocean, at least rise when the ocean melts into the ruby
and the ruby into the ocean.

In the East of Hope, Despair never shines ; in the East
of Light, Darkness is never seen.

Cast thy net even amidst the stones, but then, O Spirit of
Quest, let thee not cast it amidst stoniness itself, for
surely it is the hardest form of a stone.

Thy journey, the journey of nature herself, begins at
every step and ends at every step endlessly, yet we
call it thy journey.

O if thou callest this a 'world' only because it revolves, let
thee never, never call it a world : if thou callest this
a path only because thou seest every spirit moving
on it, call it not a path.

147

Thou didst first know of Silence when thou didst first
hear the voice of Nature's wings, for surely that was

the visible form of Silence, which in one wing showed life, in the other, life beyond life.

Go! find out thy soul where the Word and Silence meet—where Nature meets with her own self; for there it takes a visible form.

O rise with the soul of Dawn, or else the Day may not receive thee well; meet the Day where it visibly meets with its own flower.

Whatever is uttered on thy peak is a song; many are thy peaks yet more are thy songs; many are thy songs yet more are thy links, O Mystery!

O thine is the flame in water, thine is the tide of flame; thine is the glow that hides between the glow-worm and the flame, but surely this is not its hiding, but making itself immortal.

148

O Word! O Silence!

Now weave around one soul of Love!

O depend on Freedom yet breathe freely.

O follow Nature still imitate not.

O leave these little beads of Destiny.

Alas! if the Golden Age should have an iron smile or a smile of injustice—if whatever it sows, it sows in the earth of iron.

Thou mayst ever try to take to the centre, but the inmost Corner (conscience) will never leave thee, for sometimes it is greater than a centre itself.

An unborn messenger, thou callest the message itself; an unborn prophet, the prophecy itself; whatever stands between the body and the soul—between the messenger and the message, thou callest it the Vein.

In this world, O tongue-tied Death, we wonder though thyself tongue-tied, thou often givest a tongue to Life.

149

There are things, nearer than the word 'nearness' itself, yet nearness is the greatest of them all.

I, the Soul, can create a soul even from a shadow, or from any other thing even if it be unknown to the soul.

O Wanderer! the charity of Love is nothing if it is not given to the weight of soul or to the weight of a vision.

When that Voice is the Flesh, thou art the Voice;
when it is the Voice, thou art the Flesh; yet behold often thou art neither the Voice nor the Flesh, but only the Throb.

O glittering Height! vain is thy glow if Nature herself does not sit on thee in some visible form.

O what heart is that in which everything that enters does not take the form of the bird of eternal vision?

150

Sorrow for him whose hand cannot hold even the mirror that makes him live—that mirror when it stands before him, though it is of his own self.

O Vision that we saw ages ago, we had left thee only on the Threshold, or wherever we left thee, we called it the Threshold.

The seed of true sacrifice, unlike other seeds, grows both on earth and in heaven at the same time.

Doubt not if over a seeker, there is no halo of Quest ; if over a messenger, there is no halo of Message.

Wonderful it is that the place where thou seest buried some unknown sower, thou callest it an unknown earth!

Lo! the place where thou seest buried some unknown sooth-sayer, thou callest it an unknown heaven.

151

O Love ! what shades and colours they give thee !

O Soul ! with what doubts they try to bury thee !

He, who professes to weave cannot weave, until he knows the power of the eternal touch.

At every moment, thy every breath either unites or dis-unites thee.

Doubt at once rises when more than one word is written, but it does not rise if more than one word is truly 'woven' or 'carved.'

Thou mayst not be able to see any visible word between tide and ebb, but still while in the ebb thou canst see the soul of the tide, in the tide thou canst see thine own soul.

O thou mayst have some doubt, but then let thee not make thyself a pilgrim to the shrine of Doubt.

152

O restless One! when thou wert in the form of a cloud,
thou wert wishing for earth, as now thou wishest for
a cloud ; surely there is no end to thy restlessness.

Often thine own created souls are changed into dreams
even though thou givest them thine own soul, but
the dreams of Nature are changed into souls.

From the womb of Time comes the cry that it has not
seen Time ; from the womb of Timelessness comes
the voice that it has seen a moment outside Time
itself.

The whisper thou hearest from Nature is the whisper
that her creating other natures is only her creating
other souls, for the words 'creation' and 'soul' stand
together for ever.

Sometimes Nature holds up the law ; at others the Soul
of Law holds up nature.

When thou callest that a magnet that attracts something
to itself, why dost thou hesitate to call that a magnet
that makes a river flow faster towards the Deep ?

153

Descend O eternal One! descend in any form on any
branch of my soul, for surely it will not be called
thy descending but thy ascending.

Thy one drop changes the whole ocean of Death into Life,
yet let thee not apply the word 'ocean' to Death, for
it is above 'Death'.

There do all the souls meet, only where the strings
change into pearls.

Lo ! nature has a woman's heart, but still say not that
she has also a woman's tear, for she ever revolves
in her own way.

O Seeker, waver not but come forth and offer with as many
hands as thou hast, still offer only with one soul.

If this is not an offering, that is not a soul; if this is
not a soul, that is not a height.

If what does not come through a window is untrue, what
comes through it is overtrue.

154

Surely the souls that are bound in their sleep, in their
sleep shall they find themselves free; they who are
lost before the Quest, they may be found behind
the Goal itself.

On the foot-prints of Nature hast thou learnt to walk;
on her foot-prints hast thou learnt to sow and reap;
yet I wonder thou art ever in quest of those foot-
prints.

On one side the world is filled with kings and caravans;
on the other, with law-givers and laws; while it is
the spirit of true Poesy that holds the centre.

O be on! for even if the whole world may be changed
into a touch-stone, there must still be some kind of
evil; even if it may wholly lose its soul, it cannot
wholly lose its true centre.

O Light ! O Bliss ! if between two poles of Light there is not the sun of Blessing, it must be the sun of Wrath, so let thee ever watch.

155

O Soul ! take whatever bread is given thee, give the sweet to thy sweet self, the bitter to thy bitter self, if thou canst not change that bread into sweetness itself.

If at all thou hast any stains upon thyself, every flower of Charity will wipe off one stain from thee—at least one stain—for that flower is softer than Charity itself.

O ever robed One ! instead of giving robes to thyself, give strings to thy true dreams.

The invisible curtains may hinder thee from walking, but surely they cannot hinder thee from the 'ways' of walking.

Thou canst gather the great worlds like flowers, only when thou canst gather the little flowers like those great worlds.

They who sleep on a bed of thorns, on waking they find themselves changed into flowers.

They who sleep on a bed of ashes, on rising see themselves changed into flames.

156

Thou hast created the eternal Lotus, only to make thyself lotus-born, O Joy !

Thou hast made the rose itself a stem to make its dream visibly stand upon it.

○ Change ! when thou hast left nothing unchanged,
change thyself even without any mark of Change over
thee for the world to see.

How long will be the eternal Night over thee, only the
everlasting Star can say ; how many newer stars it
can create, only the eternal Halo can say.

Surely for whom faith has gone away, they are made, first
deaf, then dumb, then blind.

When thou seemest to be born out of a thousand wombs,
thou dost really give birth to a thousand visions in
thine own way, O Mystery !

When Light itself writes the word 'man,' it really writes
the word 'vision' and nothing else ; when it writes
the word 'vision,' it really writes the word 'flight.'

157

However early thou risest, thou seest the Dawn ever
rising earlier than thee, and thou art silent.

However earlier thou sendest thy offerings to that Spirit,
thou seest already many offerings lying before it, for
surely it is the soul of Offering itself.

○ Goddess of Love ! thou dost accept all things in the
form of flowers though the world offers them to thee
in many other forms, for thou seest in the very
Change a flower.

The cry of the world changes into silence, the cry of
Silence, into many worlds !

Sometimes it gives thee the name of the offering, some-
times it gives the offering itself thy name.

O thou mayst give newer names to the buried, but even
then thou must take away from them the word
'burial.'

When thou sayest 'Silence', go no further !

When thou sayest 'Union', give it no other meaning !

158

Lo ! when Nature gives thee a seed to sow—a seed with a
prophecy within, thou leavest the seed itself and
triest to sow the prophecy.

The flowers that can only in a valley grow—the flowers
with a stream flowing through them—let thee not,
but let that stream itself give them a name.

We have so linked thee, O true Moment, with our soul
that often we know not whether these are our me-
mories or memories thine; but even then we link thee
the more.

O Nature ! they who cannot freely breathe, they wish thee
to make the moments softer still so that they may
create newer things.

They who cannot give a true name to a thing of nature
except upon a threshold, they cannot give a true
name to a soul except upon a stake upon which some-
one has truly died.

If thou knowest not what thy last true blood-drop shall
be, thou canst not say what thy last gift shall be,
though it be without a drop of blood.

159

O Poet ! does not thy every word mean 'where', though on its surface it may mean something else.

Though for thee there is no riddle, thou ever makest every thing flow in a newer way.

O Nature ! the faithful call thee the Beautiful One, the faithless call thee the Dreamy One ; but surely all call thee the ever-rising One ; so rise ! still rise !

O most dreamy One ! surely every shower passes through thy ring before it falls on us ; and that ring is no other ring than the ring of another kind of shower.

Lo ! the visions heavier than those 'grains' they call false ; but the visions lighter than them, they call soul-less, so doubtful are they !

The eternal Voice that before thee suddenly parts in two, who knows whether it may be changed into height and depth, or into the quest and the goal.

160

From the ways of clouds, thou knowest the ways of unborn wings, though from every sign of Nature thou knowest the ways of clouds.

Thou mayst not hide the soul, but thou must hide the things that weigh with it ; for surely they are the things dreamier than the soul itself—dreamier in the way of harmony.

'To take' may be 'to live'—but 'to give' is 'to live two-fold.'

Nearness ever means life, for when it means death, it does not mean nearness; nearness in one form is Law, in another form Kingdom.

When Nature asudden meets with her own self, there is the universal throb at the same time; nay, at every creation of a newer vision, there is the Throb.

Thou mayst say the throb of Time means death, but still thou must say that when it is a throb of Time within Time, it is not a throb of death, but a throb of life.

O receive the gift that is being given to thee, receive it or do not only pretend to throb, for it is created between a throb and a throb.

161

O wordless One! there is no word of thine for which some one or other has not died at some time, so tell us should we call it a word or something beyond it?

As much hast thou offered to the Dawn when it first met thee, so long shall be thy Day; as much hast thou offered to its Soul, so beautiful shall be the Flower of day for thee, O Soul!

O think not that things that are only with one true dream or with one ray, will be with thee only from one dawn to the other, for they too stand like thee.

If the Vision is kept 'before' thee, think it thy throne of Joy, but if thou art placed 'before' it, think it a throne of Justice, still ever call it a throne.

Wonder not if sometimes Nature accepts the offering of the living through the dead, the offering of the dead through the living, for it shows only her many ways of weaving.

162

Lo the beauty of Nature's dream, that what other spirits sometimes refuse to fill like Fulness itself, her dew at once fills it.

Behold the magic of her sigh, the skeleton which the souls cannot fill with their beauty, that Sigh fills it at that very moment.

Within thee, only a soul can dwell, let thee be Sleep or Death; it can dwell within thee only in the form of a soul or never at all.

Lo ! often the ever-revolving One first makes thee revolve and then itself revolves, but thou often first makest thy shadow rise and only then dost thyself arise.

On one beach thou canst give a thing a name, on the other thou canst give it a soul.

Only they who have 'offered' before Time itself, can know whether it is a flower—or a blood-offering.

163

Throne after throne before thee passes away, but thou givest it the name of some other thing—a name unknown to the soul itself.

Where is thy journey O Star ! where, if not towards the Star of Twilight ?

O World ! thy very voice is thy breaking voice, and thy breaking voice is the voice of thy burial—still let thee not lose thy voice if no valley makes it its own.

So many moments are within thy every moment, as many calls come within it ; so many visions within one vision, as many offerings it can hold.

Not that is an untrodden land where man has not set his foot, but that where Hope, Destiny, and such other spirits have not visibly walked.

To the spirit of inmost Freedom, why dost thou, O little winged Spirit, offer thine own little wings to fly ; to the spirit of Height, why dost thou give thy little statue to make it higher still ?

164

Thou always puttest unborn things within unmade moulds, yet thou often criest that thou dost stand not between life and life but between life and death.

To know of what thou art made, thou must gather all thy dreams or all thy shadows, but thou must gather them 'all'.

When from every place thou gatherest thine own soul, thou dost stand in doubt whether to call a certain place a tomb or a true shrine.

The true depth of nature where thou canst not gather some pearl, be not surprised, for even there thou canst find some spirit of pearliness.

When the call of the future is greater than the future, it

is the call of the present; when the voice of the present is greater than the present, it is the voice of thine own soul.

165

O doubt not when before the goddess of Peace thou mayst see not only the flowers of Peace, but also many other flowers of Destiny, Hope and Joy.

O Nature! everything they want from thee, they want only through blood, let it be life or something worse than death, through blood they wish to receive a vision of heaven.

The Day has made thee a warrior, not that thou mayst be at war with it, but that thou mayst wage war against Time, though it is itself a dream of Time, O Soul!

When on every side we see the dawn, we call thee the sun itself even if that dawn is greater than the sun; when on every side we see the cross, we call thee the truth itself!

Behold, the same is the word, but thou givest it different names as its true letters stand, near, nearer, or nearest to themselves; though for thee it is not a word, O Soul!

166

With every breath of liberty, if nature does not create a newer soul, she creates a newer breath; if she does not create a newer vision, she creates a newer halo.

In the world of beginnings for whatever thou diest, often it is only for the beginning itself that thou diest.

The world always hails thee from afar, but when it hails thee when near, it is only the spirit of Nearness itself that hails thee.

Mystery to Mystery whispered that if they do not give place to a shadow within shadow, they must not give place to a light within light.

Whatever of Nature thou seest between two points, O call it thine own self.

Whatever thou seest between two selves, O call it again a point.

167

Sometimes thou canst move even without thy soul, but never canst thou move without the Quest, which thou often callest the soul within soul.

The endless war between Good and Good and Evil and Evil, is a war between Good and Evil.

When thou dost not set up a pillar of Life everywhere, thy disbelief grows within thee; but I wonder when thou endlessly settest up pillar after pillar everywhere, thou art unable to walk freely among them.

Lo! even the gifts that Life gives thee, thou first changest them into riddles; but the very riddles that it gives to Earth, the Earth changes into flowers.

When half out of earth, thou rebellest against Light; if wholly out of it, thou mayst rebel even against Light within Light—to make thyself the victor.

168

Let thee not shower flowers on a false shadow, for as

many flowers thou dost shower on it, so many of thine own days dost thou lose, so let thee not gather flowers for that.

When Light whispers to thee that a light greater than it had risen and set before it, thou thinkest that it must be the Halo of Light.

Lo ! when the Spirit of Melting itself whispers to thee that it was itself once a stone of some kind, I wonder that even then thou believest not in the melting of death into life, or in the melting of darkness into light.

Lo thy doubt that even on the fallen ashes thou often makest a mark that when they may rise into some form, thou mayst still seek there the mark now made by thee, for thee to be sure of life beyond life.

If thou canst not say whether this shining mirror is of the flowing, of the more flowing, or of the most flowing, thou canst not say whether it is of the past, of the present or of the future.

169

Having taken all other forms, the vision visibly stands before thee to see whether it should take thine own form or its own form for the world to behold, but thou art silent.

I wonder that, to somethings thou givest a place within a point of Nature, to others within a point of Naturalness.

The place where there is no trace of life or death, even there thou hast breathed at least one breath.

Mark! thou art awakened at every call of Light, but I wonder that often thou canst not be awakened at the call of the Spirit of Awakening itself.

When Light tells thee that a certain place is only a place of messengers, thou doubttest whether at that place messengers are born or die.

The Spirit of thy fallen Ashes refuses to rise unlike the flame; the Flame refuses to light only like a flame, so surely there is something beyond.

170

Whatever Nature writes upon thy thought, is written upon thy soul; whatever she writes upon thy soul, is written upon the soul within the soul.

The least change thou canst know is the change of a seed into a bud; the greatest change, of a bud into a flower or fruit.

O Soul that art tired of sacrificing before whatever truly shines before thee, know that when thou art the spirit of Sacrifice itself, even then thou hast to sacrifice at some altar.

Though the Breath itself may not call this Life, O call it Life, Life still!

Day within day, night within night, show nothing but dawn within dawn; joy within joy, sorrow within sorrow, are nothing but soul within soul.

About the winds or the tempests thou mayst say that they move this way or that, but about the breezes thou must say that they move ever to thee.

171

Even if nature had not kept Time and Space together as it is now, she would still have placed the Moment and the Throb together.

O Soul ! when she wrote on thee the word 'reason,' she really wrote on thee the word 'flesh-to-be;' when she wrote on thee the word 'depth,' she really wrote on thee the word 'pearl-to-be.'

All things of Nature ever wake thee by turn, but thou thinkest that it is only the Dawn that wakes thee.

When the ocean becomes dry, the pearl makes it wet; when the pearl becomes dry, the ocean makes it wet; no, but it is only their creating other pearls.

If thou hadst not truly buried thyself, thou wouldst still have known the 'depth;' but if thou hadst not truly died, thou wouldst not have known the 'depth-within-depth.'

172

There is earth within earth of kings and pilgrims; heaven within heaven of poets and prophets; and every where law within law.

Before thee Time ever shrinks back; but lo! the very shrinking back is its being one moment further, or its making something rise or fall.

When the spirit of Nature makes itself a dew-drop on its own created petal, O why dost thou not follow the little but ever-lasting throb?

When thou dost not see any immortal within a certain

valley of Nature, there the spirit of immortality changes itself into a visible one, to keep up the spirit of thy faith.

Look ! strange tales hast thou ever heard from Time, and strange it is that in every tale thou hast seen the same seasons that thou seest within time or within whatever it creates.

173

Worlds move round worlds, yet it is only thy halo that takes many forms ; shadows move round shadows, but souls 'rise' within souls, O Love !

The moment at which the spirit of Creation had made all this revolve round thee, doubt not, O Soul, if at that moment it does not give forth a breath apart from other breaths.

Come not, O Desire, if thou hast not heard the word 'man' from the winds, for what is it if thou hearest it only from man ?

In the land of only messages, whatever thou touches, whispers that once it was a king's law, a poet's vision, or a prophet's message, O Soul.

If truth itself is gone away from thee, let not that be gone away from thee that makes thee truly stand on the Threshold.

When Light stands on the threshold of Light, it is only the Soul that stands on the threshold of Light.

174

O create what thou hast to create, and leave a poet's paradise to a poet's true dream.

Lo! nature has created more souls than shadows—it at all there is a shadow, but unlike her true dream, thou hast created more false statues than the shining lights.

They who say that the mortals ever sleep, they say that it is only the spirit of 'Ever' that sleeps.

They who say that they never wake, they only say that it is the spirit of Awakening itself that never wakes.

O thou ever-lastingly free, thou art like an unborn dew on an unborn leaf—an unborn dream of an uncreated soul, yet when we hear thee, ever two-fold is thy throb.

Thou mayst say that every vision is nameless, still thou must say that it is in the name of some vision that thou dost give and take, or else thou mayst forget the vision itself.

175

O ever shining Vision! if at all thou wishest to give some place to the Shadow, give it that place which it itself gives to the shadow-like.

Lo! some laws thou followest, others thou holdest and yet others thou makest one with thine own self.

For the Soul stands as one with thee, what stands between the self and the self is its visible flower; what stands between the dream and the dream, is something lighter than a dream.

This veil of Light which was once put on by the immortal

Ones, is even to-day worn by the immortal Dreams,
and may one day be worn by the immortal Shadows.

- O when the spirits of Law, Poesy, and Prophecy ever
together feast, why should not the prince, the poet,
and the prophet move together, even at the place
where no law, song, or prophecy may be seen.
-

176

- O Spirit of Growth! as many true 'petals' as thou hast,
so many are the ways of thy growing: when the
root and the flower are of Growth, thou must call
the sweetness of that also.

- O Nature! even if thy chain be only a chain of breaking-
points, we must call it a chain still, or else it can
be neither a chain nor a point.

- O Soul! We give thee names like the cycles which thou
hast within, and though there are many cycles, with
every cycle there is also a cycle of faith.

Any place where thou canst speak of all born and unborn
poets and prophets, if it is not a valley of half-shadowy
things, it must be a valley of twice-living shadows.

- O what has made thee deathless, what if not the last
dream of Life?

- O what has made thee pure, what if not the last flicker
of flame, though often a moth itself is its last flicker?
-

177

Even if thou art a shadow not of a prophet but of the
spirit of Prophecy, creep not.

The cycles—the endless cycles of Time—that fall on thee,

some are caught by thy flesh, others by thee, O Soul in thy purest form.

O Son of Man ! if every halo that hovers over any spirit of nature does not first shine on thee, it shines on thy true halo.

In the land of prophecies let thee move on, for if there thou dost not know every kind of light, care not for even there thou canst wear every kind of robe.

O Soul, thy three steps of Childhood, Youth and Age ever go together.

O Nature! to all things hast thou given a flame, but wonderful it is that while one flame 'burns,' the other rubs off the very burn itself, yet the soul ever looks up to see what links them both.

178

O write thy word on the curtain of Light' write it only there, that when it is rung up it may carry away thy message and change it into the world of Light.

Whether the revolving star revolves round the whole world or only round one soul, it always revolves round thee; whether it shines over the living or over the dead, it always shines over the living shadows.

O shadowy Self! offer to any true altar of nature, but offer it only as one wing of nature offers to her other wing.

No one knows what course the new born stream will first take: whether of bird, of beast, or of man, but anyway, it will surely take the path of the one truly afloat.

Surely if the world, unlike this, had been only between two shadowy curtains, even then they would have been its earth and heaven, for the Throb can dwell only between fragrance and light.

179

The eternal Star will ever rise higher and higher, till it changes every spirit it meets into a star; O World! let thee see it whenever it meets with thy star. Here in this world, O Seeker, thy first shadow and thy last are not thy shadows, but the shadows of the soul itself—soul in its purest form; still let thee walk truly before them.

O Nature, in what form hast thou touched the human heart; that within it, it can find a place only for the things that are the truly lowest and the truly highest—the truly fallen and the truly risen?

If the earth had not given place to thy true dream before thine own self, thou wouldst not have called it even by some dreamy name, so full of dreamy things art thou, O Soul!

O Mystery! thou bindest thyself twice before thou once bindest a world, yet it ever blames thee that thou bindest it twice.

180

O Dreamer! however near thy soul a dreamy 'world' stands, here often still 'its' shadow falls on earth or on whatever is nearest to earth.

Thought within thought may make one kind of soul, dream within dream a soul of another kind, but take away the word 'within' and still there is nothing but the soul.

Here on earth whatever thou writest, thou writest it first either between the living and the dead or between life and death.

I wonder how on the unborn leaves thou writest thy laws, but on the born ones thou writest other words of life and death ever in newer and newer ways of soul.

Lo! the worlds of Thought, Dream and Vision, ever meet with the worlds of Love, Shadow and Mystery; and ever dost thou meet them on the way.

181

Lo! the mortal Dream thinks itself near the Dream of Nature, but the immortal Dream thinks itself near Nature herself, though every one comes nearest to her.

As the born things grow higher and higher, so do the really unborn things, when they become more and more truly unborn in their own way, for it must be called their growing the more and more.

Wonder not when I say that some weapon is called a true weapon 'before' some one has truly died upon it; some weapon is called true 'after' some one has died upon it.

Only out of the true Chaos must come Light, though it be only a chaos of Light itself.

Only out of the Soul must come the Word, even if it be only a shadowy soul.

Even if the sun had been still farther, its ray would have been nearer to thee, O Seeker !

Even if thine soul had been more invisible within, every word would have been more visible for thee.

182

Whatever true word the world throws away, the Spirit changes it into a message.

Whatever message it throws away, the Spirit changes it into a soul.

The Dreams that are born on a tide, wish to die only on a tide; those that are born on a wing, wish to die only on a wing.

Doubt not, O Son of Man, if on the leaf of Life thou canst not see the word 'man;' but pride not if on every unborn leaf thou canst see only the word 'man.'

If Nature had made this path only for the mourners to pass, she would have made everything pass through it only in the form of a shadow—a shadow which is without any line of life.

Doubt not the Dream, for if it should not stand between thy self and self, thy very soul may hurt thee, or it may not make thee link the past with the future.

183

O thou dreamy Self! thou mayst cease to grow in thine own way on earth when the Spirit of Earth

waits in wonder, if then the Spirit of Wonder should not revolve instead.

A wonder it is that often whatever thou receivest from Life, until thou seest it within thy begging bowl, thou believest it not.

O Spirit of Doubt! for the first Shrine thou turnest to the past, while for the mere 'first' thou turnest to the future, as if it were greater than the soul itself.

The eternal Light sometimes sets over thy one self, sometimes over thine other, for when it sets wholly on thee, thou risest again.

Even if nature had made a world full of valleys, the soulless ones or those who can not hear anything, would not have heard their echo still, and would have thought the echoing valleys as graves.



184

O wake and see, often that place is clear to thee where thou hadst first rejoiced or mourned, but not that place where thou hadst first found thy real soul, or where thou hadst first learnt to create a new soul.

There in the land of dew, whatever falls from leaf to leaf, thou callest nothing but the dew; nay, whatever falls from dawn to dawn, thou callest nothing but the soul.

The first word that nature wrote, thou puttest on like a garb; the other, what holds up that garb; and yet another, what makes the garb one with thy real self.

If only on a height every word can be a prophecy, in

a depth even a prophecy may be changed into a soulless word. Only they, the eternal riders can give a name to the eternal winds or to whatever eternally flies.

○ think not that thou speakest untruth if thou tellest the tales not of kings, poets and prophets, but of those spirits that stand nearest to them.

185

Woful it is, that thy visions can take thine own form, but thou canst not take theirs.

The Spirit of Sleep itself will wake thee, but only when no other spirit wakes thee; so will the spirit of Death give thee a soul, when no other light gives it to thee.

○ thou that hast heard no prophecy, listen, whatever is not a prophecy of some kind, is something worse than death; when there will be only prophecies, there will be only the twilights.

Ever does the Spirit rise with one gift of immortal vision for all, but when it shines with more gifts, they may be not mere gifts but other unborn spirits.

I wonder at thee when thou art given through the unborn, thou believest it not: when through the born, thou disbelievest the spirit of Belief itself.

186

Whatever vision first truly touched the human cradle, was at once changed into the human form; so what

—ever spirit touched the poetic or the prophetic cradle, was itself changed into a poet or a prophet.

Whatever makes the world beautiful, first makes it free; whatever makes it free, first makes it beautiful.

Whatever thou hadst seen 'in the beginning', stands before thee in some or other form of newer earth or heaven.

O Soul! as many dreams hast thou to light at every moment, often so many dreams hast thou to light in this earthly cycle.

Let thee not call thyself a weaver of Nature if thou canst not know how many throbs of Time—how many throbs of Timelessness—come within a certain moment.

The highest point of heat or cold within which nothing can grow, is the growth of the point itself.

187

When thou settest a price on the living, the truly 'dead' and the truly 'unborn' set a price on thee.

O approach a word warily, though written in any way, it is still a law of some kind till it reaches a certain point, or till it can give any point a place within.

In every thing thou tastest the bitter and the sweet, but in the bitter and sweet, thou tastest the bitterest and the sweetest.

O Doubt! often when thou knowest neither right nor wrong, thou puttest two other opposites in their place to fill the chain of opposites here on earth.

O Spirit ! to which a dream has not yet turned, surely thou hast left life for the cradle of life.

O Spirit of Flesh ! often such is thy doubt that until thou seest thyself between some light of the world above and some shadow of the world below, thou doubttest if thou art of the Flesh.

188

O do not call that a soulless 'place' if every voice that rises there is not the first voice of some kind.

Lo ! the lower things of Light are made up of many curtains, the higher ones of many cycles, yet they all revolve—all make thee ever restless to seek something.

When the immortal Spirit comes to thee in the royal form, it turns thy royal page ; when in the form of light, it turns thy dreamy page, O Seeker !

Not that is thy mortal thread which can be changed into ashes, but that which even when Time is silent, counts thy moments as if they were passing away like empty shadows.

By the eternal turning of things, when thy one self stands between the known and the unknown, thy other between the unknown and the known ; when one stands between the joyful and the free, the other between the free and the joyful.

189

Thou livest with dreams but lo ! they themselves live

with the higher spirits; and that is why thou callest some dreams mortal, others immortal—some less than a soul, others more than it.

O watch well before thou mayst call it light, for if it be not light, thou mayst have to give it all that makes thee move and breathe, to change it into some shining thing.

All the revolving spirits had first revolved round thee, O Soul, but on thy avoiding them, they made thee revolve round them, or round whatever dream they themselves revolve.

O Spirit ! if at the beginning of Creation thou hadst not uttered the word 'where', thou wouldst not have been endless in thy quest like this, giving the word 'where' many a form.

O Time ! when with all things thou exchangest thy moments, thou temptest the world; but when thou exchangest them with those 'moments', thou makest it silent.

190

Wonder not when on thy path every ruby whispers to thee that it is fallen either from a crown or garland. Come, O ever doubting One ! if this earth had not given place to any trace, a dream amidst its dreams would have given it.

At every shower thou growest or art 'buried', yet thou wonderest if it is a shower; with every twinkle of heaven a curtain falls either before or behind thee,

yet thou doubttest if it is a twinkle.
If it is an immortal touch, call it only a touch-stone; if a
dewy soul, call it only as the Dawn calls it.
O Soul that hast not changed with the true Day or the
true Night, let thee not blame the Light or Dark
around thee.
Lo ! often to thy journey thou givest the names of all
the spirits that have met thee.
To thy flame thou givest the names of all the visions that
have died within it.

191

Fulness itself cannot fill the cup if within it there is no
line of divine Union, for then it may be changed into
something worse than emptiness.
By setting these moments in one form, thou givest them
the form of the body; by setting them in another,
thou givest them the form of the soul, though they
are always changed into a garland.
A tide amidst thy soul's many tides refuses to rise, whis-
pering, it will rise only with the rising of the Depth
itself.
When all the spirit-children meet, some call themselves
the children of Peace, some the children of Charity ;
but no one a child of Flesh.
How is it that often thou canst separate the shadows of
one heaven from the shadows of another, but thou
canst not separate the messengers of one heaven from
the messengers of the other.

Behold ! the first dream of Nature is held before thee in the form of a vision, the last in the form of a halo.

192

Only call that the true ornament the lustre of which goes round even in the place of the soul itself, when the soul refuses to move.

If thou returnest to all spirits of nature whatever thou hast taken from them through the Dawn, thou wilt not lose anything.

At certain moments, however empty this sun may look to thee, be sure that its light at least falls on the 'crown' and on the 'clay'—the clay at which thou dost not throw a glance.

There is a vision of which thou sayest that Joy can put it in the place of this soul, but not this soul in its place ; for the soul itself revolves round it ever.

If thou canst not know the shadow of the past from the shadow of the future, touch not any shadow-winged spirit—though it be clearer than light itself.

193

As many earths within earth thou seest, so many links thou hast with the earth or on it, though thou mayst say that thou dost stand above the link itself.

Thou mayst call this a day, but thou must first stand with its spirit that stands in as many ways as many rays it has, or else let thee not call it thy day.

O doubt not, for on that Day the Earth will first write

the word 'flower'; the Sun, the word 'light' ; let thee not try to know what spirit will first write the word 'man.'

O doubt not if more rivers than those 'altars' flow from nature to nature, or if they flow in more ways than the Drop itself.

When thou seest more eternal riders than the eternal tempests, let thee not doubt; think not that there is something out of centre within nature herself, O Seeker !

194

The place where the immortal spirits visibly meet, there whatever seed thou sowest, bears upon itself the mark of some of those spirits, so have they softened the earth to its very depth.

O rise, with Nature rise, for there is a line beneath which whatever there is, is a mere tomb; still there is a line above which whatever there is, is nothing but a living shrine.

O what is bound, what free? Thou canst not say, thou that hast seen the true past within the shadow of Death—the true future within the shadow of the Height.

When all things of nature separately give thee their tongue, O Soul, thou doubtest them; when together, thou art filled with pride, and thinkest thou art the Voice, and they the spirits of Voicelessness.

Sometimes a grain becomes lighter than a moment, some-

times a moment lighter than a grain, and lo!
this thou callest Life and Death—Joy and Sorrow.

195

The shadow of all things first falls on Time and then on
thee, O shadowy Self, and so instead of burying thee,
it makes thee shadowy.

O rise, for though the Evil may tempt thee in the name
of Good, the Good tempts thee in the name of thine
own Soul.

If the Dream or the Shadow makes up thy day, it is only
with a ray left by Light, if not with an unborn
ray.

O Poet of Nature, I call thee so for though thyself above
birth and death, whatever gift thou givest is either of
a birthday or of the last day.

Though memories may come to thee from many ways,
thou must say that they come to thee only
through some windows, for only then can they be
called memories.

196

For thou hast the Point within, thou art not pressed
when the whole nature daily comes to a point, for
surely ethine own Point holds thee within thyself.

Whatever message is given thee in the presence of the
Stream, think it a message of that Stream; whatever
gift is given before the Height, think it a gift of
that Height itself.

Because thy singers, O Soul, often call thee first the Gift and then the Giver, thou makest them utter first the word 'Goal' and then the word 'Quest', so they doubt thee not.

O Spirit of Quest! when thou changest thy course more than does a naturally flowing stream, thou goest astray; when thou movest perfectly like it, thou becomest the Drop.

Thou canst create a soul from any dream of Nature, but thou canst create a soul within soul only from her spirit—whether it be a soul within soul or a dream within dream.

197

The mortal Self rocks the cradle of the immortal Self; the immortal Self, the cradle of Immortality.

O dreamy Self! if really thou hadst created a newer world, it would have revolved round thee, if not like the earth, at least like a vision of earth.

O think it not thy last vision if the setting light does not carry thy message by first visibly making it clear like its own self.

Thou knowest that only the lights pass this way, for on this way thou canst see only those 'kings' and those 'thrones', if not all things over it are changed into Kings and Thrones.

Hold thine own string, for if it be a true one, even some unborn light will add its own pearl, even when thou art holding it or changing it into a pearl itself.

O let thee put the word 'gathering' only about the pearly things that thou gatherest.

198

Rely on all things—whatever kind of soul they may have—but not on those that have not heard the word 'reliance'.

Take from all things, but not from those that have not heard the word 'Quest'.

O immortal Beauty! dost thou live more with life-like things than with things of life?

If thou invitest the spirit of Time, care not if it will lengthen or lessen thy dreamy chain, O Soul!

O doubt not if one page will be turned by the Poet of Light, the other by the spirit of Poesy; if one shadow the Seer must change, the other the Vision.

Some give an 'Age' the name of what they wear, some of what they eat, some of that with which they fight, some of that on which they sing, still they all call it an Age of Song.

199

O thou whose leaves roll within themselves the leaves of Time, let them roll within themselves the wings of Death and destroy them, ever as they roll in and out.

O live, thou that hast not heard of Life, live as Death lives on its dew, if thou canst not live as Dream on dew at those moments of dream.

O die, thou that hast not heard of Death, die as Life

dies within the moment true, for it is a death which the Dawn itself seems to die within its own dew.

Come ! separate the true moments from the moments false, separate the true dew-drops from the dew-drops untrue, and see that all that remains is nothing other than thine own self or thy song.

Stand ! for if the spirits of Hope and Charity do not stand as one with thee in thine own way, thou hast not stood still, but hast only 'crept.'

O when the leaves themselves gather the leaves, let thee not stand behind.

Lo ! often whatever kind of tree rises in the beginning of a new Age, thou givest that Age the name of that tree.

O behold ! when Day and Night become two clouds, they send their moments through the showers, even as these showers come.

200

When between one sleep and another thou thinkest it the Quest, between one death and another, thou must call it the Goal.

That which the Shadow calls a shadow, thou art confused what to call it.

That which the Pearl calls a pearl, thou art puzzled what to call it.

When thou callest a world a lower world, thou makest thyself buried ; when thou callest it a buried world, thou makest thyself lost.

When thou speakest evil through a word, thou only

blamest the Word ; when thou breathest it through silence, thou really blamest Silence itself.

When thou knowest not which dream will turn thy page to-morrow, how canst thou know which hand of nature will turn the leaf of To-morrow ?

Thou mayst say only those words of nature are true that are written on her heart or brow, still thou must not say that the others are false.

201

O rise till thy lowest heaven is changed into the highest—thy highest into thine own self—though thou art nearest to them all. O wake till thy first voice is changed into thy last, thy last into thine own soul.

This thou hast called thy first dream, that thy last, thyself standing before the first and behind the last.

That was also a call, though coming from the past it went to the future, leaving the present itself.

That was also a dream, though coming from the 'unborn' it passed on to the 'dead,' leaving the living.

The Light-bringer throws rays upon the stone that was nearest to Him in the beginning of creation, as if He were throwing them upon his own real self: for surely it is not a stone, but the soul itself.

O Poet ! thou canst not speak to a soulless thing as if it may have a soul, until thou canst speak to a thing of soul as if it were the very creator of souls.

202

Though the visions of Nature may not speak to one another through thee, be full of peace still, O Seeker!

Some spirits have begun to know things since they have begun to bleed, others since they have risen above the touch of blood.

O if thou callest Death a visible form of Change, call Life a visible form of the Soul of Change.

O tell me, what dost thou mean by the least and the greatest, if not the dreamiest and the freest—what dost thou mean by the shallowest and the deepest, if not the bitterest and the sweetest?

O immortal Spirit! when instead of moving between light and light, thou movest between their dream and dream, thou makest thyself doubly immortal.

Behold! they who only sing of the beginnings and the ends of the world, they try to change all the leaves of life either into the flags or into the winding-sheets.

203

Lo! sometimes all is a seer's turn, sometimes the turn of the spirit of Vision.

The spirit of Purity says that it is the creator of a pearl, the Pearl whispers the opposite of it.

Say, even before the first man was made, man had bled somewhere within nature; before the first dawn, he had stood before the throne of Light.

Every new root shows a newer earth!

Every new branch shows a newer heaven!

The higher things that have neither this flesh nor this blood, even they have one vein, but that is not a vein but the very soul.

'One' says that it is the creator of true opposites, Oneness whispers the opposite.

204

O call 'this' as thou mayst, but thou must call it as it had called thee when thou wert born; 'that' thou must call as it had called thee when thou wert unborn.

Thou art a mortal between earth and earth, an immortal between their breath and breath; though a shadow between flesh and flesh, thou art a soul between vein and vein.

Unlike thee, a mystery that a mystery solves, it sets it up like a light within heaven; not that is a heaven where there are many lights, but that where lights in meet all ways.

Thou mayst take some part of nature and say that it is soulless, still thou canst not say that it has not revolved round some point.

Lo! often on the higher leaves of life thou writest the words 'life and death;' on its lower ones, the words 'the living and the dead!'

Lo! the window of Light before thee is itself a ray.

205

In thy thirst to fill the place nearest to earth, thou dost stand between the earth and its shadow.

O call a moment a true throb of soul, for unlike the hour

or day, every moment whispers that it was the first moment of Creation; nay, every moment breathes forth it is a moment of a newer creation.

In as many ways hadst thou first gathered, in so many ways dost thou breathe to-day.

In as many ways hadst thou first given, in so many ways dost thou spread thy wings.

When I, the Soul, put on my real robes, thou canst put me the really robed questions.

They who have ever walked upon the steps of Sacrifice, when the Spirit of Sacrifice seems to hide itself for a moment, they are unable to walk.

They who have no soul, they will not believe even if the sun of the word 'Belief' itself may shine over them. From this thou hast stolen a shadow, from that a ray, and yet from that a vision, and whatever they make, thou callest thy soul.

206

Whatever man first solved, he called a mystery; whatever the spirit of Mystery first solved, it called a halo.

Lo! the moments to which the Roses or the Lilies give a name, they too have the fragrance like them.

Ever does life turn from the rose to the rosy, from the lotus to the lotus-like, and ever *this* thou callest the soul, *that* the soul-like—the one the magic, the other the magical by turn.

If thou art a true mystery, O Soul, thou hast no need to hide every word between a separate earth and a separ-

rate heaven, for without doing so thou art still a mystery.

Any pair of opposites may serve the purpose of life, but it is only one true pair of opposites which will serve the purpose of life within life.

When thou sayest what to believe—what not to believe, first say what to breathe—what not to breathe.

When thou sayest beneath what heaven to stay—beneath what heaven not to stay, first say what lamp to light—what lamp not to light.

207

Lo! what-ever thou keepest over the Shrine, takes the form either of a flower or of a stone.

What if the ray of thy Destiny goes before or after thine own ray!

Leaving the body within its cycle, it is as difficult to create the Shadow as to create the Soul.

When the Spirit is a rider, it makes at least one of thy desires ride with it.

If a stream should run from bones to ashes, say not it is soulless, or it is untouched by the Present.

When thou mayst take some gift of Life from a faithless one, before taking it, try it on every element.

208

If on thy dreamy hair not even a moment can rest, how can that hair change itself into a moment?

Things that do not know Time, they know some shadow

of Time ; even the dreams created before the Flesh,
know its vein.

The Towers that have shone like light with their own
stones for as many years as many stones they have,
refuse to be lighted by anything other than a true
stone.

In thy trance thou sayest the soulless things rejoice upon
their birthday ; the things that are above the touch
itself think that they know a touch-stone.

Beware ! the years will surely roll : some over thee, others
over what thou holdest, and yet others over what
thou offerest to nature ; but roll they must.

209

If thou canst not know what kind of Palace this is, see
what place thy dreamy hair takes there.

Rise, for as much as any moment is farther from the
Dawn, so much away from thine own self it is ; as
much nearer as it is to the Dawn, so much nearer to
every word and deed it is.

If thou mayst create all things—even Time itself—and
mayst move amidst them, still thou must have to rise
or set at least with the first or the last moment of
nature herself.

O false Dream ! first change thyself into the Poet's first
gift, and then revolve like this or that, if indeed thou
wishest to create newer cycles.

Thou canst not say before how many lights thou hast
stood, how many lights have stood before thee, until
thou dost stand in all the ways of the unborn String.

210

By weighing the dreams of soul thou livest ; but wonder not that by weighing the soul itself thou diest.

By rising with the tide, thou risest above the surface, but by rising with the spirit of Depth, thou risest above the tide itself.

False is thy word, O Life, if at every moment, it does not shine with as many lights as have passed through it.

O Soul doubt not, for in nature there are as many buds as windows of light; as many strings, as many rays : though thou mayst not touch them.

Even if all things of nature may be changed into light in a way that there may be no need of any other image of light, in the heaven there is still thy need, O eternal Star.

O Love! when thou art Charity—Hope, Peace and Joy are thy gates ; when thou art Peace—Charity, Hope and Joy are thy living shadows.

211

If thou canst not separate thine own dream from other dreams when they meet, how canst thou know thine own soul from other souls when they meet in the land of those poetic spirits ?

Often the things that thou solvest at dawn, become clear at sunset ; things that thou solvest at sunset, shine with true death.

Thou always dost question why this thing, why that was made; in one thou hast to create a point, in another, thou hast to make the Point create, that the true reply may come.

Light whispers that in the beginning of every newer world, if a poet utters its name, it makes it a world of poets; if a dreamer, a world of dreamers.

The dream a morn has given thee may be hidden, but never can it be hidden from thine own Morn.

The seasons that reach thy soul, call them not the seasons but the very flowers.

212

How many have filled this very moment, only the spirit of Fulness knows; how many have emptied it, only the spirit of Emptiness knows.

The spirit of Light stands before thee and thou knowest it not, for thou knowest not whether it stands before thy born or unborn self.

The sun-rise and sun-set ever go on, yet O Poet, thou callest the one the ecstasy, the other the trance by turn; the one the quest, the other the goal.

It is only the Spirit of Doubt that walks on one earth, sows on another, and reaps on yet another.

Once thou sayest it is thy thought that dies, again it is the soul of thy thought that sleeps; and again it is the soul of that soul that rests; and in that way thou playest with the Deep.

If there be no heaven, even then the things may heavenward grow; if there be no over-soul, even then there may be a soul within soul.

213

If thou hadst left nothing unstrung, the eternal String

would not have bound thee as it binds thee now; if thou hadst left nothing undug, the Earth would not have buried thee in the way in which it buries thee now.

When all the leaves of Life become restless, to those that have sacrificed, the Spirit says to sing; to those that have sung, to sacrifice; though the true song and the true sacrifice may be the same.

O Soul ! sometimes thou flowest between drop and ocean; sometimes between drop and drop; sometimes between ocean and ocean; still ever dost thou flow from pearl to pearl.

A thousand lines fade before Life adds a newer line to herself.

A thousand messages pass away before she adds a newer word to her Message.

In the land of Flame, though all things may remain as they are, they will surely paint thy soul like nothing but a flame; though all things may remain misty, they will pass through thee only in the form of dew.

214

Only the traces of that place are clear to-day where thou with thy hands hadst truly 'buried' this or hadst truly 'enthroned' that, though they be things greater than the depth or the height, O Soul !

Thou makest thyself a mortal by calling this the 'dream of Morn'—that the 'morn of Dream'; this the 'halo of Light'—that the 'light of Halo.'

Come, where all the shadows meet, and not only separate
the shadow from sleep, or sleep from death.

Do not only separate the Morn from the Dawn or the Dawn
from the Sun.

All things live not because all things have blood, but be-
cause all things bleed.

All things are immortal not because all things have a ray,
but because all things truly revolve.

215

Amidst the countless forms the Vision takes, the first
and the last are like the Shrine; amidst the countless
forms the Shrine takes, the first and the last forms
are like thine own self.

The world is dead for it turns from Death's pole to pole ;
it is alive for it turns from Life's string to string.

How does it say that if all life is a message, where is
the life itself ; if all creation is a journey, where is
the goal ?

O say not where to turn when a thing with a mark is
shadowy, and a thing without a mark is a shadow,
when a thing with a shadow is death-like, and
a thing without a shadow is death.

The Voice comes to thee from the window of Vision, that
its Spirit will open as many windows for thee, with
as many dreams thou hadst opened that window.

Whenever thou meetest Light, if it does not question thee
as to how many lights thou hast lit, it questions thee
as to how many lights thou hast passed, how many
lights have passed thee.

216

O Spirit of Doubt that ever 'buriest' things in thine own way, say, before Love created the 'earth', who was it that taught thee the word 'burial'?

Rise! blame not the Light-messenger if often he does not shine visibly on thee, for he shines over the page on which thy Soul shines.

When all thy Hours stand before thee in a visible form, come near and see which of them can stand before the Moment, which of them behind.

O doubt not if on a leaf every other word will be clear but not the words 'seed, fruit, throne and crown.'

Say not those things that do not meet in some way where the earth and heaven meet have no soul—that they are false.

 217

O thou that liest buried beneath many an earth other than this, why dost thou blame this earth for not having made thee free?

Not only those things that 'kill' and shed blood, but also those that do not show true seasons, bear upon themselves the stain of blood.

Thou sayest thou dost not bury anything, yet thou dost so as many times as a thing shows its marks

If the spirit of Mystery steals a moment from Nature's string, give it only to thine own string.

Lo! as much as is buried thy soul, so much dost thou bury whatever thou takest from nature; as much as the Spirit rocks thy soul, so much dost thou rock whatever it gives thee.

Only in this do all differ: some say 'divine Joy' others 'Joy divine'.

O listen! excepting a flag, they call every other cloth nothing but a winding-sheet.

218

If whatever is written within the womb of Time is a dream, whatever is written outside it, is dreamy.

O Spirit that hast rocked the cradle of the prophets, what has made thee motionless to-day; thou that hast prepared the path for every messenger, what has made thee pathless?

O Spirit of Doubt! This thou hast called a flower, not the flower but the very plucking of it; this thou hast called a treasure, not the treasure itself, but the very burying of it.

If thou canst not say how many points of Joy—how many points of Peace are within any line of Nature, let thee not touch that line, that thou mayst not hurt thyself.

O drive on thy Chariot and let thee not only try to see how many dawns come within a day—or how many days within a dawn, for it will only make thee soulless.

219

O Soul! when thou wert being given a visible form, the

spirit of Presence was present.

O Presence ! when thou wert being given a visible form,
the soul within the soul was present.

This thou callest life, that the bread—this the pearl, that
the grain—and thus thou changest their names with
every newer dawn.

Though the touch-stone of thy soul may be changed into
something harder than a stone, it will still be the
touch-stone of thy dreams.

Lo ! the same Height : some it overthrows, others it
makes tempests.

The same Depth : some it buries, others it makes immo-
rtals.

Some lights at every turn touch the height and depth ;
others what melts them ; yet others what links them :
though all is one.

220

Lo ! behind one curtain whatever thou hearest, thou
callest a message of nature to thee ; behind the
other, whatever thou hearest, thou callest thy mes-
sage to nature, and thus thou dost content thyself
with message after message.

Whose abode is that in which Light itself trembles to
enter, whose, if not of its own first Dream ?

Disbelieve not this flower if it does not show thee that
with so many leaves it buds to-day, with as many
curtains it was once thy abode.

When all this is perfectly silent, the Sun will give

its rays through the Dawn of Silence ; when all this
nothing but a flame, through the Dawn of Flame.

Out of whatever thing has nature created this all, the very
word 'creating' gives it a touch of flame.

Wonder not if thy told tales are still unheard, while thy
untold tales are made immortal by the stars. *

221

O beware! if all dreams of Nature make thee a slave, to
some let thee add a shadow, to others add something
shadow-like.

I can give form even to those things that have neither
soul nor dream, still I can not give a form to
those that are thrown away by thee in thy unpoetic
mood.

The eternal Page that Nature has given thee, O Earth
within Earth, some-where it can be wet only with
blood, somewhere only with dew.

O Soul ! thou hast either 'killed' *this* or hast 'saved' *that*
at every place of Nature, yet lo ! thou callest every
place by any other name but that which may show a
sign of 'killing' or 'saving.'

The Vision which is on one side of the curtain thou
givest it a name, that which is on the other, itself
gives thee a name.

222

Thou callest this earth an earth, but the Seed calls it
nothing but the growth.

They who wake at the voice of a budding flower, say

that they are the truly unborn.

O newer World of newer dreams, thy every word
has as many true shadows as have 'first' lived or
died for thee—as many as have 'first' risen or fallen.

One call in the Day or Night even the soulless hear;
one breath the breathless know.

By turn thou livest within the Song, or the Song lives
within thee; this is what thou callest day and night,—
this is what thou callest awakening or sleep.

Often thou doubtest a vision until thou givest it the form
of thy present self, often thou doubtest thy present
self until thou givest it the form of thy future.

Some say they live in the past, others they live in the
future: but surely all mean they live only in the
first and the last parts of the same moment.

223

So linked with the Depth wert thou, O Pearl, that if thou
hadst not dreamt that the earth and ocean had become
visible in one, thou wouldst not have come out.

When thou thinkest thyself the mysterious One, thou
canst make all lights revolve round one another; when
thou thinkest thyself the spirit of Mystery, thou
canst make them revolve round thy point.

O sacred Moment! what if Life and Death do not make
thee their own, for then the Tide and the Ebb ever
turn to thee.

Lo! when the unborn and the 'dead' turn their face to
thee, the living are forced to rise with thee.

Thou mayst say there are as many earths and heavens as many opposites there are, but even then thou canst not say that there are only so many rays within one ray.

224

O Deep ! sometimes over thy shore, we cannot know beast from bird or bird from angel, but lo ! then we can know them from their true hunger or thirst.

O Musician ! no one except the Shadow that hangs over thy song knows, from what word of thy song thy journey really begins and where it ends, for surely it is the Shadow of thy future self.

Thou knowest not what thou dost express, until thou givest the whole creation the form of a point, and to a point the form of the whole of creation.

I wonder when thou sayest that often thou knowest the doors through which thy Desires have passed even before thy Soul, but not the doors through which thy Soul has passed before thy Desires.

Lo ! some see only so many of thy wonders as the parts into which they can divide a thing ; others as many parts into which they can link it.

When a thousand visions come to thee, thou dost not see the vision, but makest the thousand itself thy vision.

225

The spirit of Nature may not turn away from thee when

thou sayest thou hast no soul ; but it will turn against thee when thou sayest thou hast no message to give.

O Mystery ! I wonder why they call thee so when not only thou but every other dream can change every true thing into dew at Dawn !

I wonder why they do not call thee a mystery when before thou givest them a soul thou changest it into a dream ; before thou givest them a dream, thou changest it into a soul !

O Soul ! whatever dream thou canst not set in a certain crown, thou throwest away ; whatever seed thou canst not sow like Earth itself, thou buriest it.

Often with Light stands thy dream, while thou thyself dost stand with the dream of Light, O Love !

If man had begun to sow since his very birth, the angel had begun to sow even before the birth of seed itself.

If thou dost not call that a tree which has less leaves than thy desires, what wilt thou call that tree which has more leaves than them ?

226

O Soul ! through as many dreams of earth goes thy touch, through so many souls within thee it returns.

When thou art pure, whatever pearl is kept over thee, is not changed into a stain.

When the spirit of Chaos returns to thee, it returns to give thee thy ray still left by thee within it.

The eternal Winds sometimes pass between Day and

Night; sometimes round them, but ever do they touch thee at the same time, for surely they are the eternal Voices.

O doubt not if when thou lightest a thousand shadows and there seest a flower that has not a thousand leaves.

Every dream of thine is a mere shadow if it has not as many dawns as many letters it has; every word of thine is a mere pretence if it has not gone through as many flames as many letters it has.

227

When thou sayest what vision of Love was created first, thou really sayest as to what part of the soul was created first—what part of the breath first.

When the living call thee Life, Life calls thee Love; when the dying call thee Destiny, Destiny calls thee the newly born in a newer world.

More kingdoms than the souls has nature made, more marking points than the souls, and lo! often, thou canst not put these for those, so confused art thou!

Thou canst not reach nature's ever flying arrow except by fixing thyself like the point of that arrow.

When blood will pass through as many veins of dawn as the veins of the body, only then will it be changed into nectar, or else it may be changed into nothing but poison.

Thou mayst turn to the Day to know whether thou hast 'given' or 'taken', but thou must turn to Light to learn what it means to give or take.

228

Every tide of the ocean has separately lived with thee, yet thou sayest thou dost not know the ocean; the waters with a pearl thou callest an ocean, but know the Water which is itself by the spirit of Pearliness, is the creator of oceans.

For the faithless, even if everything of nature should be changed into a sun-flower, they may not believe; so full of doubt are they!

The day that does not begin with a miracle, thou countest it not; that which begins with it, thou dost not call it a day: yet lo! ever dost thou follow the light and dark.

Wind, water, and all other elements have been at certain moments separately thy body or soul, yet, wonderful it is that they hurt thee in their own way, O Spirit of Doubt.

Often thou givest a name to a thing of nature, not after knowing how many times it is born, but after knowing how many times it has been wordless.

229

If thou mayst call this an Age of Seers, even then thou must put before that Age not their word but the word 'Vision.'

Lo! by speaking of Life thou diest, but by speaking of what Life herself speaks, thou livest.

O Spirit that art a poet's day, reach at least one star beyond the day.

Thou mayst say that the earth is kept green by thy sacrifice, but even then let thee not think that greenness is kept green by thee and not by a deeper power.

How is it that often within thee there is a place for a dew-drop, but not for a drop itself?

Who are misled? Not they who make of every dream of Life a law, but they who make soulless laws for the many-souled.

230

Let many 'things' walk with thee on many a path, but let only one thing 'stand' with thee, then canst thou stand well; let many things bury thee, but let only one thing make thee one with the depth, for then canst thou rise again.

Thou mayst love thyself for thy deeds and dreams, but the half-dreamy spirits love thee for thy true memories, for 'they' have not these souls but the souls of Memories.

How canst thou know whether this is thy trace or not, so long as thou canst know whether this is thine own soul or not?

O Man! whatever thou seest with a halo round it, of that thou buildest up a statue; whatever thou seest without it, see thou dost not give it a place amidst the stones or their ashes.

O leave this writing of memorials on unmade tombs, for if thou dost so, the spirit of Earth will show thee many tombs that are not tombs, to make thee tired.

How canst thou say thou hast a soul, when thou offerest incense and the blood-offering with the same hand, thou canst not know what thou offerest first, what last?

231

In trying to make a spot on the vision, let thee not make thyself sightless; in thy desire to give something other than a soul in the place of soul, let thee not make thyself soulless.

When thou lookest into the lotus of many leaves, it whispers it has as many leaves as sacrifices it has made, and therefore it is ever afloat.

What if in thy message thou puttest every word of a newer earth or of a newer heaven, but thyself remainest soulless!

One day thou wilt rise like whatever is nearest to thee though it may not be a flower; then thou wilt walk above those dreams of nature that only 'together' rise.

If a word of soul has the same dreams as thou hast, why dost thou separate it from thine own self?

Often though a thing has a touch of Flame, thou dost not call it an offering if it is not half aflame.

232

O Dream of Flesh! gather together all thy blood, and change it into 'drops' then see which of them will be thy last drop; for if thou canst not know that, call it not thy true blood.

If thou describest the journey of some shining spirits,
some 'shadowy' spirits describe thy journey too—and
so thou thinkest thou dost ever revolve.

O whatever thou sowest within the clay, is changed into
some fruit or flower; but be not surprised when
thou seest that whatever thou sowest within the
dream of clay, is changed into sweetness or fragrance.

Often thou callest those things with a soul, not those that
have a soul, but those that tell thee an immortal tale.

Often, not when thou art without a message, but when
thou hast nothing to which to turn, thou thinkest
that thou hast no soul, so much faith hast thou in
the 'turning'.

233

When Word separates itself from Word, lo! still the
Cycle remains.

Lo again! when Silence separates itself from Silence, still
the Soul remains.

Behold! though man wishes to have the deeds of the
heavenly spirit, sometimes the spirit too wishes to
have the dreams of man.

If the place where thou canst not stand, thou callest
the world's end, the place where thou canst stand,
thou must call thy birth-place, or the place where
thou hast given birth to some vision.

Often I wonder when I see the peak where thou hast
first awakened or slept, why thou givest everything
the form of that peak?

234

Lo ! having made thyself a season of thine own dreams, thou thinkest thyself lost, and so thou triest to seek thyself between the seasons and the dreams.

O Seeker! say not a light has taken away a string from thy many strings ; if it should do so, it may first wholly change thee into strings.

Whether thou walkest before the spirit of Faith or whether it walks before thee, its shadow always falls on thee, waking either thee within the shadow, or the shadow within thee.

Only call that the golden Age, O Dreamer, in which on whatever jewel thou utterest thy word, it becomes so carved within it that it itself looks to thee like another jewel.

O Cloud of Life ! surely when thou art dreamy, from thy dream thou makest another cloud ; when weary, from the spirit of Weariness, but it is only then thou art a cloud.

235

If thou canst not begin from any place, begin from the yet unmade Statue.

What is sung, thou callest a song ; but what is unsung, itself calls thee a song.

If the born have their born memories, the unborn too have their unborn memories ; if thou mayst have those unborn memories, thou mayst be able to live even without a 'soul'.

Lo ! thou dost often destroy the dream which fits neither the crown of jewels nor the crown of thorns—neither the string nor the bow.

When thou sayest thou walkest sometimes with the light of nature, sometimes with her shadow, thou sayest thou walkest with nature's self or with the self of nature.

O Blindness ! as many touches of blood thou givest to a thing, so many times thou thinkest it is born.

236

Nature ever flows : if through water she flows in one way, through the stone she flows in another, for if she does not flow, she never 'moves.'

If thou dost not daily exchange thyself with light, thou dost not grow ; if thou dost not daily exchange thyself with its shadow, thou dost not spread.

Open not the window if thou knowest not whether thou openest it for thy past vision or thy future.

Lo ! often thou givest names to Soul, Height, Depth and Peace, after the ways of their 'gathering'.

Lo ! here on earth, often in the war of Shadows falls human blood.

Though thou mayst be able to sow a seed above the touch of earth, thou ever movest in touch with it.

Two hearts deceive thee, two souls kill thee, though there is no killing.

237

O Singer of the Song ! many are the words within thy

Song, still thou must see some of them gather thee, some gather for thee, but all of them gather.

When in thy quest, thou lovest the spirit of Quest, thou doubttest whether thou hast lost the body or the soul—whether thou hast lost the voice or the silence.

Often thou art lost within the present, for sometimes thy memories are lighter than thy soul.

Lo! whatever first sign thou seest within a newer world, thou callest it a foot-print either of a poet or prophet.

As many times hast thou truly conquered a world, so many times does the sun daily rise for thee.

O Power! whatever thou givest man to change into something of beauty, before he makes of it anything else, he creates within it his own heaven and hell.

238

Let them be shadows, if they have died for thee, I call them angels; let them be stones, if they suit any soul-string, I call them the ruby-born.

Wonder not if the Earth sometimes gives place to every dream, yet not to thy dreaminess; if sometimes the heaven gives thee a place with every star, still not with the starriness.

When thou dreamest of Death, thou only dreamest of a newer man who stands upon the corpse of Death itself.

When thou speakest of Joy, thou speakest of the invisible man and the visible dream.

When the star shines in its fullest upon thee, it shines in such an overshadowing way that thou canst not say whether it shines over the present or over the presence.

When the many flowers open, see which of them open like the first form of creation, which like the last, for they that do not open like either, must be soulless.

239

Often thou callest this a flower of Death, but lo ! by thy very calling it a flower, thou takest away from it the word 'death'; often thou callest this a bough of the Fallen, but by calling it a bough, thou takest away from it the word 'fallen'.

O let thee not give a moment any new name if thou dost not know whether it is thy messenger, or whether thou art its messenger.

O let every journey be at least like a kingdom, for anything less than a kingdom will not return to thee : for whatever is a kingdom, is a memory.

Lo ! when all heights and depths are filled with dreams, thou sayest that they are filled with the seekers—the seekers of Joy or of the Joyful.

One song man still will sing, and it is that which will make even a bird or a beast call him man.*

If thou knowest who will stand on either side of the Stream, how dost thou say thou dost not know the Stream itself?

240

O Seeker ! the Voice that is unknown to thee may not be the voice of soul, but surely it cannot be the voice that is unknown to the Voice itself.

Often with whatever sign thou beginnest thy day, thou callest the sun by that name ; with whatever offering thou meetest its soul, thou triest to make it stand on it.

Often thou buriest things that the Bones wish thee to bury, thinking they must be soulless.

O Spirit ! Some call thee the sun, others the vision of the sun, others again, the halo of the sun, but all include the word 'sun' at every time.

For every one has either first painted thee or first sung of thee or first offered to thee, thou makest every one say a newer word of light first, or thou makest everyone do something newer first.

O Spirit of true Death ! many touch thee : some offer thee their ring, others make its imprint upon thee.

241

The visions that come to thee before the Dawn, lo ! thou putttest them 'before' thine own soul ; those that come to thee after the Dawn, thou putttest them 'behind'.

If today thou callest this a voice, tomorrow thou must call it life ; if today thou callest it life, to-morrow thou must have to call it life beyond life.

Often thou thinkest thou dost stand on the thresh-

old of Destiny, Destiny thinks otherwise.

O what is the use of hearing a song, if thou hast not stood
with every unborn poet?

When thy robe was so fully linked that there was left no
other place within it, when the Breeze came, in the
place of what link didst thou give it a place?

The Sun burns not that winged spirit whose voice cannot
reach it, but that whose voice cannot reach that upon
which falls its ray.

242

Come Lotus-Day! I call thee the Lotus-Day, for within
thee anything before it takes a new form takes the
form of the Lotus; and within thee what stands nea-
rest to the Dawn, is the Lotus itself.

O Soul that hast conquered the Day, often thou knowest
not what place to give a newer dawn within it;
thou that hast made peace with the heavenly spirits,
thou often separatest the word 'heaven' from the word
'heavenliness.'

Look to the stars! some shine over thy visions, others
over what makes up those visions.

Peace unto peace thou callest the soul, dream unto
dream the light.

Law unto law thou callest life, life unto life the breath,
and thus thou thinkest about all higher things and
spirits.

The path over which only messengers pass, call it not a
path but the message itself.

243

Souls wake souls, shadows wake the shadows, turn beyond turn !

Write warily thy word, O Poet, first seeing whether it should be written between the living and the dead, or between life and death.

O care not if what comes between the free and the joyful, is first changed into perfect freedom or perfect joy.

Lo ! within the same ear of corn, there are some grains of Joy others of the Joyful, others again of the dream of Joy.

Look ! even in the same face, one smile is a smile of Freedom, the other of Light, another again of Joy.

O Pilgrim ! if thou dost not know where thy blood-drops fall—on thy past or on thy future self—how dost thou call them thine own blood-drops ?

244

O Soul ! when thou art not a dream, only then is thy dream known to the world ; when thou art not a shadow, only then is thy shadow known.

When thou art not a mere word, O Seeker, only then art thou not dazzled by a word.

Whatever thou hadst sacrificed to Light even before the very soul, to-day shines 'before' thy eyes, as if it were shining before the soul within soul.

It is easier to steal some soul from nature than to steal her 'poetic page,' or the page written by her between the Tomb and the Shrine.

Lo! whenever Life wishes thee to take up some two words from her many words, thou triest to take up only those two that may make up another body and another soul.

245

A newer song has entered thy heart to-day—no, it is not a mere song but another heart.

A newer destiny has begun to shine over thee at this hour; still not so, for it is only another halo.

If the sands were soulless, they themselves may not wish for the foot-prints of pilgrims.

Bury thy head, still let thee not bury it beneath a hair, though thou mayst bury it beneath that which is written upon a hair.

When Day and Night at one crossing 'cut' thee in two, at another link thee again as thou art, wonderful it is that this thou callest thy waking and sleeping.

246

Rise ! Make any place thy home, but not the place where a vision does not flow like a stream, for it shows, no kind of sacrifice is made there.

In thy quest as to what will be the last stage of mankind, let thee not, O Seeker, try to change all things into curtains.

Say not that the land where rivers do not flow from end to end, thy words cannot remain in perfect form.

The living who have no cycle are more soulless than the

'dead' who have a cycle.

If in the beginning of Creation man had not been created in the Garden, he might not have the feelings he now has, though now he may have more or less feelings than all the flowers.

From everything thou hearest the tale of Sacrifice, but from Sacrifice thou hearest thine own tale.

By standing between one pair of poles, thou thinkest thyself man; by standing between another, less than man; by standing between yet another, greater than man; but lo! as man thou canst not stand without some poles.

247

Lo! with whatever gift in their hand, they, the visions are born, they think they have a soul like that; but those that are born with no gift in their hand, let them not think they have no soul.

Doubt not O Seeker! where man speaks to some heavenly spirit or wherever it speaks to man, if no kind of flower is born there.

The path over which only the bound are always seen moving, let thee not say the path itself is without a trace of soul.

O say not when the Voice of Time is not like the voice of any winged one, it must be the voice of Death; or that when it is like the voice of every kind of winged one, it must be the voice of Life beyond Life.

Lo! thy thoughts upon which descends some winged

spirit, thou callest them the visions ; those upon which descends no kind of winged spirit, thou callest them dreams.

248

If the fragrance which is within the flower may be not within it but within the clay, even then thou must seek it through the flowers.

If no song of nature gives thee a place within, even then think not that nature's own word cannot reach thy soul !

If no ray can reach thy soul, think not that no message of Nature can reach thee.

If there should be no height, even then the higher things may shine 'over' some link of the world ; if there should be no world, the dreamy things may still breathe like it.

If thou art not certain whether thou raisest thy walls higher and higher or whether thou buriest them lower and lower, let thee not touch the clay, lest by touching it thou mayst bury thyself.

If, unlike this, nature had created only the hearts, even then she would have given a place to breath, by creating another heart within the heart, for the worlds to 'stand.'

249

Before thou mayst sing of the heavenly spirits, sing of all the unborn wings ; before thou mayst sing of the unborn wings, sing of the unborn winds, O Soul !

Lo! of whatever thou canst not make an ornament, thou changest into some kind of chains — chains that may bind the body or soul.

On the heights when thou dost not speak of wings, thou becomest dumb; but in the depths, when thou dost not speak of them, thou becomest not only dumb but also buried.

O do not give a bough any name of thine if thou canst not know whether first a leaf or a fruit will come out of it—if thou dost not know what kind of heavenly spirit will first rest on it.

Tell me, O passing Breath, how many places will, to the end, be homes, how many places of exile—how many broken hearts, how many hearts within the hearts?

O Spirit! when thou sayest that every word of a great epic sung by a soul is a name of some heavenly spirit, in a little song, let thee see at least a corner of the soul.

250

Sometimes it is not the earth that gives a newer name to a newer flower, but its own petal; so it is not a petal, but the very fragrance.

Behold! at one place the earth can be wet with a tear-drop, at another with a dew drop, and yet at another with a grain of sand or even with a stone,

So many hearts within a heart hast thou given us, O Life, that sometimes we wait to think what to call a heart, what to call a breath—what to call a string,

what to call its touch.

O Spirit! if on thy first touching this earth thou hadst found thy foot over the remains of some dreamer, thou wouldst have called it nothing but the earth, for even then thou couldst not have called it a corpse.

O Light! whatever thou givest to the world to make some shrine of it, it first tries to change into the Tree, the Serpent and the spirit of Temptation, as it was in the beginning of Creation.

251

O separate slowly the moment of Joy from the moment of Sorrow, that thou mayst not fall from the Moment. Even the world that was never bound, is being freed at every moment.

Only those words are thine that can remain in the deepest depth and on the highest height.

Lo! only those stars thou makest thine own that shine over thee as thou wert first or as thou wilt be last.

O true Dream! when thou and I are two wanderers, Oneness wishes to change itself in two; when thou and I are two conquerors, the spirit of Victory wishes to imitate us and only then to call itself victory.

Ever one moment is of Light, the other of Twilight.

252

O having written thy word next to the word 'Love', let thee not waver to call it the 'offering'.

O why dost thou hide thyself when the Spirits of Charity and Peace stand before thee, to make a visible mark over thee ?

Having made every place thy stage, why dost thou say thou wilt stand only where the Spirits of Height and Depth will stand in a perfectly visible form ?

If thou canst not see the Future, let thee not ascend a mountain to see it, for over the mountain thou canst, at most, see the shadow of the Future.

O let thee not begin from that place at which the spirit of Beginning itself ends: be not confused when thou seest that sometimes the dreams of the present are lighter than the present, sometimes heavier.

Sometimes many seasons make one flower, sometimes many flowers make one season; sometimes many visions can make one soul, sometimes many souls one vision.

253

O thou mayst call everything a miracle, but then thou must call the Miracle the soul of miracles !

Lo! some put the soul before the miracle, others miracle before soul, calling them soul or dream by turn.

If thou dost not know how many messengers have added their own song to the song of a garden, or how many have made a song out of it, let thee not give it a name.

Let a word be made by some man or some 'god', if it can put itself into thy song, it is not a word but something greater.

Lo! thou that canst not link shadows with the shadow-like, when thou didst first speak of Life and Death, thou wert given wings; when thou didst speak of wings, thou wert given the power to 'create.'

O Weaver! let thy threads be as near each other as are the rays, if thou wishest them to stand in the true way.

254

When thou describest every word of thy Pilgrimage in a separate world, thou knowest not whether thou describest it on a separate string or on a separate bough or on a separate wing.

When thou seest that sometimes thou followest thy soul, sometimes it follows thee, it is only a change of the star that shines over thee.

O Soul! before thy shadow of past Vision falls on the shadow of thy future Vision, it first passes through thee.

Only that singer can change the soul of things, who can change the voice of a wheeling chariot into the voice of a budding flower.

The blood that has not yet run through a vein, let thee not call it blood.

Blood or no blood! thou must call it the eternal Vein.

255

O Spirit of Doubt! when a point comes within a line, thou givest it one name; when within a halo,

thou givest it another, and thus makest thyself content.

When day unto day thou callest light, light unto light thou must call deathlessness; when a height on height thou callest a heaven, a heaven on heaven thou must call the Paradise.

O Spirit that remainest as fixed as Fixity itself, thou changest with the first and the last words of every new song that thou givest to the world.

Here thy many words may seem greater than the sun, but the first and the last rays of the sun make them revolve round them.

When thou passest with a shadowy idol, wonder not if then thou seest that the foot-prints behind thee are not thine own foot-prints, but the foot-prints of that idol.

256

The place where only the streams flow, there are no voiceless ones, if any, they are the soulless, for surely it is a place only of streams.

What stands nearest to man, often thou callest a dream of man, but what stands near to Nearness itself, thou callest a dream of 'god'.

Often thy journey is without any chain of links, for one step is thine, the other of thy Doubt—one step of thy Soul, the other of thy Shadow.

Look, out of whatever thou canst not make bread, thou callest without a soul; out of what thou

canst not make a garland, thou callest soul-destroying.

Ever dost thou change all other words of thy song except the first and the last, for that first word and that last will be changed when the spirit of Change itself will change.

257

O Seeker ! when thou seekest from world to world, often thou seekest in such a way that even Nature herself wishes to begin a newer creation like thy very seeking.

If thou wishest to conquer as many worlds in a moment as the Moment conquers, make thyself such that the Moment itself may call thee its own Moment.

Let thy soul be lighter than Quest, but not lighter than the soul of Quest, for it will be only like death in some form.

When thou sayest 'world', 'the weaving world,' the one thou callest the body, the other the soul.

O be joyful when the sun gives place to one dream of thine visibly over itself even in a thousand years, or if it has less dawns than its own rays.

258

O Love that art infinite, having also made me infinite like thee, thou takest another form of the infinite ; having placed me in thine own place, thou takest the form of my some future self.

Lo ! with one wonder the world falls asleep, with another it wakes, and so it is puzzled what to call a wonder and what not.

Many things revolve, still it is only the revolving goblet—the goblet from which many can truly drink—that creates a newer soul with its every turn.

O Spirit of Doubt ! when blood flows through anything else but a vein, thou callest it untrue ; when through it, thou callest it mortal—and thus triest to make it flow in a newer way.

Every place thou callest either a birth-place or a burial-place, yet thou sayest that things are born not at a place but out of the Wonder itself.

259

Lo ! on many words thou castest thy shadow, many words cast their shadows on thee ; many can stand before thee, before many thou canst stand.

O however deep thy words may go, if they have no soul, they will return to the surface like the little leaves that float.

When I say I send this in the absence of mine own soul, I really say that I send this to thee in the absence even of whatever upto this is created by the soul.

I wonder often thou givest to the spirit of Sacrifice with thy past shadowy hands, but thou takest from it with thy future hands, and these thou callest the ways of a new Sacrifice.

There are words that are not finished in one life yet one can finish them in a life, so surely this is not one life, but a life within life without end.

 260

Say not, O Singer, only thou canst give a name to things unborn, for thou must see that within one word of thy Song thou art born, within another, thou art unborn, though that Song is many a time, ever, by thee.

O Voice! thou canst not conquer me, the Soul, for I am either a tempest or a breeze—either a height or a depth, even when I am not a soul but something soul-like.

O Soul! say not what to call the created—what the uncreated, when all things around thee look half-buried or half-risen—more than a halo or less.

O Man! often thou dost not believe a word that comes to thee from the sun until a word of earth begins to revolve round it, even as the earth revolves round the sun.

Lo! when any other spirit than the spirit of Light walks thee, thou thinkest it makes thee sleep.

 261

O Spirit! the path through which thou hast walked with thy Lyre, there no seeker loses his path, for surely on that path, thou hast linked the soul with the soul like in all ways.

Even a thing that may look less than a word, let thee have
for it at least a world.

Even a thing that may look less than a message, let thee
have for it at least a string.

O Poet ! who was it that first called thee so, who, if not the
Spirit that held thee when thou wert slipping on the
String—who, if not the Light that made thee draw
the cycles true ?

When once thou changest thyself into one of the many
moments, thou hast to remain silent, for then it is for
the Moment whether it gives thee a place within day
or night.

Though to bury twice may be to make a thing grow again,
let thee always only sow ; for thou must not link the
word 'burial' with the word 'sowing.'

262

Shadowy messenger after shadowy messenger of thine
own self ever passes by thee and only that word of
thine becomes clear, which is not shadowed by those
shadowy passing messengers.

Let thee not always try to see how many paths make
up the whole earth.

Let thee not end thy self by only trying to count how
many dreams make up man as he is.

Lo ! when at one moment nature makes thee the messen-
ger, at another the message, thou callest this thy
awakening and sleep.

O let thee not so link thyself with the bones that thou
mayst not be able to sow a seed without some kind
of bone with it.

One thing thou callest 'at least' a world, the other 'at
most' a world, and lo! these thou callest thy ways of
separating or of linking.

263

Unlike shadows, round whatever place the poets of Love
sing their song, that place becomes a birth place of
many spirits.

Doubt not if thou hearest a soul speak to a sand-dune, for
who knows if it might have been once its body.

O doubt not if the bars before thee are not 'by turn'
changed into doors.

O doubt not if the crescent moon that rises over thee,
has not every crescent vision.

O doubt not if whatever thou throwest on the height
or in the depth does not take the form of a 'thing'
like or unlike thine own.

Thy halo, O Messenger, if it ceases to take the form of a
perfect halo, it takes the form of a noose; if it does
not take the form of a height, it takes the form of a
soulless wind.

However little thy stream be, whatever thou throwest
in it, is changed at least into a memory. •

264

Lo! how content is the world to take its bread from the
Day or even from some shadow of the Day!

How it tries to change the day into bread, but not
the bread into day !

One world may say that a newer 'man' will be born only
when the whole earth will be changed into the re-
mains of those who 'die' upon it; but the other says
that he will be born when it will be full of gifts.

Sometimes thou dost stand face to face with the Word,
sometimes it stands face to face with thee, and lo ! this
thou callest thy day or night—thy word or deed—
thy word and silence.

Lo ! thou dividest the word 'sacrifice' into the words
'give and take;' thou dividest the word 'soul'
into the words 'kill and save.'

When once some poetic word has 'turned' round any
thing, it will be revolving till the earth itself
may cease to revolve, otherwise it cannot be called
a poetic word.

When thy past vision stands before thy future, why
dost thou forget thyself, but not so when thy future
vision stands before thy past ?

265

Thou canst not say by what spirits a path was trodden
before thee, until thou canst say with eyes shut on
what kind of flowers dost thou tread.

The Stream, whether it passes between the living and the
dead or only between the dead and the dead, thou
must call it the Stream of Life, for its shadow always
falls on thine own stream.

Lo! with so many names of thine own 'gods' hast thou filled thy page, that thou canst not find within it a place even for 'godliness.'

So much hast thou filled it with many pictures, that thou canst not find room for one true line there.

Lo! often thou dost not speak with nature in the absence of a flower or a star, for then thou doubtest if thy words are true.

For some the greatest word is that which visibly stands on every side of them; for others that on every side of which they themselves stand; and every other word they call as not of Light.

266

In thy song I can see at least its first word like thine own self, and all its other words like thy dreams and desires, yet I call thee wholly a song.

Thou mayst say thou hast no memory of the Past, but when thou knowest whatever thou hadst then 'killed' or 'saved', how canst thou say thou hast no memory?

When the heart itself becomes lighter than a dream, only then can it give it a visible form; but the heart that is lighter than its own string, call it not a heart but the very breath.

O thou mayst find man's bones of the time when there was no man, even then thou canst not find any sign of blood of that time—blood that may blacken a word or deed.

Many spirits of thine own form that had begun the journey with thee, one by one they change themselves into thy dreams and desires, and only thou remainest the one Spirit.

 267

Thou mayst say that before the 'soul' there was a link, before the incense the offering.

When thou turnest to the ever-rising Light to know why it rises from that place, it tells thee thou hadst 'first' truly given or truly taken thy gift on that place.

Some worship Light for they say the word 'worship' must naturally be linked to it, others that, in the Beginning, the word 'Light' itself was written only in the letters of Worship.

O Man! the tree of Life beneath which thou hadst first breathed, its shadow still falls on thee; the bough that thou hadst first touched, to-day touches thy words and deeds.

O when thou makest the true past thy body, the true future thy dream, why dost thou waver to make the true present thy soul?

Half-dreams, only the half-twilights can paint.

 268

If thou canst not call this Joy, call it by no other name than the Poet's Delight!

If thou canst not call this Life, call it by no other name than the Poet's Dream!

Some know the one from the dream, others oneness from dreaminess, yet lo ! some thou callest by this name, others by that.

Some stand between the Poet's word and song, others between his soul and dream.

That which thou callest the land of the prophets, let thee call the land either of the 'singers' or of the 'silent'.

Because thou art certain life and death are by turn, let thee not enlighten thy one dome and darken thy other ; let thee not put a banner of Victory on thy one height and a winding-sheet on the other.

269

O say not because everywhere is a halo, where is the light itself ?

O say not because everywhere is a cycle, where is the soul ?

If the true dream may become a shadow, thou mayst become a shadow before thou mayst dream.

If the very breath of Life may not lead to a newer goal, that very breath may hurt the Flesh.

Having made up thy drinking cup of riddles, why dost thou blame anything else when whatever thou puttest in that cup, is changed into a riddle ?

If thou hadst not, like this, given thy voice in some form or the other in the beginning of creation, be silent, O Drums !

270

O Spirit of Nature! blame me not if I can gather thee only

so many times in a moment as many times thou canst create a soul within soul.

One Day begins with a word; another, the Word itself begins with a day, yet be not surprised if the same message comes to thee, O Soul !

However setting thy heavenly spirit seems to thee, thou canst see at least so much of it as to give place to thy message on it.

That which goes from a lotus-flower to a lotus-dream, can be nothing else but that which links life to death.

Take, this is a gift—nothing but a gift, whether thou takest it with the past or with thy future self.

They who have the soul of the Lyre, if they cannot wake at the voice of the Lyre, they may wake no more.

271

Not that thou hast no soul, but that thou hast a soul within soul without end, that thou canst not see it; therefore it is that thou sayest it is a shadow.

When thy soul stands before thee thou knowest it not, thinking it must be a shadow.

If thy dream should go from morn to morn, it may be changed into the morning star; if thy song should go from messenger to messenger, it may rise above the word one day.

Even if Nature had not created 'black', the world would have mourned in some way. Even if she had not created blood, the world would have waged its holy or unholy war.

Lo ! at every moment thou buildest either a shrine or a tomb, for thou sayest thou hadst first heard the word 'building':

Ever dost thou weave either a curtain of life or a winding-sheet, for thou sayest thou hadst first heard the word 'weaving.'

272

Lo ! thou art content even to call thyself the first mourner to make thyself certain that thou wert the first to touch this earth.

If thou givest thy soul to a certain moment, doubt not if it does not return it to thee in every moment of every round to the end of the earth.

Because thou didst once live on unborn things, even now thou receivest many things from nature only through an unborn heart, though thou mayst not be able to give them a visible form.

O flying One ! when thou fliest from man to mankind or from mankind to man, should I call thee the Poet's ecstasy or the song of Ecstasy itself—should I call thee the Ecstasy or the Trance ?

O say not that there is left no word which thou hast not at some time or other put into some elegy of soul, so thou hast no word left with which to begin thy newer page of light.

O when thou sayest 'life beyond life', why dost thou hesitate to say 'word beyond word' or 'silence beyond silence'.

Thou mayst take away the word 'beyond,' still thou canst hear something hailing thee from afar.

273

O winged Spirit! that which thou canst not pass from one wing to the other, thou art afraid to pass from shore to shore.

Ever since man became a victor, the spirit of Victory made him breathe through itself; nay, ever since he became a messenger, his soul made him stand upon the word.

If thou hast kept awake at a certain place, every word may shine there behind thine own self.

If thou hast really conquered, whatever word thou puttest down, may itself be changed into a song.

The Star of the East sees how many newer worlds it has created, while the Star of the West sees over how many worlds it shines or how many worlds it has conquered without creating.

If nature should let thee know of how many cycles *this*—of how many cycles *that*—is made, thou mayst only follow the cycle, leaving the light itself.

Be silent, if thou knowest not whether a newer word is written by Hope or by Faith or by Beauty in a visible fleshy form.

274

The gardener may think whatever newer thing nature creates, she creates first in the form of a flower, but

the musician thinks whatever she creates, she creates first in the form of a string.

False are all thy statues when they are more than the stones of which they are made; false thy songs, if they are more than their own true words.

Lo! thou linkest the broken word with thy blood, but thy broken self with the word; having spoken from thy very birth from a chariot, thou callest thyself a charioteer.

When the Past shows thee the face of some warrior or poet, it calls it its own face; when the Future shows thee its own face, it calls it the face of its warrior or poet.

Some have put on themselves the robe of One, others the robe of Oneness, and in that they think they stand apart.

O say not what kind of newer 'man' in a newer creation will be on earth, but what kind of foot-print will be there.

275

When nature makes the Word turn round thee, thou thinkest she binds thee; but wonderful it is when she makes thee turn round it, thou thinkest she deprives thee of reason, and so thou doubtest her at every turn.

Thy robe which is not made up of many offerings, is changed into a cage with as many bars as many threads it has.

What if thou canst write the word 'man' at that place

where all desires meet, for it will be a word of Flesh
and not thine own!

What if thou canst gather where the tempests meet but
not where the true shadows meet!

O let thee speak the Word that can give and take
in thine own place; sing only that Song that can
breathe for thee when thou art in a trance.

276

Thou keepest thyself green in many ways, but they see
thee so only in one way—the way of greenness, O
Nature!

O Poet, come near, for often thou explainest things that
are either the nearest or the most distant—either
the most green or those that have no colour at all.

Come near and see that the beginning of Life is the
endlessness of dreams.

As many worlds thou hadst seen on first seeing the
face of Life, often so many worlds dost thou breathe
to-day till thou mayst rise above the world itself.

One spirit says it is the Dawn for it turns to thee; the
other, that it is the Dawn for it makes a dawn
itself turn to thee.

If all the shadows meet at the shrines, surely all the lights
meet at the places where sacrifices are made.

277

Lo! the bird that cannot see its soul within its
own song, sees it when it sits on a bough! when

man cannot see his soul within his own word, he sees it when he is upon a weapon-point.

O Mystery! On one height, some regain their sight, on the other some regain their voice, yet, lo! they are no other heights than the heights of the Song.

O should I call thee first the Immortal or first the Vision, I, who have called thee sometimes first the Dreamy—sometimes first the Dream?

One messenger says he prefers the Shadow to a shadow, the other that he prefers the Death to death, even in the land of lights.

Even if nature had been without any mark, she would have the mark that marks the pupil of the Eye; wonder not if things colder than Death, are frozen by Death.

278

In the land of messages, thou must not pass over a thing until it is changed into a point, but if it is a point, wait till it creates another point.

When the shadow of Fixity falls on Change, the shadow of Change on Fixity, if they do not really fall on thee, they fall on thy future self.

When thou art changed into little memories, if thy soul should not gather thee again, a memory amidst those many memories may gather thee and make thee a whole.

When thou hast conquered to the last, thy shadow will be not thy shadow but the shadow of Victory; when thou hast risen enough, thy breath will be not

thy breath but the breath of Height itself.

On whatever thou singest or playest, only that thou callest the instrument of Song, then thou callest all other things as weapons of blood, though they are untouched by blood.

It is not for thee to say whether the last natural thing that hangs on a tree, is a leaf or a fruit—whether it is more a leaf or more a message.

279

Often one Day keeps a stone over thee, the other a leaf, till they bury thee beneath them.

The seemingly stony, dreamy pearl, over which thou walkest today, may one day become a throne of Justice.

Come, set up this or that stone of life as nature herself first set up her tree ; come, set up this tree as nature first set up her wing.

Thou mayst be alone when thou dost stand between point and pointlessness. Thou art not alone, for thou canst revolve without any kind of point.

O Weaver ! thou sayest thou weavest a robe ; the String whispers that it weaves it ; the Spirit of Weaving says that it weaves it ; so let thee not lose thy string.

When life is 'only' life, light is 'only' light, even then the life is 'a quest, light the goal, for life breathes through Quest, light is born out of its Goal.

If thou canst not turn to a point, turn to that to which the Point itself calls the point.

280

Whatever thing thou wishest nature to change into thy page, she changes into thy string.

Whatever thing thou wishest her to change into string, she changes into the softest voice of the string!

Thy offering that cannot be changed into a soul like this, even if it has more veins than the body, it can not be called an offering but the very opposite.

If the Word within thy soul should not turn its face to thy soul, thy soul may not be able to turn its face to the sun; if it should not draw its line upon thy soul, thy soul may not draw its line upon thy word or deed.

☞ O blame not Nature, for she blesses thee in the same way beneath this sun—the way in which she would have blessed thee if she had created the sun of Blessin ☺

281

O even if nature has not given thee a soul within soul, seek it among one of the many words that she has strung round thy neck.

Thou wishest me to leave this dream, but had I not told thee, O Life, that whether thou wilt give me this life or not—whether thou wilt make me stand near the tide or not—I must still dream?

Who knows if thou hadst seen the Spirit of Time at its very birth, thou wouldst have dreamt or carried its message in another way, O Soul!

O Nature! whatever woven or unwoven gift thou givest to the world, if it does not see all these seasons within it, it believes it not; if it sees within it more or less seasons than these, it disbelieves it.

One star still will rise over thee, and if it be unknown to life, be sure that it will not be unknown to the dream of life, O World !

282

That in which thou hast smiled so many times, has not yet given a fixed place to thy smiles.
If all Visions should die before they are born, if they should be buried before they die, then the ever flowing Spirit may flow in an opposite way to make them flow in their own way.
O thou with one drop of blood, rise and see what place that drop takes within thee, for being only one drop, if it does not take its own place, it may kill thee.
O thou with a halo over thy head, ascend a little and see what place it gives to thy words.
If, unlike this, the lower things of nature may dazzle thee, her higher things may bury thee, even then, the Song of life may breathe in the same way.
Some lights thou knowest for thou hadst stood with them; others, for thou wert buried with them.

283

Only so many moments within one moment shouldst thou see, as many messages wake thee at that moment.
Only so many messages within one word shouldst thou know, in as many ways it makes thee stand.
One dreamer says he cannot see thee in this form ; the other that he cannot see thee in that ; but every one of them says he can see thee both in thy highest and in thy lowest form.

O Soul believe! if all the worlds should pass away,
a dream amidst their dreams may still rise
at the place where man first stood, or where
he died for the true Dream.

Lo! some before giving a place to their word, look at it
from the past and the future; others, from the world
below and the world above.

When Man, Hope and Freedom keep in every way
the same moment, no one knows which of them is
changed into which, for those Spirits that have
no flesh like man, they too, have at least one
vein within.

284

Thou mayst not be able to gather an unborn world if
thou shouldst not change thyself into countless
atoms and mayst gather thyself again.

Thou mayst not be able to change anything into a breath,
if thou canst not stand upon that which the breath
itself stands.

O Soul! whether thou givest a tongue to anything
or whether thou takest from it, thou thyself becomest
voiceless for a moment.

Surely between two dreams thou art the soul, between
two souls, a breath.

Behold! when Nature makes for thee the earth of Nearness,
even then thou wishest her to make a flower of this
earth nearer to thee.

O be not confused when Liberty wants Liberty—when
Light wants Light, for then the one wants the other,

the other the one at the same moment.

Stand nearest to a height from which something flows,
and thou wilt see that often it first lets the vision
of that one flow from it that might have been once
'buried' there.

285

O Poet ! if thou mayst fully sing of Ecstasy and Trance,
surely they should be thy body and soul.

Behold ! where man speaks with nature, there he builds
one kind of shrine, where nature with man, there in
his doubt he builds a shrine of another kind, and so
he buries himself.

Though thou putttest mourning clothes over the Day,
thou seest its flowers or its other visible dreams
shine in the same way.

There may be words that can be written either on a flower
or a grave-stone, still there are words that can stand
only where every kind of flower is born in full form.

Though in thy song, O Soul, thou changest thy Whence
and Where, thou seest that the 'drop' and the
'ray' do not change.

286

O Drop ! when thou wert buried, who-ever passed over
thee, at once took a flowing form.

When thou wert changed into a grain, who-ever touched
thee, learnt how to link a world with a world.

O World born and grown without any touch of Time

flow, gently flow, for who knows if 'it' may be cutting thee across.

When Nature first gave thee a voice, thou didst call her an angel; but wonderful it is that when she gave thee sweetness, thou didst call her a nightingale.

When the voice of some world comes to thee, and when thou canst not know that world, thou callest that voice a two-fold voice, giving that world the place of voice.

287

Lo! when thou lookest at the Spirit to see what still remains unsaid, it says what still remains unsung!

When thou sayest what still remains unsung, it whispers what still remains unwoven!

O Singer! often thou doubttest if thou art the Singer of thy song, for sometimes thou addest thy newer word to it, sometimes it adds its newer word to thee.

Often thou art puzzled to see that Life when it is less than a secret, it is death; sometimes when it is more than a secret, it is also a death; and so thou putttest the secret before life, life before the secret.

The hands of Destruction may be greater than the hands of Creation, but mark! as soon as they become greater, they can be called not its hands but the hands of Creation.

288

When once thou givest thy day to the one true throb of

soul, think not whether it will be longer or shorter than it, but still take to the throb.

O wake thou that knowest neither fragrance nor light,
wake 'between' any such-like visions here on earth,
if at all thou wishest to 'see.'

When Light falls upon some word, say not that it has a soul of the word and of nothing else.

If there are some Spirits which when they cease to touch a stream it ceases to flow, they are only the spirits of those Drops.

Life or Death thou callest the silent or the wordless by turn, and thus thinkest by that way thou linkest them closer still.

Often, the very Love of man thou callest a quest: the very Quest of some heavenly spirit, thou callest Love.

Thou didst see 'one' standing before an empty Altar, but no, for the one was the spirit of Fulness, the other the spirit of Overfulness.

289

What is created, thou callest the Dawn; what is still uncreated, the spirit of Dawn itself calls the Dawn.

O Nature! After every victory we turn to thee; no, it is only the spirit of Victory itself that turns to thee.

O Soul that wert born with Destiny in hand, what was it that made thy hand freeze like something colder than death?

O Mystery! Hast thou not whispered to some to sacrifice,

to others to change themselves into Sacrifice; to some to walk before the spirit of Sacrifice, to others to follow?

Lo! having given thee the name of every wing, they are tired and fall asleep; having given thee the name of every cloud, they make themselves one with thee.

What if one element before other 'elements' calls thee Charity!

What if the wings before the Spirit of Flight call thee the Soul!

Why before the passing Light, instead of thyself standing thou keepest some past or future leaf for it to turn?

290

If this should not be a goblet of divine Wine, it cannot be filled; but if it can be filled, it cannot be called a mere goblet but Fulness.

To the highest and the lowest things of Light, Light itself gives a name: but the 'world' gives names to its other dreams and so it makes itself a dream.

If Life had not taken upon herself the stain of blood, who knows if, unlike this, the very blood had visibly left a stain of blood upon all the words and deeds of the world.

O say not that I have not given thee my last secret, for if I had not 'given' it to thee, how could I have learnt to 'give.'

Thou mayst exchange the last stone of a shrine with the last word written over it, but then thou must not call it a shrine of stones.

291

Often thou wishest that nature before she may add a newer 'link' to a vision, she may add it to thy bread or robe.

O Love! some describe thy words by beginning from bread to soul, others by beginning from soul to bread—some from music to soul, others from soul to music.

O break that chariot which cannot be the body; O do away with that body which can be filled only with a soul but not with anything soul-like.

O let thee not lose thy vision when the 'love of creation' is changed into the 'creation of love,' or when the 'flower of creation' is changed into the 'creation of flower.'

When thy blood flows in one way, thou callest it mortal; when in another, thou callest it immortal, ever calling it only as it flows and thus giving it names greater than the soul.

292

When thou art dreamless, if thou canst not create a soul, even then thou canst walk through the valley of souls.

When thou art without the soul within soul, even then thou canst know a passing breath of a stream.

When the highest and the lowest words become the laws,
that which stands between them, becomes the throne.

Lo ! some jewels become clear when set in a crown, others
when set in a throne.

I believe not the word that has more tongues than thine
own self; I believe not the ray that has more messages
than thine own ray.

Lo ! all thy words may be the words of thy standing upon
earth, but all thy dreams are the ways of thy
lighting or of putting out candles in this way or
that.

293

When an unborn smile thou callest a soul, thou must
call an unborn soul at least a smile !

Even if the whole of nature may be only one smile,
say not that it is only one soul and not the soul
within soul !

O even if no stream like this had been created before
thee, the spirit of Quest would still have flowed.

O Poet ! when within thy song thou dost not put one
word like the body, another like the soul by turn,
thou turnest away from it.

O what is a message of light, is at least a soul.

The soul of the Past, call a memory ; the memory of the
future, a soul.

294

When thou callest this whole nature an Ecstasy, and

sayest within it there is place for no other word, thou must still give Trance a place within it.

When thou callest the whole of nature nothing but Music, in which there is no place for a point, even then thou must give the String a place within it.

Often though thou knowest not what thou art given by Life—whether with it to begin or end a world—thou givest it a place between the flower and the clay.

O whatever flows from the crown to the shadow of the throne, if it should not be that which goes from the seed to the fruit, surely it may spread only bitterness.

Thou dost stand between the Poet's silence and the silence of Nature; no, it is only between the messenger and the message—only between Joy and the Joyful.

295

Take away a soul from the Soul, and it is the Dream; take away a dream from the Dream and it is the Soul again!

O thou mayst put the soul first or the dream first, but then thou must put the message first, if thou wishest that it should create newer souls.

When thou thinkest every day is the first day of Creation, only then does the shadow of the last day of Creation not fall to overshadow thee.

To one flower thou sayest it is its own last dream; to the other, it is its own last cycle; to yet another, it is its own last link, though every one of them means a flower within the flower.

If all had been nothing but a spring, nature would still have created another spring within that spring; if all had been nothing but a halo, she would still have created the point.

296

Thou mayst say that the goblet thou holdest had overflowed even before thy soul, but thou canst not say it had overflowed before the soul within thy soul, for it is the soul within the soul that first taught everything to overflow.

Sometimes thou callest that a world which thou canst gather; at others, thou callest that a world which gathers thee; but wherever thou puttest the word 'gathering', thou callest it a soul-like world.

O Spirit of Doubt! whatever thou art given on a threshold of Dream, thou sayest it is something that divides, but whatever thou art not given on it, thou doubtest whether it is a gift.

O Spirit! sometimes thou art the Morn of my Soul, sometimes the Morn of my Dream, sometimes the Morn of my Shadow, but ever art thou my Morn.

What is less than a kingdom, thou mayst give a name; but what is more, itself gives thee a name.

297

Only that the Morn dost thou call, not that which stands nearest to thee, but that which also stands nearest to whatever thou createst.

The warrior says he knew his weapon of war or of peace even before he knew his own soul ; nay, the poet says he knew his own string before he knew his own soul, and surely that weapon or that string is nothing but the soul within the soul.

Lo ! throne upon throne thou callest a world, world upon world a kingdom. This thou callest the kingdom, that the first ray.

Lo ! whatever thou sayest within the 'bow' of nature thou callest soul-destroying ; whatever not within it, thou sayest it is not within the ring of life.

Lo ! thou dividest even the 'unborn' hills, but thou dost not make a stone thine own.

Light says it knows thee not until it changes itself into the Shadow ; the Shadow, that it knows thee not until it changes itself into Light.

298

There in the angelic land where only voices speak to voices, any voice which is not the voice of wings, is only a voice of Death—any voice which is not the voice of leaves, is the voice of things that 'bury.'

Whatever gift goes from leaf to leaf, thou callest nothing but a smile of life !

Whatever smile goes from dawn to dawn, thou callest nothing but the dew of life, O Love !

O Spirit of Song ! even if Joy may crown things either the truly greatest or the truly least, let thee not try to change all things into the greatest or the least, but flow between them.

Thou mayst not call *this* but *that* thy soul though thou mayst be moving and dreaming through *this*, saying that that soul made thee conscious anew, but even then thou must see if it did not make thee over- or under-conscious.

One is made voiceless by the Word, the other by the Silence, still, no one is made voiceless by that which truly links the Word to Silence.

299

If to the immortal self is given the power to change a gift into a soul, to the mortal self also is given the power to change anything into a gift.

Lo! the place from which thou didst gather thy first dream became thy first body; the place from which thou didst gather thy first vision, became thy first soul.

Behold! the least point thou callest a marking point of death, the greatest space thou callest a slaughter-house, and thus thou art lost.

Thou canst not stand upon *this*, nor canst thou spread thyself upon *that*, and what comes between them thou callest a shadow.

If all souls were only the traces of their own selves, those traces themselves may have other traces; if they be empty threads, Emptiness may be a thread also.

The path upon which no seeker has passed, thou canst not yet call it a path.

300

Before thou givest a newer word to the world, thou putttest it in many a message.

Before thou givest a newer message to the world, thou putttest it in the place of many a soul.

I wonder when nature does not give either in the form of a robe or in the form of a picture, thou thinkest it is neither of body nor of soul.

O dreamy Self, on whatever nature's instrument of song hadst thou first sung, like that has she given thee a soul.

Return, thou that hast not heard of Life, return even to her shadow.

Come, thou that hast not heard of Soul, come within a cycle, for it is nearest to the soul.

Though thou hast made the Drop thy soul, thou art still athirst, though it is only in another way.

301

Dreamy things that know no other soul than the soul of a mark on them made by nature, whenever they speak, they first speak to that mark.

Often thou art puzzled when thy Desire says that thy stature is only its own stature, that this thy foot-print is of thy past or thy future self.

O when thy heart 'freely' 'sings,' what is it if then it first utters the word 'freedom' or 'song'—what if it first utters the word of the born or of the unborn!

He, who cannot see mankind except by ascending a great

height, he can see man at least within a depth.

I call thee the ever living, for I know thou wert the
'weaver' even before the 'string'—for thou wert the
'gatherer' even before the 'flower.'

302

O Spirit! if nature had given thee a more invisible or
only an invisible form, who knows if she would
have made thee 'revolve' swifter than this to make
thee feel certain that thou art with a living voice.

Lo! some shadowy ones by counting the dreamy idols
feel certain they have a body; others by counting the
gods and goddesses feel sure they have a soul.

Thou knowest not if thou hadst knocked a time less at
the door of Nature, what desire thou wouldst have
lacked among these thy many desires.

Life that does not know a brunt upon herself, how can she
know that brunt when it is upon the flame, for some-
times that brunt itself is a soul?

If thou knowest not what to give, change thyself into the
petals and again make thyself a whole, and then
whatever petal remains, give it away.

O Mystery! when thou makest more slaves than does
the spirit of Slavery, at the same time thou makest
more free than does the Spirit of Freedom.

303

What the immortal Self calls the dream, the mortal calls
the creator of dream; what the immortal Self calls

peace, the mortal calls the halo of peace.

In trying to exchange thy tongue with the spirit of Voice,
see thou dost not make thyself dumb.

In trying to exchange thy soul with the soul of Flight,
watch well that thou mayst not lose thy soul, if not
the soul within soul.

When thou givest the most perfect form to clay, either it
ceases to be clay or thou ceasest to be what thou art.

How man often seeks a land where the spirit he meets
should be man, or the visible desire of man or the
visible dream of man.

When the Star shines over thy past, its first ray falls on
thee; when it shines over thee, its first ray falls on
thy future self.

Though the Present calls thee a star, the Present within
the present calls thee starriness.

304

If thou wishest a certain moment may, in a visible
form, stand before thee, give it as many moments
as it wants from thee.

If a stone does not hold within itself a word carved by
thee, blame it not, for it must be not a stone but
stoniness.

If the dividing weapon does not link the last drop with
the soul, it makes itself not a weapon of soul, but
a weapon that 'kills'.

In the land of messages, let thy first breath be called the
message, thy first message the breath.

The Dagger whispers, O Dream, it is not linkless, but it has also a link—not a link known by Blood but a link known by Life.

Death says it is also not without a message, for it is not without a 'curtain'; it is not without its own soul, for it is not without a ring.

Lo! some can stand between 'the Light and the Shadow,' others between 'the Shining and the Shadowy'!

305

Even the uncreated things have a desire, but it is not a desire but the very soul.

Even the unborn desires have a soul, but surely it is not a soul but the soul within soul.

When thou wholly changest thyself into the leaves of Life, only then can I separate among them thy feelings and desires—only then can I know, which of them can be changed into fruits, which into sweetness.

Here a word has no opposite, for it breathes an unborn breath; here even perfect oneness has its opposite, but that is only the form of greater oneness.

The dreams to which thou hast to give a place on a bough, thou hast not given them a place within its ashes.

Whatever flows from height to height, only flows from throne to throne; whatever flows from throne to throne, flows from kingdom to kingdom.

306

The shadow that falls on thy word, thou doubtest if it is
a shadow of Life or Death.

The shadow that falls on thy soul thou doubtest if it is a
shadow of Word or Silence !

Say not because in thy trying to create a soul thou canst
create a word, so thou must not create a word, lest
it may be changed into a shadow.

Sorrowful it is that because thou thinkest man has to die
for something, thou must change Life into Death.

Thou hast gathered this dream from the spirit of Night
when it was waking over some buried child.

Every new light that comes to thee lo ! instead of taking
it to heart, thou first triest to reason out if it is the
birth of man or angel—thou triest to see what else
is created both before and behind it.

307

What if everything becomes thy soul, but does not
give a Corner to whatever thou dost create !

If thy dreams be true, they may revolve round thee as
thou thyself dost revolve round them ; if they be
curtains, they may wake thee at their rising and
their falling.

What is not a way of conquering, is not a 'way'
even ; what is not a riddle of some kind, is not a point.

When Nature says that only the Voice shall at last
remain, it is not for thee to say whether it will be
of the 'tongue' or of the 'wing'—whether it will be of
the soul or the throb.

Peace may also have its foot-prints of blood, but it is the blood that gives a name to the soul, so those foot-prints of blood do not show a stain.

In the Beginning, when we two dreamers were present, one was the Dream—the other the Vision !

When one Self becomes the Morn, the other the Eve, the Sun, unlike its present form, looks like a ray between them.

308

Thou sayest, in thy quest, thou openest the window of Vision sometimes for the Wonder, sometimes for the Wonderful.

Lo ! when thou goest from one threshold to the other, the one thou callest Beauty, the other the Beautiful.

At one place come and go Day and Night, at the other, the first Shadow and the last Shadow—at one place dazzles Light, at the other the dream of Light.

The moment at which man was made, that very moment became for ever one with him, though today he gives it many names.

With whatever weapon thou art at war with Desire, Desire first changes that weapon into one of thy many desires.

When thou canst not hold what thou triest to hold, thou sayest it is because the Spirit of Time changes it into something else.

O Poet ! if thy song has both before and after it a word written by Time, it is not thy song but the song

of Time; but if both words are thine, surely thou thyself comest between them.

309

The very song thou singest now, thou 'seest' it when thou art asleep, thou 'touchest' it when thou art above the Flesh.

He, who woke at the poet's call, became for ever a singer of songs, O Love !

He, who woke at the messenger's call, became for ever a messenger.

Before man knew his song, he wished to change every word into it; but wonderful it is that after he knew it, he tried to change it into words again.

Even the many places at which is broken the message of nature, call them so many songs; still do not knowingly break any message of Nature.

All things of nature make thee a rider, yet some of them thou callest the things of Life, others the things of Death.

310

The living Shrine over which no bird of song rests or sings its song, think not within that shrine lives no winged spirit, for on that shrine are no other lines than the lines like those of wings.

O wonder not when in one world everything speaks to thee when thou 'diest' for it; in the other, everything speaks to thee when thou 'livest' for it.

Seek, for if thou canst not find fragrance in a flower, doubt not, for then it must have given it to some of its dreams for a while.

Thou mayst see a threshold without a passer-by over it, but thou canst not see the Cross without a soul dying over it.

The face of a false dream may be turned to Light, but even then thou must see that the true Dream can change the face of Light to its own self.

311

Behold ! often thou dost not make anything of Nature thine own until thou seest its angel ; often thou dost not call an angel an angel until thou hearest from him the word 'man.'

If thou canst not hear the voice of wings from anything, thou callest it dead ; if thou canst not hear the voice of wings from Liberty, thou callest it death-giving.

If the whole earth might have been nothing but a corpse, even then it would have given birth to many a flower over it.

The shadowy ones before they create a newer thing they believe it not until they create its god—the god which they themselves make.

The half-dreamy Spirit whispers to thee that because it is half-dreamy, it does not link itself only with the half-living or the half-magical, but it links itself with all.

312

In quest of the Valley, turn to the echo ; in quest of the
Stream turn to the dew-drop.

Thou knowest neither life nor breath, yet thou knowest
sometimes the link, sometimes the shadow of that
link, but nothing less.

O Soul ! say not thou hast as many bodies as desires,
for who knows if one desire may have many bodies.

When nature keeps a starless heaven, she keeps doubly
full the prophetic cradle to keep the Soul flowing on.

The place where the world thinks the first word was
made, it makes it a place of some pilgrimage ; but lo !
the place where it thinks that the first message
was made, it make it a place where it can make
mere words.

Thy little abode becomes a palace or a cottage by turn,
but ever does it become a shrine.

Oh ! often thou stoppest at every place before creating
anything, to know how many have truly lived or
truly died there.

313

Be silent, O my unborn Self, if whatever word I write,
has not an unborn Self like thee.

Be gentle, O Breath, if whatever dream I cradle, does not
come between breath and breath !

O Soul ! The Spirit of Earth drinks together with thee,
but thou thinkest it unclean to drink with it.

The gift Life gives thee, thou doubttest if it should be

added to thy Dream or to thy Chariot, so thou keep-
est it within thy shadow.

If thou, the eternal Warrior, knowest not the hour at
which thou wert bound, thou knowest the hour at
which the Hour-Spirit itself was bound.

By turning to the hour, thou turnest to the moment, but by
turning to the moment thou turnest to thine own self.

Whatever Spirit gives thee its message through Time,
thou knowest not whether it gives it to thee through
the moment, through the hour, or through the day.

314

They who do not know through what way to breathe, even
they know through what way to sacrifice.

Behold ! how in thy haste to create newer worlds, thou
createst not the worlds as thou wishest, but only the
strings and the pillars ; to them thou givest the
names of the unborn and the dead.

If thou canst not know a child from childhood, how canst
thou know beauty from beauty's dream ?

When Joy makes itself its own dream, it only makes
itself the creator of a new dream.

Whatever moves from the unknown to the unknown,
must be nothing but that which moves from the
mirror to the mirror-like.

Lo ! whatever thou seest between two dreams, thou
callest a link ; whatever between two links, a soul !

Whatever thou canst not change into some statue, thou
doubtest if it will be able to stand, though it be
some passing spirit of Height.

315

In the land of memories, more memories arise than the passing away of things, so they are not mere memories, but 'creations' of the soul.

In the land of breezes, if thou canst not know a soul from a breeze, thou canst know the breath of a soul from the breath of a breeze.

The place where the memories visibly dwell, it is not a mere place but the very soul, though thou mayst put first the soul or the memory first.

Whatever stands between the tempest and the breeze, can stand between the body and the soul.

Lo! one calls himself man because he can stand between the angels and the shadows, the other, because he can stand between the shadows and the shadowy.

316

When thou sayest more than does the Spirit of Word, thou art changed into something more than a word.

Sometimes the messenger stands before thee, sometimes thou before him; this thou callest the word, that the silence—this the quest, that the goal.

O Soul! if thou wishest to know where thy path is, first change thyself wholly into a drop and then see where it flows. Though thou mayst leave the thought of a stream, thou must take the path of a flowing drop.

O behold! words lighter than dreams are not created but they themselves are the creators!

A height that hides itself under a tempest, says, it will

shine for ever only when some messenger will give
a message from it to any born or unborn world.

317

Thou hast left the bliss for the dream of bliss !

Thou hast left the world for the cycle of the world.

Often when some higher spirit creates a newer world, it
first shows it to nature ; but when man creates a
newer word he shows it to his shadow.

On one end of the world, thou canst stand only as a poet ;
on its other, only as a messenger ; though there flows
the same stream from end to end.

If thou seekest the place where thou hadst first received
this or that gift from nature, thou mayst lose the gift
itself.

Thou canst not call everything a prophecy, until thou
callest everything a height ; thou canst not call every-
thing a flight, until thou callest everything a vision.

Say not because the spirit of Day knows not on what and
for what the first messenger died, its light is dim like
mist.

How waits the world to see not with what kind of newer
light nature will begin a newer creation, but with
what kind of newer blood she will create it.

Lo ! after trying to make the most perfect image of love,
thou doubttest whether to call it 'love-in-life' or 'life-
in-love'—'joy-in-peace' or 'peace-in-joy.'

318

Revolve not. O Light, if thou canst not create a new star
with every light-giving turn.

Rise not, if every ray does not fall upon some buried star.

Breathe not, O Life, if thou canst not create a new soul
with every life-giving breath, for surely if thou dost
not create a new soul, thou createst a newer stain.

They who cannot see thy heaven, they sleep beneath thy
ray; they who cannot see thy ray, sleep beneath thy
dream.

O Seeker! If Life should not think its throb is like a
moment, the spirit of Time may not think that its
moment is a throb!

They who have not dreamt still, they doubt their soul;
they who have not risen still, they doubt the tempest.

319

O passing Vision! tell me not whose soul thou art, but
whose pride art thou.

O unborn World! it is better thou shouldst bury thyself
in the dream of clay than in the clay.

Unsaid words turn to yet unbudded flowers; surely
nothing is said till death, nothing sung till the glow
of deathlessness.

The bound are ever anxious to see what next is to be
born out of the womb of Time; the free are ever
eager to see what next is to be blessed.

Lo! though thou sayest a dream is nothing, yet to the

crescent dream of Light, thou callest the crescent
Light.

320

Behold! in comparing thy soul to other visions, thou
createst many souls.

If no wind passes over thy shrine, even then I call thee
an immortal messenger.

When every word of life is changed into law, law is changed
into love!

When a stone is changed into a voice, the voice is changed
into the soul.

On one side is every conqueror; on the other the spirit of
every Victory, so thou art puzzled what to call law,
what to call love!

Before thou mayst call this life, O call it a voice!

Before thou mayst call this liberty, O call it flight!

Lo! when all this is like a cage, thou blamest Liberty;
when all liberty extreme, thou blamest Nature.

If there are some drops of soul which before they fall are
changed into blood, there are blood-drops lighter
than the moments.

321

I wonder thou dost not call the soul an offering when at
the same time thou callest its ways of 'growing the
ways of offering.

O tell me not how many spirits dwell here, but how many
offerings can be seen by thee.

When Victory was a word used by the spirits of heaven,
even then thou wert the Victor.

When thou sleepest, only then does the mortal shadow
fall on thee ; but no, it is not its shadow, but thine
own.

O immortal Self ! thou takest our gifts through Time,
and the gifts of Time through us, and in that con-
fusion we often lose a throb amidst the moments—
a moment amidst the throbs.

Often though thou openest more windows of light than
does the Spirit of Moment itself, thou art still within
the Moment, for it is not a moment but the very
Soul.

322

Only call that a message, which though it be of some
fallen or soulless world, includes within the word
'kingdom'.

However shadowy be Nature's dream, it shows clearly the
first and the last forms of everything.

On earth whatever things grow, they show newer feelings;
in heaven whatever newer lights shine, they show
newer cycles.

Thou canst make this a land of Saviours, not by changing
every word into the word 'save,' but by giving it a
newer soul.

They who forget the word 'soul,' they first forget the
word 'kingdom'; they who forget the word 'kingdom',
they first forget the word 'crown.'

O tell me when 'to offer' is to grow—when 'to grow' is to offer ?

If through some window more dying ones than the living ones have passed, say not therefore through it more soulless voices than the voices of soul have passed.

323

If this had not been once in the form of some kind of soul, it would not be able to return, for only the things of soul can return.

At some moment there is no 'higher'—no 'lower' dream, for then the higher means only that which revolves round the crown, the lower that which revolves round the throne.

When thou dost travel over stones, if the spirit of those stones may not also travel together with thee, thou mayst not be able to walk on them.

Often Time may be without its seasons, even then O Love! the memories of soul cannot be without seasons, so they are not seasons but only deeper memories.

Whenever thou wakest O Seeker, thou always first seest 'Nature—in—Man,' or 'Man—in—Nature,' though thou callest it by all the names of Dawn.

324

O even if many dawns come within one dawn, they become only the dew drops of that dawn.

When many lights come within one light, they become its many rays.

Beware! if thou hast not yet changed the morn itself into thy message, let thee not send thy message beyond the morn; if thou hast not changed anything else into a message, send not thy message beyond it.

If thou hast not seen any trace of a breeze, thou canst not say whose quest it is.

When the messenger comes from the East and the message from the West, thou must call that West a part of the East.

Wonder not if Life shows thee thine own message word by word only within the foot-prints of many pilgrims who walk before thee.

Thou mayst say it is not the beauties of earth but only the seasons that grow, even then thou must put the word 'growth'.

325

They who have grown only at thy calls, they know thy unborn calls, but then they have learnt the word 'growth' from the soul.

Lo! to so many things hast thou given the names of dreamy gods that thou canst not find a newer thing to which thou mayst give the name of some new dreamy god.

Often between angel and angel thou callest thyself man, between man and man an angel.

If thou canst know the voice of a turning leaf of a flower from the voice of a turning leaf of Sweetness, why dost thou call thyself soulless?

Thou canst not give what thou holdest in hand a name,

until thou knowest what brow it may truly cover or uncover at last.

326

Before thou didst know there was a word, thou wert trying to hide the message; after that, thou wert dividing it in many parts.

Often thou sayest thou hast a soul like the half-born vision, yet thou sayest thou hast no dream.

Often thou sayest the soul is like a half born dream, still thou sayest it is not a soul.

Call thyself either man or messenger—either the messenger or the message of the Moment.

Call thyself either the heart of Nature's song or only the breaker of hearts.

Pride not, O Poet, if sometimes the seasons themselves give only so many rounds, as are the rounds of thine own goblet, though it be empty or full, it must be thy drinking goblet.

If thou dost not give a name to a new-born thing sooner than does the spirit of Time, it is changed into a wound.

327

The very Vision: when thou lookest at it in one way, thou fallest asleep; when in another, thou art awakened.

What if on every branch of a tree some bird has sung, if that tree has no fruit of its own, it must still be called fruitless.

When whatever thou canst see between man and nature
thou canst not know, how canst thou know that
which comes between the dream of man and the
dream of nature ?

The place left within the dreams of thy soul is only a
place of Doubt, if it is not left to the extent to which
is left the place between the shining messengers.

The bough on which its own flame has not yet in a visible
form seated itself, thou canst not keep over it any
visible dream of thine without losing it.

With whatever thought thou dost begin the day, that
kind of sun first shines over thee.

328

Dream itself may be no more, even then there will
always be something dream-like for thee.

How dost thou call thyself 'one' when thou carvest every
newer word of nature with another and yet another
hand ?

Often thou gatherest only those words, O Soul, that have
not yet come within any tale or song, thinking them
not words but the very rays of light.

They who live amidst thee, O Flame, only the Breezes
can give a name.

On one kind of ashes thou canst see the foot-prints of
the Present, on another kind of ashes, the footprints
of the Past and the Future.

329

Behold ! thy tree spreads in many ways, but thy fruit

spreads in more ways, but sorrowful it is that thou thinkest the ways of its spreading only as the ways of its falling.

The word that can go only from soul to soul, O call it not a word but the very breath !

The word that can go from breath to breath, call it not a word but the very soul.

If at all there are any dreams broken before the beginning of creation, be sure, they have in those broken places a place at least for them who can not find any other place of rest.

The visions that cannot grow without some kind of shower, say not they have the soul of heaven and not the soul of earth.

If thou art certain thou art the Voice, let thee not give two poles (as are the poles of the sun) to every word.

330

This I offer thee, O Love, for if it be not any thing else, it must be some birthday gift for thee.

This dream to-day I create, for thee to make it breathe, for if it be not the soul, it must be some kind of link.

O Weaver ! thou mayst create thy vision out of a jewel or out of clay, even then create it out of that which has the quicker dream.

Let a stream flow in any way, let it breathe in any way, still let its drop flow or breathe only towards the Ocean.

O say not because a poet of true death has to put down only unborn words, his born ones are false ; say

not because he has to give only a half visible form to all things, his other visions are untrue.

Those things that do not know any season of Time, even they know the shadow of Spring, for it is the shadow of the Soul.

331

The song within song thou callest a soul, the soul within soul a song !

Since thou hast uttered the word 'kingdom,' whatever word thou writest, it refuses to dwell at any other place than the place between the Deep and the Pearl.

Ever link or divide the word 'kingdom,' till the words 'link' and 'division' may be changed into a kingdom.

What is less than a kingdom, thou callest nothing; what is more, thou callest a shadow.

Lo ! how thou turnest thy pages of the past with thy flowers of the Future !

The Night will not end till its first shadow is changed into a star, its last into starriness.

Surely the world will be changing on till the Spirit of Change is changed into a flower.

332

Words and stones may live together, but never the 'souls' and stones.

Thy traces, when they become clear even on stones, they become clear not on them but on thine own self.

When thou canst not separate the words of the Desert from thine own, doubt not, for then the Desert returns to thee thine own foot-prints having changed them in fleshy form.

Sometimes thou art dreamy, sometimes dreamier, sometimes the dreamiest, and I wonder thou callest this thy past, thy present, and thy future, O Soul !
O Dream ! when thou dividest thyself in two, thou callest them life and death ; when in more than two, thou callest them the past, the present and the future within the moment or without.

When thou callest a shower a heaven, thou art puzzled what to call the heaven.

Call the broken dream of light, at least a ray ; what is at least a ray, call a dream ; what is at least a word, call a message.

333

When thou art a weary pilgrim, if no other spirit gives thee a name, it is the spirit of Weariness that gives it.

O Dreamer ! if thou hast not seen the face of mankind, let thee not say thou savest its star.

When the morning Star changes itself into the Morn, the Spirit of the Morn calls itself the messenger.

The weary Star will speak to the weary One !

Breathe through life or death, still breathe in some way.

Image a heaven or hell, but image still : a heaven which is only a soul, a hell, that makes the soul seek.

When I call thee the two-fold immortal—I call thee not

only immortal but also the maker of immortals.

334

Behold ! that which is to be watered by thee, thou often
buriest beneath thine own self ; that which is to
be dreamt of by thee, thou throwest to the winds.

Sometimes Doubt stands on one side, sometimes on the
other, and thus it misleads thee ; but when it stands
within thine own self, it makes thee fall.

If thou shouldst not walk sometimes before Dream,
sometimes behind it, Light may sometimes not dazzle
thy dream.

Thou seest every peak of the Mountain shows a face
either of bird, beast, man, or of some heavenly spirit,
but when it does not, it shows a face of a soul or
desire.

To whatever thou canst not give flesh, thou buriest.

If thou wishest that even the invisible things should
visibly 'grow,' make the clay lighter than the spirit
of Growth.

335

A tree may have more leaves than fruits, but thou must
see that it has more lines of sweetness than those
of leaves.

Between word and silence thou callest thyself a message,
between light and shadow the messenger, yet thou art
ever a seeker.

If Life has not a drop of blood, but has the deeds of
blood, her hands may become red.

If the sun of Dream and the sun of Vision were not ever
dazzling each other, they may dazzle thee the more.

If thou wert able to exchange the eternal Whence and
Where, thou canst not change the path of the
coming Messenger.

The place where the Spirit is forced to rejoice or mourn,
call it not a place but the very soul of Joy or of Sorrow.

336

Never will their day be done who whenever they wake or
sleep, receive the spirit of Day even as its own little
flowers receive it.

Behold ! they, the little flowers, whatever reason nature
gives them, they change it into their own fragrance.

O Ecstasy ! it seems as if we had refused to gather any-
thing less than a world, that thou hast put a world
in everything.

Though thou mayst change all things of nature into
chains, thou canst see that still one link remains
apart from those many chains.

O flee away not from the place where thou canst not
stand, but from the place where thy words of Joy
cannot stand, otherwise that place may bury thee.

O come near the string on which there is a pearl and see
that the pearl is not on it but on the string of
Pearliness.

337

Lo ! the place from which no throne has yet passed,

thou sayest because no throne has passed by, no seeker or messenger must have passed, therefore nothing can grow there.

O Ecstasy! 'before' we called thee the world, we gave thee the names of things buried; 'after' we called thee so, thou thyself didst give us the names of things unborn—we called thee the Ecstasy, thou didst call us the Ecstatic.

Within as many walls dost thou dwell, so many faces dost thou give to every word and deed.

Whether the rays go in or come out of the Shrine, call it the Shrine of Light.

Whether the winds always meet or whether they part there, call it a shrine of Union!

Often the dreams which thou burnest, after a time they show their faces in clay; but the dreams which thou buriest, show their faces in the flame.

338

Lo! often thou dost not make the day thine own messenger, if it does not return to thee the very gift that thou givest it.

Before thou mayst think some heavenly spirit fights on thy side, see if it be only thine own desire fighting against some other desire.

O say not what to call that day which is neither of some birthday nor of some last day—neither of a gift nor of an offering—for then it must be not a day but the very sun.

If thou canst not walk except on the path of corpses, let
thee not think that the whole earth is a corpse.

If thou canst not 'drink' except from the hands of the
dead, think not that the 'drop' itself is soulless!

If the same call wakes some and makes others sleep, can
it not wake some of thy memories and make thy
other memories sleep?

339

When Nature says she would create a new earth, the
world thinks she will create only a newer desire.

Often thou knowest not across how many worlds goes thy
message, for surely then thy message itself is a world.

The Path to thee, O Messenger, may not know how many
seekers have passed over it, but even then it knows
how many Lyres of life, or how many Trumpets of
life beyond life have passed over it.

The caravans say that if they should not carry the hardest
or the softest things across the Desert, they may not
be called true caravans.

Thy journey takes a long time not when thou dost sacrifice
'at' every step, but when thou dost sacrifice 'to'
every step.

To half-earthly things thou givest half-names; to things
wholly of this earth, thou givest a place between
the clay and the ashes.

340

When thou touchest the soul, thou touchest it so

softly that it cannot know whether thou touchest it as it is or as it will be; but even then it calls it a touch.

O Weaver! when thou writest of the Kings of the Deep, put only those words that come between the tide and the tide, or between the pearl and the pearl.

Lo! thou hast so adorned thy throne with jewels, that thou hast left no place on it within which to write the word 'throne,' yet thou puttest newer jewels upon it.

Thou hast put so many burdens upon thyself that thou hast left no place for one 'string', yet thou callest them a part of thine own self.

When thou mixest together the leaves of life with the leaves of life beyond life, they are so mixed together that thou canst not separate these from those, or thou lovest thyself among them.

341

Ever since thou didst touch the seed, thou thyself didst begin to grow higher and higher; ever since thou didst touch the bough, thou thyself didst begin to spread in many a way.

Lo! to make thyself certain that thou art immortal, ever dost thou try to change the seen into the unseen—the unseen into the seen; the dream into the vision—the vision into the dream.

O do not play with the tides of nature, if thou canst not know, which of them can hold, which of them can

make thee hold—which of them can gather, which of them can make thee gather.

O say not that if thou makest the whole nature herself one message, to whom wilt thou carry it; if thou makest her whole like one flower, on what stem wilt thou make it stand?

He who has carried messages from birth to death, only he can call his birth and death themselves messages.

342

Something like Joy thou callest the Joyful!

Something like the Joyful thou callest Joy!

How much distance is there between Joy and the Joyful, it is not for thee to say with a tongue of Division.

The flowers that make thy path green, change themselves into greenness for ever before thee.

When the Day changes itself into one of its own flowers, thou triest to pluck it away, not knowing which of them is thy Day.

The Moment that made thee a slave, first hid itself away from the year; the Moment that made thee free, first over-shadowed the year.

Whether the Present breathes through the Future, or whether the Future breathes through it, it is not for thee to say within the year.

343

O Bough! no leaf is born on thee before a messenger rests on thee, though thou art the growth of thine own self.



THE ANANDA GITA

O Soul ! move on softly lest thou mayst be moving upon that which only the breezes move ; for there can be the traces only of the Breezes.

Light dazzles thee only when' thou waitest to see how many rays fall on thy body, how many upon thy soul.

Thou hast so much linked thyself with the word, that when one word dazzles the other, even then thou thyself art dazzled.

They who have not heard the word 'rest', wonderful it is that they doubt their body ; they who have not heard the word 'restlessness', they doubt their very soul.

344

When the spirit of Poesy itself was as if asleep, what was it that made the poetic page turn before thee ?

Be content, for though Light be changed into darkness, the spirit of Awakening will not be changed into sleep or death.

A newer tremble within thee, O Curtain, shows a newer tremble within the coming Dawn ; a newer mark over thee, foreshows a newer mark over the dawn or whatever it creates.

Descend, O Mystery, though thou art one with earth, descend on the earth of Oneness ; though this all is the same for thee, come within the cradle of Sameness.

The mortals ever wait for the Day, but the immortals wait for that which Light waits.

When thou lightest a little leaf of life, it whispers it has lit as many candles as are the lines over it.

○ tell me not for what this or that is sacred to thee, but
for what its vision is sacred to thy vision.

345

Some put soul before song, others song before soul, but
even then they all put Soul before soul, Song before
song.

The place where thou hadst first truly slept, many come
there to seek their own lost dream, though they have
lost it somewhere else.

○ Spirit of Song! we know not whether the first Song
was first caught by Earth or by Heaven, still we are
certain it was caught by Fragrance and Light at the
same time.

The soul may doubt that once it was a soul, but its
Warmth does not doubt that it was once its nurse.

○ How is it thou canst separate the ashes of nature's
poet from the ashes of her dreamer, still thou
canst not separate a poet from a dreamer in
that valley of souls?

346

Thou mayst call the day thine own or not, still thou must
call its journey thine.

Behold! there are things thou paintest by adding a
colour to them; there are other things that thou
paintest by taking away their colour.

○ Love! before newer things are created, thou makest
them immortal; before they grow, thou givest in
their hand the flower of Growth.

I wonder how thy messengers doubt if it is their birthday
if then whatever they touch is not changed into
some kind of halo.

Some stand at the beginning of the world, others at its
end, the middle of it, in their doubt, they have filled
with 'destinies' or corpses.

347

Lo! for solving the greatest riddle, thou changest
greatness itself into a riddle.

Even the 'things' that have not heard of earth take
some root.

They who are themselves bound, they cannot see anything
unless they also see it bound.

Things without a halo may have no soul, but surely they
have that which makes the soul.

If on the bough of Sweetness thou mayst see the fruit of
Bitterness, do not doubt Sweetness.

Listen! thy heart wishes if this is not thy journey but
only the journey of Whence or Where, let thee not
give it thy soul.

The Spring wishes thee to take thy message from it only
when it stands outside the year, for only then will
its word be true.

O separate the 'man of moment' from the 'moment of
man,' and then see what remains; it if be not the
breath, it must be the throb.

Woful it is that where thou canst not bury some kind of
treasure, there whatever grows thou callest soulless.

348

O Dreamer ! when thou givest thy dream to the Day, let thee not doubt if it does not return it to thee by giving it some name.

Care not whether Nature speaks to thee through the Present, or through that to which the Present calls the Present ; for in every way she creates a newer throb within thee.

O Singer ! thy song may be heard by the Present, but the song of the Present is heard by many a Present.

Often the spirit of the revolving Year, after having given its round, stands in doubt to see whether it has given its round round thee, O Poet, or round the Cup thou holdest.

Behold ! what is less than a moment, the world calls death ; what is more, it calls life beyond life.

O passing Shadow ! if thou art the pride of Earth, should I call thee the pride of Life or of Death ; if a pride of Heaven, may I call thee the pride of Light or of the Dark ?

349

Only the unborn can divide among themselves a kingdom, but when they divide it, they are no more called the unborn.

O doubt not that place where the tempest^d and the breeze do not meet : but do not lose thy soul where the Breeze loses its own soul.

In the beginning, as the Word stood between the King

and the Poet, so let thee, O Love, put all things
between soul and soul—between vision and vision.

O Soul! let this not be thy only quest that if nature
should change thee into a memory, thou mayst ever
wish to be that memory.

Lo! the things that have no vein like this, thou callest
them false; those that have a vein, thou callest them
things of death.

350

If thou canst not say within the Song, whether thou hast
given place to more born or to more unborn words,
thou canst not call it thine own song.

Lo! whatever thou givest to 'things' unborn, thou callest
a shadow; whatever they give thee, thou callest
shadow-like.

When thou questionest the wandering Tide as to why it
wanders, it replies, because it has not yet stood
between the unborn poet and the unborn prophet.

When thou questionest the Height as to how many have
fallen from it, it breathes out it would reply to
that only when everything will be with visible wings.

Of be not confused if thy soul tells thee thy half word
was visible before thy birth, thy other will be visible
only after thy death.

351

Call it the wondering or the wondered at, still, thou
must put in it the word 'wonder'.

The voice that comes from the East, call it first a ray and then a voice.

Before thou mayst reason out things of light, see whether thou walkest with the spirit of Reason, or whether it walks with thee.

If the ebb is as restless as the tide, why dost thou call it an ebb, though it may not hold what a tide holds upon itself.

O be content with any soul, still take away the word 'any' from it.

They who have not yet given or taken from thee, even they know the word 'gift.'

Thou callest it a shower, O Love, not because it comes from heaven, but because it comes through a dawn.

352

If indeed thy tear-drop or blood-drop falls upon some unborn thing, call it not a tear-drop or a blood-drop.

If thou hast created a newer soul, call it not a soul until thou canst make it stand upon a dew drop; but if it stands only upon a blood-drop, call it not a killing soul.

Behold! whatever newer hand nature gives thee, thou dost not believe it until first thou 'killest' with it, though its blood may or may not fall on thee.

I wonder, often thou givest a name to those who are either the killers or the killed, often to those who are without even a drop of blood.

Lo! that in which thou seest the tear-drop, the blood-

drop and the dew drop in one, thou callest a soul,
but that in which thou seest only the dew-drop, thou
callest soul-like, O Spirit of Doubt !

353

The Dream that lies in the Depth cries to thee, if thou
wishest to draw it out, thou must draw it out as
silently as a sweet thing is changed into sweetness.
The airy singer of nature mourns and says it mourns for
it knows not whether the day would set like it or
like the spirit of its song.
Let this not be thy quest as to on what paths the
palanquins can be borne, on what only the banners
across the Deep.
Lo ! in the battle of Shadows, thou invitest every spirit
of Earth ; in the battle of Lights, thou invitest every
spirit of Heaven, and these thou callest the ways
of thy vision.
Lo ! when some 'cup' of thine cannot hold water, thou
callest it untrue ; when it cannot hold divine 'wine,'
thou callest it false.

354

O say not that a certain moment looks to thee empty
for since the beginning of creation, it has made no
immortal.
O pride not when the poets imitate thy voice, for
then they think not that the voice is thine, but that
thou art of that Voice.

The dream which Fulness cannot fill, is really the soul of Fulness.

Because all things have their own tale, it is not a tale, but the very truth. •

If a true 'word' is carved in hard things, a false one is also carved in hardness.

Lo! a spirit that has no dream, thou dost not call a rider; but the one that has it, thou callest death-like.

O thou turnest and turnest and ever turnest, yet one turn thou callest Change, the other Fixity, yet another, the union of them both; the one thou callest life, the other death, and yet another, life beyond life.

355

Though all this be changed into a surface, the pearl may live only within a depth, or wherever it may live, it must be called a depth.

The trodden clay whispers if it be not made up of memories, it may not be able to show upon itself an imprint of any dreamer.

Lo! often thou callest not that the nectar that makes thee immortal, but that which tells thee in how many cups it has been up to that time.

There on thy path, pluck away not those flowers that have no fragrance, but those that can not grow at the feet of the Spirit of Height or Depth.

When thou dost stand between the 'dream of To-day' and the 'to-day of Dream,' let thee not destroy that which links them together.

356

O keep thy said words on one side, thy unsaid words on the other, then see what place they all together give thee within them.

O thou callest thyself man when thou art awakened at the voice of Flesh, or at the voice of any weapon; but thou callest thyself a heavenly being when thou art awakened at the voice of Wings.

Whatever was a battlefield before man saw earth, who knows if to-day it is changed into a height or into a depth.

Some, before they start on their dreamy voyage, try to see of how many blood-drops the ocean is made, others before they start on it, try to see of how many dew-drops it is made.

Let all thy tales and songs of Love come out and stand in a visible form like thine own, and then see which of them stand before the sun, which of them behind.

357

Often thou canst say of what thou wert once a blood-drop, but I wonder thou canst not say of what thou wert once a vision, so hast thou linked thyself to blood!

If thou shouldst not give another soul to the one soul, thou mayst not be able to give that soul to anything.

Thou who always movest on, thou knowest thy first Dream and thy last Dream ever meet together and

speak of thee, though often thou thinkest that it is
 the union of words.

Behold! often the heavenly spirits rejoice either
 over man's visions or over that which makes up those
 visions.

Only by one way canst thou give a name to a ray and that
 is by creating another ray.

Thou mayst call one day of the mortals, the other of the
 immortals, even then thou canst not call one ray of
 the mortals, the other of the immortals.

358

Lo! the tempting Spirit gives its 'own' soul to a 'dead'
 or soul-less thing, and thus tempts it.

Some know thee only between life and death, others
 between death and life, yet they say they stand apart.

At every gate thou seest an immortal one standing, but
 only at one gate thou seest the spirit of Immortality.

O sleepy One! wake thy moments before they awake thee,
 explain thy dreams before they may explain thee
 away.

O believe! even if the spirit of Belief may not believe;
 O give, even if the spirit of Ocean may not give.

Thou wonderest when thou seest that at some place
 words become deathless, while at that very place the
 creators of words 'die.'

I wonder, for making a statue of some unborn spirit, thou
 gatherest together the stones of height and depth, for
 if they are not of them, thou callest that statue false.

359

There are things which when thou callest them unborn, thou only makest thyself buried; when thou callest them buried, thou only makest thyself soul-less.

The voice of those who have a voice may reach heaven, but the voice of those who have no voice, can even make the heaven itself nearer to them.

When thou dost approach the Vision, it says it would bless thee either when thou art lighter than oneness or when thou art one beyond one.

Some can see only so much of a newer creation as can come within a newer conqueror's fist, others as much as can come within an ear of corn.

Say not because thou hast died on every made and un-made wheel, thou hast revolved with everything mortal or immortal.

The path on which only the caravans have passed, from that path any spirit can pass only in the form of a caravan.

360

Often thou movest within thy word—often outside it; and wonderful it is that these thou callest the ways of thy offering.

Wonderful it is that whatever thou sayest, thou sayest either after the way of the war of spirits below, or after the manner of the meeting of spirits above.

The buried ones too know all words like thee except the word 'burial.'

Man may walk before the angel of Light, but the angel
of Light walks before what makes man.

If it is not nature's messenger, it must be at least her
message; if not her soul, at least her link.

The Statue of stone says, it can keep only that tongue
within itself that can first live separately among
the stones.

Do not compare the shadow of Liberty with the shadow
of the liberated.

361

O Mystery! when thou givest every spirit its own place,
the Spirit of immortality says to give it only that
place that may make those spirits immortal.

Behold! even when man gives all his blood to his dreams,
he is within the moment.

On one side of the stream, they call thee the Mystery, on
the other the mother of Mysteries.

When thou ledest the world to a newer link, let thee
not avoid the link-like clay.

When a law-giver, thy every word first becomes a law
and then a word of Joy of Sorrow.

If the living Breath and the living Moment should not say
that 'this' is life—'that'—eternity, let thee, for a
while give the one the place of the other.

362

The restless Tide says if it should visibly let thee stand
upon its top, it may not let thy dream stand upon it.

O whatever drop falls from the soul upon the earth, say not what 'it' is if it has not yet touched it; say not whether it has sprung from the stream or from the ocean, if it has not yet taken the form of dew.

Thou stealest from the present when thou givest to the unborn the words of the present.

A newer world before it sees a blood drop, doubts if Day can be linked to Night; nay, before it sees a dew drop, it doubts if Life can be linked to Death.

There is no threshold on which thou hast not killed or saved something, yet thou callest one threshold the altar, the other where only the shadows meet.

If thy words are soulless, in as many streams thou puttest them, only so many shadows will they have.

363

For the tongueless, a word is a tongue! for the soulless, whatever a tide leaves before them upon the shore, they make their soul.

Even if there be some born out of a bloodless womb with blood-red hands, say not that therefore nature herself has her blood-stained hands.

Where a thousand spirits meet, go and behold! there thy word can take so many links for thee.

With half-shadowy hands thou knowest not whether thou sowest or reapest, yet thou knowest what thou 'offerest.'

Even when no other shadow can come upon thy soul, the shadow of offering can find a place on it.

O what if Wind, Flame and all other elements at the same time or by turn turn thy page!

. 364

Look! when thou makest for thyself the whole of nature thy cup, let thee not be confused with what to fill it.

The Spirit of the Desert whispers, if it be changed into something else, it will still create another kind of thirst.

Look! the camel is sometimes nearer to the desert than it is to life; so it is not a desert, it is only the spirit of life beyond life.

When Charity makes thee give through her heart, she really makes thee breathe through her heart.

O flowing Stream of Forgetfulness! how dost thou call thyself the stream of Forgetfulness, when thou callest thyself a flowing stream at the same time?

Here though thou mayst snatch a cup from some out-stretched hand of the Past, and mayst give it to some out-stretched hand of the Future, thou art still within the Present, O soul!

365

The bird within the cage is ready for ever to live within the cage, but even then it says it would live there when that cage is made up of more windows than of bars.

If every dream within the earth were not like another earth, the earth may not be revolving round many

an unborn sun.

O when with one sun above thee thou hast so many doubts, if there be many suns, thou mayst wholly change thyself into the Doubt itself.

The spirits of Hope, Joy, Freedom and Peace, though thou separatest them from thine own soul, they still flow from something nearest to the soul to some other thing nearest to it.

O Falsehood ! thy false blood, though it may not flow from thee but from what is nearest to thee, even then it leaves its stain on thee.

366

Even if anything other than Love may make thee immortal, if thou canst not call it Love, call it as Love calls it.

Thou dost not 'link' when thou sayest thy dream is this, the dream of thy soul that; but thou 'dividest' when thou sayest thy soul is *this*—thy song *that* !

O forgive me, my Self of Self, if to-day I offer thee something like a dream, for I offer thee only that which mine own star had offered me when I first touched the earth.

O be content even on that little earth which, unlike this, revolves not round the sun, but round one of its many rays.

When thou dost paint nature, thou mayst forget thyself ; but when thou dost paint her inmost dream, thou must not forget thine own dream.

367

Thou mayst say Time moves without a moment, but thou
canst not say that the moment moves without a
moment.

Thou mayst refuse to live or refuse to die, but thou canst
not refuse to grow.

Thou mayst refuse to give or refuse to take, but thou
canst not refuse to hold.

O say who passed on the path of the poet if it was
neither the Poet nor the Dream?

When the Spirit of Day gives thee two shadows, think
not it divides thee, for one of them is the height,
the other the depth.

To the seeker give any two points, and lo! one he changes
into the quest, the other into the goal—one into the
dawn, the other into the sun.

O Dream unknown to Sleep, surely thou art the Soul;
O Word unknown to Silence, surely thou art the Truth.

368

The world which is a message, also requires a message;
the world which is a halo, also wants something
which may turn round it.

Though thou mayst wish nature to create a new kind of
desire, thy Desire wishes her to create a newer kind
of flower.

The 'killer' may think there are as many ways of 'killing'
as the things nature has created, but he knows they
are all the ways of breathing.

When Sleep has its halo, Death also must have its own.
They who first heard thy song, they are ever born ;
they who heard thy last, they ever 'die.'
On one side meet Life, Death and Love ; on the other,
the Past, the Present and the Future.

369

Though Earth may refuse to hold upon herself any
'imprint' other than the imprint of a messenger, lose
not thy faith.
When thy sails are the sails of winds, think not that there-
fore thou hast to fill them with nothing, for then thou
must fill them with unborn winds.
O do not waste thyself always in trying to separate the
string of the body from the string of soul.
Be sure the words that are shadowy or false, will them-
selves vanish away at the very turning of the leaf ;
those that are not shadowy, will come within it at its
turning.
If thy Silence or Sleep does not give place to some word,
how will Death do it ?
Whether it is an elegy or a song of Victory that thou
writest before being born, it is written on the curtain
that hangs beyond thy present life.
Often whatever newer thing thou createst, thou first
givest it the form of both the bridal gown and the
winding-sheet.

370

At one moment whatever thou takest from nature thou

callest a cup; at another, whatever thou takest, thou callest a cup-flower.

O first Tide of Life! if I do not call thee the Deep, I cannot call the others tides.

In the land of singers, Death cannot enter without first changing into the Song.

O wonder not if the Vision hides as many rays as seekers are lost, for surely it will make them clear when those seekers will rise again.

Behold! when thou diest on one kind of cross, thou art changed into its ray; when on another, it is changed into thine own ray.

O thou mayst not give any place even to life, even then thou must give place to its half-dreams.

371

They who are born out of the womb of Peace, are also restless; they who do not know any kind of string, even they know some kind of link.

If thou wishest to find a path, follow only that path on which thy Self had gathered another Self.

Behold O Love! whatever 'first' fruit is born on a tree, it is changed either into the Bitter or the Sweet of the Tree.

If thou wishest to see how much nearer art thou to the world of Light, see how much a blood-drop is nearer to a dew-drop.

He who cannot become conscious of a newer day until he 'kills' or 'saves,' he cannot become conscious of a

newer moment within the creation until he is himself 'buried'

Bitter is the opposite of sweet, but when anything else in its place becomes its opposite, often it becomes worse than bitterness.

372

Though often thou givest thy message to the unborn before the born, thou givest this moment the same place.

Lo! the unborn flower thou callest the fragrance, the born fragrance the flower.

Turn to a dreamy stone for it says it will let only those words be carved within it that can dwell within the depth or upon the height.

If this is a call, why not a heaven itself; if a heaven, why not a vision; if a vision, why not a halo!

Not they are the empty seasons that have no flower, but they that do not describe thy journey.

Hope, Freedom, Love and Peace: if thou hast walked with the one, with the other thou hast flown; though thou hast 'gathered' with them all.

If any passing flame hurts thee, for that, let thee not blame the flame of the sun.

373

What is lighter than a soul, thou mayst call a message; what is lighter than a message, call a vision.

When thou turnest to the Spirit about its message, it tells thee either to change the stone into a touch-stone,

or not to see ~~something~~ within anything.

Some gather to rejoice at the moment ~~when the first word~~
was made, others, when the first message was made.

Wonder not if often the Earth, though it knows not a
seeker, it knows the foot-prints of a seeker.

If nature had not made thee out of so many twinkles, her
smallest voice would not have reached thee or awaken-
ed thy smallest twinkle.

However little thy vision may have to live, it can melt
itself into all things of Nature, and can then gather
itself again.

374

Even if there be words that can shine only on a tomb,
think not, O Love, they are the words of death.

O see that when the Future waters something, there
is something beyond the future.

However asudden the rays come, see that the first
ray falls on the cradle—the last on the shrine;
the first on the dream—the last on the dream with-
in the dream.

Who can stand between the wonder and the wonderful
if not he who can stand between thy string and its
sharpness?

Ah! before the Past fills a newer goblet and gives it to
the Present, the Present gives it to the Future to taste,
still thou sayest thou canst not believe a newer
gift of Nature without some line upon it.

375

Whatever nature gives thee, she first puts it in the place of thy soul; whatever offering she takes from thee, she puts it in the place of thy soul-to-be.

Listen! though sometimes thou dost not utter the word 'winged-spirit,' thou utterest the words 'immortal wings.'

If indeed nature wishes thee to carve thy words in a stone thou mayst bury them beneath a rock, for surely she will hold them up upon its face.

If thou wishest to add a newer moment to the Day or to the Night, first add a newer moment to the moment itself.

What if some things have more rays than the sun, for if their every ray does not fall on a newer world, it can not be called a ray.

Lo! so hast thou taken to Flesh, that thou callest Change itself one kind of flesh, Fixity a flesh of another kind.

376

This may be the feast of some earthly dreamer or the feast of some 'god,' but surely this is the feast to which only the unborn can give a name.

Let thee not disbelieve Light if it gives thee less morns than all thy offerings.

Thou canst not change the name of soul until thou canst change the name of every offering.

When Day and Night in fleshy form stand on either side, in thy pride let thee not refuse to look at

the sun, even if they can make thee stand without it.

Things may grow without change, but they can not grow without a shadow of change.

Lo! thou callest this earth thine, thy Dream calls its dream its earth.

In thy land, O Vision, when one more sun daily rises, even there it seems, at the end, all those suns become changed into the many rays of the one Sun.

377

If there is a place where whoever moves loses his soul, there is also a place where whoever walks, gains a soul within soul.

O true Weakness! sometimes for painting thee, the world wants more colours than it wants for painting life.

O Love! break the shadowy dream into as many parts as the shadowy colours it has.

O break the shadowy soul into as many parts as the doubts it has.

Look to the mid-day flower and see how it looks like the mid-night star!

For whom life is a living shadow; breath, the breathing shadow; eternity, the eternal shadow; for him the shadow is not a shadow—for him the shadow has height and depth.

When the spirit links the bones to the ashes, let thee not call it dead.

378

O doubt not if some of thy leaves turn to thee, others
to thine own dream.

O doubt not if some of thy words touch the leaf and yet
refuse to remain there.

O doubt not if some broken word wants to live in some-
thing more than a soul.

Behold ! the shadow of thy body falls on earth, but the
shadow of thy soul falls on thy offering—the shadow
of the one on thy deed, the shadow of the other
on thy dream.

Behold ! the first candle was lit by thee before there was
a dream, the last will be lit by thee when there
will no more be a dream.

Whatever fire is lit by the heavenly spirits, come nearer
and see that before putting it out, they change it
into many dreams, and give those dreams to the
dreamless.

379

O thou playest with the word when thou knowest not
whether it is thy soul, or whether thou art its soul.

Lo ! by one way of gathering, thou fallest asleep ; by
another way of gathering, thou risest again ; by one
way of rising thou sowest ; by another way of rising,
thou réapest.

When thou sayest this is the hour of Light—that the
hour of Awakening, thou only dividest Light for
thyself.

O give thy soul to the word that may fill the place of
thy soul when it is 'absent.'

If great things can create their own angels even upon
the face of earth, the little ones can also create their
own angelic shadows.

They who fill the earth with the corpses of their
dreams, either they are unable to walk through so
many corpses, or they bury themselves alive in them.

380

Thou mayst doubt if it is a cloud, but thou canst not
doubt if it is a shower.

Even a thread upon which there is no room to write the
word 'thread,' thou must see there is always room
enough to write the word 'pearl.'

The shell with a pearl within whispers, it will, at certain
moments, give place to thy dream, even if it
may have to put it in the place of that pearl.

When within the many corners of thy dome thou givest
one of those corners to Reason, to what wilt thou give
place within one of the many corners of Reason ?

O change thyself into curtains and see of how many
leaves and of how many winding-sheets thou art made.

381

Thou canst not make thyself an angel by refusing
to speak at any place other than a height or a depth,
but by changing every place into a height or a depth.

Here, O Desire ! if thou dost not wish to live on this earth

thou must have to live on some other 'earth' so long as thou art a soulless desire.

Surely the branches of the green Tree that refuse to turn, are changed into more greenness.

O Soul! in thy desire to see how many are the killers, how many the saviours, do not lose sight of Life.

Often the Day may not know the Sun, even then it makes the world know

When thou canst separate the flame of thy dome from the dome, do so only when thou canst change it into one of its many pillars, lest thou mayst lose the flame.

382

In the world of heights thou mayst not be able to see what height it is, still thou canst see what message it has.

Lo! in the world of souls, thou mayst not be able to say whose soul it is, even then thou canst say whose halo it is.

Thou mayst say there is no word 'peace', still thou canst not say there is nothing for thee to make peace with.

Some move from past to past, others from present to present, and yet others from future to future : yet they all turn to thee at the same time.

If there is a flower which thou pluckest with a thousand hands, thou must pluck its dream with a thousand dreams, O Messenger !

If thou canst not say whether nature gave her first secret
of Harmony to the poet or to the nightingale, let
thee not compare her soul with her dream.

Look, O Spirit of Doubt! the remains upon which gather
many birds of prey, thou callest them the 'remains'
of a warrior: the 'remains' over which gather
many birds of song, thou callest 'remains' of some
singer.

383

As many 'newer' things dost thou create, O Love, so
many newer ways of 'offering' there are, so that
sometimes the world cannot separate a soul from
an offering.

Even if thou mayst change all 'colours' after the desires
of man, he must turn within thy cycle.

O Seeker! when thou wishest a stream to change whatever
is nearest to it into a drop, it replies it would do so
only when it would change a drop into a stream.

If thou wilt put thy garb over a newborn vision, it will
give thee fruits even if it may not have a branch.

O doubt not thy soul if memories do not enter from
some future door.

Even if the Spirit changes the earth into other forms than
the forms of clay, man finds his foot on the dream
of clay.

Thou mayst call a day unborn, but thou must call its ray
as twice born.

384

If the soul was a mourner before there was sorrow, it was a rejoicer before there was a dream of Joy.

O wonder not, if they who have a voice first speak to Voicelessness—they who have no voice first speak to the Voice.

Here if thy blood-drops do not fall on this earth, they only fall on another.

Forgetfulness also has one 'letter' of Memory as a flower other than a rose has within it at least one petal of the Rose.

The first flower that buds after a century, if it has not a hundred petals, surely it has a hundred messages to give mankind.

385

When thou art silent in one way, I can behold thee; when in another way, I can rise with thee; when in yet another way, I can make my offering to thee; as many are the ways of thy silence, so many are the ways of my offering.

Thou mayst say that if nature should change this soul into the soul of Tenderness, she may first make this Flower softer still.

Whatever thou paintest on the curtain of soul is changed into some kind of battle scene, so I know thou art ever restless—ever in quest of something, though it may have nothing to do with battle.

When words 'stand' in one way, thou walkest before

them; when in another way, thou walkest behind them.

When nature wishes thee to write on Death, taking it only in another way, thou writest on the bones and ashes.

386

The place where no spirit has yet rejoiced or mourned, there leave thy soul, and surely it will take its own form, though that place may not be a valley.

If there be certain visions that cannot breathe even when thou givest them thine own place, let thee bury them.

Behold! how thou wishest thy soul may leave thee but it may shine over thee in the form of a halo.

Buried are they who cannot count the words in Flesh without first counting all the cages on earth, for it shows they have no breath.

Behold O Conqueror! when thy star follows thee, even then before following thee, it follows that Star.

Lo! when here on earth thou makest a newer word of vision, and when thou canst not make its opposite word, thou doubtest whether to call it the body or the soul.

387

O be not surprised if sometimes the Day's journey begins from one of the many flowers that are born within.

Surely the path on which no caravan has passed, only the 'soulless' must have passed over it.

Look at the midnight star, it says it is nearer to the mid-day flower than to the Day or to the Night.

Behold ! at one step all the moments of the year before thee gather, at another, they all part before thee, and thus thou art so dazzled that thou often lovest thy way.

O wonder not when nature cuts across anything in such a way that, instead of being divided, it is changed into many branches.

When thy vision leaves one leaf and rests on the other, thou callest it sleep; when it leaves one tree for the other, thou callest it death.

388

Behold ! nature gives every one his own 'measured' Rose, yet thou seest that she knows not the 'artful' use of scales—though still she measures and still gives by measuring.

The moments might have been born upon the heights and in the depths, but surely they ever melt those very heights and depths into newer worlds.

How by drawing one kind of circle of soul thou sayest thou waterest its past vision ; by drawing a circle of another kind, thou sayest thou waterest its future vision.

Many a statue and many an idol hast thou made, but lo !

by changing one stone of any of them thou changest it into the form of the other.

Say not because thou hast made thy robe out of the strings of all seasons, the tempest of Time will not dash against thee.

389

Lo! the little stream as it whispering runs across many little plains, it murmurs that though it has no pearl to show to the world, it is content with its pearl-like voice.

O beware! again and again does nature gather thy soul which thou in thy fits throwest away as if it were something opposite to the very soul.

Lo! When the world stands on one side, thou callest it Joy; when on thy other, thou callest it the creator of Joy.

When the Vision says 'the world,' no one knows whether a newer world is being created or destroyed.

I am not ashamed to keep this little light amidst thy many lamps, for wherever I keep it, I see it is either between the Deep and the Depth or between the Depth and the Pearl.

Whenever the spirit of Nature 'in flesh' walks on earth, it walks between the palace and the cottage, or between the 'dead' and the 'twice-born.'

390

Lo! thou sayest the winds that come to thee from many sides—if they bring to thee no message, thou sayest

they are not moving.

Tell us, O Prophet of many winds, the robe thou wearest,
should we first call it the robe of law, or first the
robe of Love?

Often thou givest as many names to whatever nature
gives thee, as weapons can be made out of it.

Thou shouldst turn not to them who have died for Peace,
but to them who, for whatever they have died, it is
only for the cause of Peace that they have died.

Lo O Love! in the name of Light they wage many a
war to change the very poles of Light.

Strike O hour-Hand, not of Time, but of Timelessness,
strike, for often they know not how many other hour-
hands strike together with thee.

If there be more immortals than the rays of a star, O Soul,
say not the star is untrue.

391

O Deep! I have no need to spread myself like thee, if
only I can breathe across thee, for then I think I
have conquered thee in mine own way.

Behold! O thou before the Altar, the same thing in one
place looks like a gift; in another, like an offering;
and in yet another like a sacrifice; but beyond that
is the Vision.

O Spirit! I wonder they call thy word the word of the
lonely, but they call thy voice, the voice of Loneliness
—the first the voice of the highest—the last the voice
of height.

When I turn to thee neither before war nor after peace,
think not that I turn to thee neither before the word
nor after the message.

Lo! how the world is ever in quest of the place where
whatever word it may utter, may be changed into
a message.

392

O Messenger! listen, though we have been behind every
wind, we are certain we have not been behind any
voice.

Often thou canst see only as much of the world as thou
canst see of the messenger.

When thou sowest what is less than a world, thou callest
that thy burying it.

When thou fliest without any world within, thou callest
that thy creeping.

Thou ever weavest and weavest yet lo! often the first
weaving thou callest the thread, the last, whatever
thou weavest with that thread.

In the ocean of Joy, some see only blood, others nectar,
and so others something else, but within it all see
the pearl.

Lo! the things that are expected are either of the dawn
or of the spring.

393

O take this even if it be not the same that I had kept be-
fore thee on the same day ages back—if it be not that

which might have been given by some one from one peak to some one on another.

O Land of the Songs ! the more full of songs thou art, the more need hast thou of the flowing stream— which is the very soul of song.

O Land of Roses ! however full of roses thou be, thou hast still the need of the spring.

O Dreamer all is alive ! for what if a flower does not rise over thy vision buried by thee beneath the stones, as a proof of life or of life beyond life.

O keep alive whatever is given thee, let it be a soul or a shadow of a soul !

Let thee keep burning whatever thy soul holds, let it be a flame or something less than the ashes !

394

Forms out of forms arise : some of kingdoms, others of those things that make up those kingdoms.

Look to the flowing one and see that whatever flows before thee thou callest life, but whatever overflows, thou callest sweetness ; for it is only the sweetness that overflows.

If thou sayest thou art a seeker at every place, thou must say that every place is either a height or a depth.

Let thee not only separate the visions with a shadow from the visions without a shadow.

Wonder not when thou knowest that the voice that is born of Silence, is silent—still silent !

395

Lo! often the place where thou hadst ages ago, lifted up
a certain curtain, there even to-day whatever thou
liftest thou callest a curtain.

Lo! on one step thou callest thyself the singer, on the
other the song; on one step the martyr, on another
martyrdom.

If first the Quest—last the Quest, O where is the place
for the 'first' and for the 'last'?

If first the journey—last the journey, O where is the
place for the pilgrim?

At as many places is thy thread naturally broken or
burnt, at so many places does nature clearly show
thee her face.

Lo! the many paths that lead to thee, some of them we
call the paths, others the beacons.

396

O doubt not when the Height and the Depth exchange
themselves and not the Dream and the Pearl.

Things that are newly born, before they know of life and
death, wonder not if they spread their arms towards
the Deep.

O doubt not the Dream when it tells thee it can go only
from dream to dream!

O let thee not avoid a flame if it says it can rise only
from flame to flame.

O Destroyer of many things! thou mayst put the word
'decay' before the word 'growth,' but thou canst

not put the word 'ashes' before the word 'flame.'

The tides that turn to thee wherever thou walkest,
O Messenger, we call them not the tides but the
very beacons.

How often the doubtful think when the voiceless dreamers
will learn to speak like them, every word will be a
prophecy.

397

The world calls thee awake or asleep only as it sees
thee with different offerings in thy hands !

Content to live, content to die, O why not also be content
to move with the ashes of Life or of Death ?

Ready to rise, ready to set, O why not also be ready to
revolve ?

Let thy newer moment be born of anything, but instead
of turning its face towards To-morrow, let it turn
towards thee.

When all was silent within the palace, with what
'corner' did the Lamp within it wholly exchange
itself for a moment, so silently that the spirit of
the Moment itself did not know.

Thou mayst think it is only the offerings that ever wake
thee, still think not they who are ever awake they
do not know the offerings.

To the born thou givest unborn meanings ; to the unborn,
meanings twice unborn.

398

Not that is the highest destiny which without end

marks a mark but that which changes it into some newer kind of Joy.

On one day thou givest to the spirit, on another thou takest from it, at last thou knowest not what thou hast given or taken, for often thou takest the day for the shadow, the shadow for the day.

If the shadow of a soul-less idol may perfectly fall limb on limb, hair on hair on thee, think it still false, for it does not make thee stand on the threshold.

Behold! the winged Time runs: sometimes like a chain, sometimes like a link, sometimes like a shadow.

If it is not the stage upon which thou dost stand, it must be a corpse.

As I find thee near, nearer, or nearest to thyself, I call thee the Peace, the Peace-maker, or the Creator of Peace-makers.

399

O leave this dream on an immortal leaf and from it gather it again when it is changed into dew.

On the hands of Creation and of Destruction, there is a sign, at most, of a different ring, though on those very rings there is the same sign for thee.

Lo! often with one round, thou givest a thousand rounds, but wonderful it is thou canst not give a thousand rounds with one round!

Whatever number thou dost not utter with the soul, only so many times dost thou bury thyself.

O Love! thou must not call those the moments of soul,

if at those moments the deathless ones neither offer, nor are they offered.

400

Lo! at certain moments wherever a vision is born, thou callest that place a valley; at others wherever it is born, thou callest a garden.

Nature has created day within day that if one day does not suit thee, to take to another; but thou putttest only doubt within doubt, content that thou hast put the word 'within.'

Unlike the above-or underworld spirits, thou movest neither before nor after the Vision but as one with it, yet thou givest it unborn or dead names.

If thou dost not ascend the Thread, it will be thy noose.

If thou dost not ring up the Curtain, it may be thy winding-sheet.

They who know nothing but a flame, blame them not if they give and take everything with a flame.

They who only live upon a flame, blame them not if a mark made by a flame on them, they think as a mark over all their words and deeds.

401

If thy word is soulless, whatever word thou putttest before it, only hinders thy path; nay, whatever word thou putttest behind it, becomes a burden on thy back.

If at every turn, they, the doubtful ones, do not turn

round the idol of their dream, they doubt if they have turned at all—they doubt if the earth has revolved ; so they ever turn and turn.

Being thyself of flesh, thou givest flesh to everything that thou dost create, for wonderful it is that if thou dost not do so thou thinkest it is soulless.

Tell me not at what place thou wert born, but within what halo ?

Somethings thou callest true after having lit them upon a candle ; others, after having lit a candle upon them.

O let only that be called thy song the first word and the last word of which meet around every word that comes between them.

402

Sometimes the soul throbs with the soul of Earth, sometimes with the soul of Heaven, but ever does it throb with the soul of Union.

O be not only a dreamer by caste ; the mountain has not the caste of Stone, nor has the body the caste of Flesh.

Not there is a desert where there is no bud, but where Life eats her own buds and thus creates a desert.

There may be times when this sun shines only from one side, but thy ever-lasting cross shines from every side.

It is easy to find where to put a 'flower'—where a 'star,' but thou art confused where to put the

word 'spring'—where the word 'rise.'

Speak not of the ever-winged ones with thy tongue half buried in earth.

Let thee, O Love, rise on the soulless things, but not upon half-buried ones.

403

Lose not thy voice in the desert, but see whatever voice rises within it is not but the very pearl.

The Beginning itself wants a soul; no, the soul also wants a soul of Beginning at every turn.

When thou comest nearest to the Deep, often thou knowest many things except the Deep, surely in that lies the mystery of the Deep.

Thou mayst think in thy many wanderings that this earth is 'like' a street, but be certain, O Soul, that it is not a street itself.

Though Clay may forget the word 'growth,' it cannot forget the 'clay within clay' which is growth again in a greater form.

Lo! if this is not a path, it is a place where the pathless meet.

If this is not a victory, it is a victor's dream.

To what thou givest a name, thou holdest up; to what thou canst not give a name, thou makest it hold up something.

404

Though some tide be without a pearl and may look soul-

less, thou must see that when it 'ises,' it is not a tide but the very pearl.

This thou callest the Rose; for it has more unborn petals than the born ones.

O Beggar, if at all thou wishest to beg, beg only like the Spirit of Charity, that it may be called not thy begging, but thy giving.

Everything is athirst in its own way: the desert, the ocean, or the cloud.

O Seeker! though thou canst not separate thyself from Doubt, let not the heart of Doubt be so bound within as never to open itself again.

405

Thou art not a messenger, yet thou art not without a message; thou art not a weaver, yet thou art not without a string.

O say not what comes from above is dazzling, what from below is shadowy, therefore nothing should be followed; or therefore everything should be thought confused within itself.

O parting Vision! why dost thou try to bury the spirit of earth, when it cannot bury thee—thee that art born in its lap?

When near a 'drop,' from whatever place a call comes to thee, thou sayest it comes from the shore.

Thou hast changed thyself into the invisible cloud that thou mayst lead the wind and the flame on thy Journey.

A 'flower' which is lighter than its own petal, call it the fragrance.

Let things be turning on, but try to see how many veins has the spirit of Joy—how many veins the spirit of Peace.

406

O thou with an offering, offer to the Dreamiest what the Dream itself offers to the Vision.

Offer to the Sweetest, what the soul of Sweetness itself offers to thee.

Only thine is the most perfect Dream, O Nature, therefore it is more than a dream.

When the eternal arrow passes by thee, let thee not give it meanings, but make it one with thine own wings, O winged Spirit !

Behold ! they who only paint the stars with the names of the bloody weapons and so endlessly fight, thou art confused what name to give them.

When all call thee the victor, thou callest thyself a victory; but lo! when the spirit of Victory calls thee so, thou callest thyself the maker of victors.

I wonder, how thou triest again and again to draw the inmost picture of the Day but thou art often unable to do so, for its inmost picture is the Sun itself.

407

Thou art forced to spread thy wings across many worlds even as thou art forced to breathe in the valley where only the winged can live and breathe.

O Prophet of Joy! if these winds refuse to carry thy
echo across, surely the heavenly winds will descend
and carry it for thee.

O rise at the first call, for at the last even the soulless
rise and move within the Valley.

O let thee always send thy first offering, for even the
Evil Spirit sends its last; though near thee every
offering is called the first offering.

To-day, the Evil Spirit feels ashamed to stand between
thee and the sun, and so it stands between thee and
thine own shadow.

Lo! things more shining than Light, do not stand apart
from Light, but even they stand within its halo.

408

When thou leavest all shores, again thou comest to the
Shore!

When thou leavest all 'deeps,' again thou comest to the
Deep.

The world may be standing between Doubt and Belief,
but it revolves only round the Spirit of Belief, other-
wise it may be called not its revolving but its empty
turning.

False may be the present, false the truth, but false cannot
be the present within the present or the truth
within the truth.

Lo! Death has bound many a string but the String of
Music binds Death itself at certain moments.

O Creator of Flame! if at all thou wishest to change things, change them only with the hand of Fixity.

409

O rise like a cloud from the ocean of Union, for if thou dost not rise like that, it will not be called thy rising.

Behold! O thou on the threshold of a newer Creation, whatever rises from the East takes the form of the Sun.

O burning Hand of Quest! the swiftness of thy burning is greater than the swiftness of the passing away of time.

The Flame burns thee not when thou touchest it, but when thou takest from it more words than one, and so does the shadow darken thee.

Whatever flows within thee, if it does not know a 'drop,' it flows not for thee but against thee, O Love!

Listen to the whisper amidst the ashes, saying, they are still restless, for they are not yet burnt but will rise again in the form of a creator of flame.

410

With thy every breath, thou passest from door to door, else it may not be called thy breath.

When thou searchest for a statue of Joy, Joy replies it is not stony, but makes the stone itself flow.

Wonderful it is that where the sun and the moon meet, nature takes the form of the Star; where the moon and the star, the form of the Sun.

The life that thou avoidest from top to toe, answers thee
by giving thee another soul so silently that thou dost
not know it.

O thou that takest, ever takest thy gifts from Light, be
certain it is better to take from nature's burning
hands than to take from the cold hands of Destiny.

Lo ! thou breathest one way, thy words the other way.

O ask not if life should have only one vein, to what drop
of blood may it give place within.



411

O Soul ! we call thee so for thou givest form to every
newer thought in the garland ; nay, within whatever
thou givest it some place, is changed into a garland.

By thy trying to rub off the foot-prints of nature, thou
only makest thyself lame ; therefore be not ever
turning round foot-prints.

Thou must see that shadows are also good but only in
the land of shadows, for there they take more forms
than do all the other visions.

O Seeker ! receive thy soul when Light returns it to thee,
though thou mayst not know through what ray
it returns it to thee.

Whatever touches the wings of Time, thou callest a
flame ; but in thy doubt, whatever touches the wings
of Flame, thou callest a shadow.

The half-dreamy spirit whispers because it is half-dreamy
it does not link itself only with the half living or the
half magical.

412

From every throb of a cloud, comes a newer shower, and
though thou mayst put thy message before the cloud
—it is first a throb for thee.

When Life includes Death within herself, she really includes herself within her own real self; when she includes herself within her own real self, she really creates newer life.

If beauty be only on the surface—without any kind of message, the light of a star may not reach the soul.

Behold! in one drop meet earth and ocean; in one twilight, light and dark; in one breath, life and death.

If at all thou wishest to receive any gift, receive one gift from both Life and Death at the same time so that their Message may reach thee.

If twilight is a mere doubt, Light is nothing but death.

413

O silent One! let thee not exchange thy soul with a 'word' lest thou mayst lose it.

O let thee not divide things beyond division itself.

O rise! for if the day is dawning over thee, let thee dawn over the day itself, or over that which is nearest to the spirit of Day.

O Soul! thou mayst make thyself a slave of anything, but even then thou must not make thyself a slave of Slavery, for surely it is the worst form of slavery.

Light is called Light because it reaches the soul, while the Darkness does not.

Behold! the Dawn is on the way to Love!

Death too is on the way to Love!

Love also is on the way to Love.

414

In the desert thou canst see the garden of souls!

O say not because a desert has no stream, therefore it cannot give a clear form to anything.

O ever-dividing Spirit, divide warily on the threshold, for it is better to divide Division itself than to divide the soul of Union.

O Nature! whether some believe or not in the eternal melting of things, thy poetic smile makes the frozen rivers flow.

What is the use of offering a shadowy offering to that which is a flame, what is the use of seeking a halo without a soul, O Love?

Lo! whatever nature gives thee, she first gives in the form of some flame, but I wonder when I see thou takest it first only in the form of ashes.

415

Thou art endless because one—one because endless.

Behold! thy heart always throbs, but sometimes thou thyself becomest a throb of thine own soul.

Sorrow may be thy one stage, but it cannot be a stage of Joy itself.

Light may be thy step, but it cannot be a step of
Twilight.

Ever does the Voice 'carry thee away' but thou seest the
Vision blesses thee.

Ever waking from thy sleep thou seest, that though it is
only the Dawn that wakes thee, it is the Sun
that changes thee.

Things that thou canst not solve, they solve thee, till
thou canst reach thy goal.

416

The ebb may be seen by thee when thou dost stand upon
the shore, but unseen by the ocean itself it is ; for the
ocean there is only the tide.

O be content till thou seest the face of Contentment.

O wonder not when thou seest though the words of man
take flesh after he arises above this vein, he tries to
give them more and more flesh.

Often before the statue of Liberty, thou callest *this* the
blood—that the water; *this* the blood-offering—that
the flower-offering, as they are near, nearer or nearest
to it.

The flame that must reach the Heaven, must be the one
that hurts nothing, though it be only something like
a flame.

The day that thou canst not make thine own, change it
into the Moment; the moment that thou canst not
make thine own, change it, into thine own Soul.

417

Often by giving names to the changing things, thou givest names to Change.

Lo! often thou sayest that somethings of nature stand like rocks, others move like the winds, but those that are apart from them both, thou callest them the creeping ones.

The stream that flows only on a surface, whispers, it passes through the window of its own drop.

The day which is neither of the spirit of Poesy, nor of the spirit of Philosophy, is only a day of death, but the day which is of both, is not a mere day.

If there are certain things to which thou canst give a name only on a battle-field, think not they do not know the dream of a tide.

Lo! many divide a thing and in their trying to link it again, they only try to link Division.

418

O thou born near the Deep, the soul that was lost by thee somewhere else, is found by thee near the shore, though that shore was not seen by thee before.

Lo! the world that lives between the Law and the Sword, fears the one, yet worships the other.

All things have their own hour or day, but it is only the flames or flame-like things that have their moment.

O Spirit of Doubt! Often what is not a gift of Day, thou dost not make thine own gift; the gift of ray thou doubtest even to call a gift.

The place where 'meet' the shadows, do not call that
'meeting' itself a shadow.

I wonder when thou sayest thou learnest every newer
word only from the spirit of 'Killing'.

O Light! thou art a parting message of Darkness.

O Love! thou art a parting message of Death.

419

In the cup of Union thou canst not see the contents of
Disunion, though thou mayst see within it many
tides.

Either thou hast only one meaning or as many meanings
as are thy births and deaths.

If at all the soul can be killed in some way, it can be
killed when 'blood' reaches it.

The whole world stands between thee and me—between
thee and me stand Life and Death.

Wonderful it is that the place at which thou hast not both
'killed' and 'saved', thou thinkest at that place the
Day and the Night have not yet met.

Lo! many a soul is lost before a real one is gained; many
a life is lost before a real one is created.

420

The leaves of a tree may be waving in many ways, but
their message goes only in one way of union: they
may be falling in many ways, but they are gathered
or they gather in one way.

It is better to hold one's empty mirror, than to hold
another's soul.

The things that have not heard of Life and Death, even they have heard of the inmost Dream; the things that have not heard of that inmost Dream, even they have heard of something inmost.

From the sun of Love, how can come the rays of Death, even if Death may have its rays?

Often though thou hast been at a place for ages, thou dost not know to what passing wind or flame to give some place there, yet thou callest that place thy mirror.

A new word that thou puttest between 'Love and Liberty', thou doubttest it if thou canst not put it between 'the Flame and the Wind'.

421

When the Shadow deepens, thou canst see neither the shadow nor the depth, but then thou canst see thine own self; where it becomes the shadow there thou canst not stand.

A mountain remains the same, only a breath makes it look little or great—apart or together; though let thee see only as many heights as are the melting worlds near it.

The weaver weaves he knows not what, except that he weaves a touch with a touch.

In the world of flesh, flow the rivers of spirit; in the world of spirit, flow the rivers of flame.

Thou callest *this* a world because it flows, *that* a world, because it makes other things flow.

O even when the flame stands around thee, think not that it is on thy sides, but that it is in thy very centre, for a flame cannot be on a side.

422

Everything may give its own face to Freedom, but when Freedom gives a face to anything, her very giving it a face is giving it a soul.

The true dream has the soul of vision, but the vision also has the soul of dream within dream.

The dawn is still the dawn, for what is it if Change or Fixity does not show its clear face within it?

Say no more 'where', though, O Spirit, thou hast 'the divine wine of Where', 'the cup of Where', 'the heart of Where.'

'When the whole world will take an invisible form, the invisible things may take another kind of invisible form, not to dazzle thee, but to make thee stand in a new way.

Not the flame but the want of fragrance often burns thy flower.

423

Lo ! thou lovest thyself when thou canst not stand between the born and the unborn : but thou buriest thyself when thou canst not stand between the unborn and the unborn.

When Freedom, Destiny and all such spirits take a visible form before thee, thou knowest not near which of

them hadst thou first stood, for then thou only knowest that whatever it was, it was only the spirit of Nearness.

O Soul! whatever name Nature gives thee, only by that name do Love, Hope, and such other spirits call thee.

The question begins everywhere for Life begins everywhere, it ends every-where for the shadow of life ends everywhere.

The waters that are untouched by flames or ashes, even they know the pearly ashes, though within them there be no pearl.

424

Often thou learnest a 'word' neither from the Word, nor from Silence, but from that which links them both.

Thou learnest the word 'blood' neither from the body nor from the soul, but from the sacrifice of soul.

It is not a ruby which does not say that many other rubies have passed through it; it is not a crown which does not show that it has more unborn pearls than the born ones.

This vision may not say it is only one face of life, if Life should not say it is only one face of thy many faces, O Mystery!

If thou writest the word 'time' with the Breath, it will write the word 'man' with the Moment.

One dreamer calls himself a prophet of the winds; another, a prophet of the waters; yet another, a prophet

of the flames ; but wonderful it is that no one calls himself a prophet of Ashes.

425

Lo ! in thy doubt whatever thou dost not sow upon a threshold, thou dost not call a seed.

When thou art silent except upon the shore of the Deep, thou doubtest thy silence ; when thou risest above a line not made up of points, thou doubtest thy rising.

Because beneath the shadow is written the word 'light,' above it must be written the word 'vision'. Because beneath the ashes is written the word 'life,' above them must be written the words 'life beyond life.'

If on the path of Vision thou canst see everything else except the Vision, it is because its Light walks with thy Shadow, thy Light walks with its Shadow.

O thou that markest a point with a point, the mark which thou makest on the wind or on the flame, on thy return thou lookest for that mark not there but on thine own soul.

Though the last messenger may not speak to the world from the same place from which the first spoke, he will speak to it from the same flame : though not from the same burning candle, surely from the same flicker.

426

They who say the spirit of Freedom can change itself only into the winds, they say the spirit of the

winds can change itself only into wings and not into the winged ones.

Lo! things that thou hast buried below, instead of being themselves buried they always hinder thy feet from walking.

O doubt not if some words breathe in more ways than thou dost.

Hard, soulless things have also their cycles within to run at least one race, for without those cycles they cannot stand within the Cycle.

The moment at which man was made, that very moment became forever one with him, though to-day he gives it many names.

O bury it, if it is not a poet's dream!

O burn it, if it is not a seer's vision!

427

Even if thou hadst not been before the Dream, thy dreamy self would have been before it.

Even if thou hadst not been before the Vision, thy twinkling self would have been before it.

When the Earth calls the spirit 'the present'; the Heaven, the future, let thee not call it the past for there is left only the word 'past.'

Ever hast thou stood with Life that she may stand with thy word; ever hast thou risen with her that she may rise with every part of thy word.

When thou canst see more 'prophecies' than lights, how is it thou canst not say there are more souls than

shadows—or more visions than souls ?

As many strings, so many worlds dost thou see; as many
twilights, so many souls canst thou see ever turning
round.

428

O doubt not if at any moment thou canst not see as many
mirrors within one mirror as are the days within
one day.

Lo! thou canst not draw a picture within the exact
Moment, for before thou dost so, it becomes one with
that Moment.

Often when we stand near thee, we know not how many
tides can fill the space between us.

Sometimes thou dost stand between light and truth,
sometimes between truth and thine own self, yet thou
callest this thy creating newer lights.

The light hurts thee when thy Flesh waits for one kind
of day, thy Blood for another kind of day, and thy
Dream for a day of yet another kind.

Lo! often the riddles that thou canst not solve, thou
changest them into thy names.

429

Thy Dream whispers it is with thee since the Beginning;
but thy Soul whispers it is with thee even before the
Dream of Beginning.

They who know neither time nor timelessness—neither
voice nor voicelessness, even they know the tempest
and the breeze.

A thousand tales has Time told thee, and wonderful it is that in every tale, it has put the word 'time,' though thou hast put it in the place of something soulless.

A thousand dreams has Life given thee and lo! in every dream she has used the words 'time within time,' though thou hast made thyself content with the word 'within.'

O Soul! when thou sayest to Nature to take from thee thy last, it is not for thee to say what is last, for it is only for the soul within soul to say so.

430

Lo! every Wonder whispers to Nature to create a newer spirit of flesh in its own form; but the Spirit of Flesh wishes her to create every wonder in the form of its shadow.

When thou callest this a shrine of a seer or a singer 'yet-to-be,' call it not a shrine, but a place out of which messengers are born.

When thou dost stand between the joy and the joyful—between the dream and the dreamy, often thou callest the one thy ray, while the other calls thee its own ray.

Thou mayst rub off the eternal points, still thou must do so with other points, otherwise thou mayst only rub off thine own self.

The born say, one word still remains to be made, the unborn that one word remains to be unmade.

431

Lo ! the first name of Soul was Sacrifice, but to soothe itself the spirit of Flesh called it by the name of Quest.

O call them not the mortals if their Soul, Breath and Word call them so, for then call that the immortal that links them together.

Lo ! the three-fold world in which the mortal self 'drinks'—the immortal self 'breathes'—the spirit of Immortality 'creates' the breath.

As many riddles of nature as thou hast to solve, so many lives within one life thou hast to live, though it be not in the form of Flesh.

Lo ! when thou makest a dream clear, thou callest it life; but wonderful it is that when it makes thee clear thou callest it death.

Even if the heavenly spirits may make some offerings to man, call them their blessings.

432

Thou fixest every day for the soul or for the soul within soul; but the day which thou fixest for the soul within soul, thou must call it the Moment.

I wonder when thou sayest there is no moment of the waters and the winds, yet thou dost follow the tide and the breeze.

If at all the years roll, they roll not only in the form of moments and hours, but in many other forms, some of which are like thee, some like that which thou createst.

The hands that have not 'gathered,' because they have not gathered, any flame can hurt them.

O Light! thou lookest like a shadow of the first Pilgrim.

O Time! thou lookest like a shadow of the first Warrior.

433

Behold! the mark that was 'first' made by thee, ever does that mark meet thee when thou lovest thy way, or when thou findest thyself on a newer path.

If thou canst not stand between the dawn and the spring, thou canst not stand between the dew-drop and the rose.

To make thee conscious of thy half-mortal state, the spirit of Love throws half its light on thee, half on the page that thou dost hold.

O what other lamp shalt thou light if not the one that is ever lit by the Flame?

Having built thy half stony statue, O Spirit of Doubt, thou thinkest thou hast built that statue of some half-earthly spirit.

Purity or no purity! to the twice pure, thou must make offerings pure twice!

Flame or no flame! to the twice aflame, thou must offer twice burning incense.

434

Call it not a vision, O Soul, if thou canst not say how many moments from this Life, how many from thy coming Life hast thou given it.

The spirit of Earth breathes, it will not rest until it makes all spirits within thee 'rest'.

The spirit of Heaven whispers, it will not rest until it makes the spirit of Restlessness itself 'rest.'

The last day of every cycle sets after having changed all things into heights or depths.

When thou sayest even a soulless thing has a wound,
how dost thou call it soulless?

If it lives with thee from flame to flame, call it a flame
even if it be a dream of Flame.

435

What the spirit of the eternal Morn gives thee, take
and first give it to the soul through that part which
is nearest to the Morn, so the it may be changed
into it.

When dream from dream is gone, life fills its place.

When life from life is gone, a twinkle fills its place.

Because often the shadowy vision stands between life and
death, let thee not try to put whatever it creates
between the clay and the ashes for thyself.

If thou canst not paint a picture between flame and
flame, how canst thou paint it between the flame
and thine own self?

Lo! somethings thou callest of 'spring' for they can stand
only upon the memories; others thou callest so for
only the memories can stand upon them.

*Between two worlds of Dream and Vision dost
thou move !*

*Between two worlds of Destiny and its Shadow
dost thou turn !*

*Between two strings of Life and Death dost
thou breathe !*

436

When thou givest thy message to some spirit unborn, it is
only to thine unborn self that thou givest it ; when
thou givest it to thine unborn self, it is only to thine
unborn dream.

Hail ! O Power that didst teach us the word 'victory'
even before thou didst teach us the words 'war and
peace,' or the words 'growth and decay.'

Ever does the world turn from *this* light that it has not
taught it the word 'victory'; from *that* that it has
not made it the victor ; again from *that*, it has not
taught it how to make victors.

Man or mankind—mankind or man ! *this* is the halo of
that, *that* the halo of this !

O immortal Self ! say, who was it that bound thee when
every link of the chain that binds thee tells a
different tale ?

Speak again ! who was it that buried thee, when every
stone over thy tomb shows a different mark ?

437

When thou art nearest to anything of nature, it wishes
thee to create a newer point ; when nearest to the
point, it wishes thee to change thyself into a point.

The place where there is a trace neither of the body nor of the soul, wonder not if even at that place thou canst see the signs of some or the other races run; so say that there is something deeper than the soul itself.

Let thee not give thy Dream any name if thou dost not know whether first Peace or Charity or Light shone over it on its being first born.

They who keep the soul apart from the flame, even they cannot keep the link apart from the link-like.

O beware! for thou makest thyself faithless by burying more things than does the spirit of Earth—by burning more things than does the spirit of Flame.

438

Lo! often whatever thou createst, until all the 'stones' and the 'winds' around it do not take its form, thou sayest it has no soul of Height or Depth.

O beware! it is not thou but the spirit of Belief that grows; it is not Disbelief but thou that fallest.

O bury not this but that which is not a touch-stone, though it be only a touch-stone of some shadow.

O let thee burn, not so much that which has lost its glow, as that which cannot carry any message from world to world.

When the last stone shall melt, the world knows not what form will the spirit of Melting itself take, whether of soul, or of the soul-like.

One garden thou hast begun with the Flame, another with

a dream of Flame, yet another with a shadow of Flame, still in every one of them there is some sign of Flame.

439

What-ever thou givest to the Day, if it has a soul, the Day instead of changing it into a shadow, will change it into a halo.

A thing without a drop 'may' flow, but not a thing without a message.

Wonderful it is that when Life gives thee a dream, thou sayest it is the gift of Day; when the Day gives it, thou sayest it is a gift of Light; and so without end, till thou changest the gift itself into a soul.

If some 'dreams' of Earth instead of climbing over a tree only climb over a stone, say not they have only a seed of stone.

Listen! when they call thee the flame, the Flame itself calls thee the flicker; when they call thee the flicker, the Flicker calls thee the glow.

When Life will gather her last child, who knows whether it will be from the souls or from the dreams of souls—whether from the half-shadowy, or from the half-shining.

440

Rise! the soul that is not a dawn, exchange it even with some withered leaf.

The soul that is not a touchstone, exchange it with something harder than a stone!

Cover thyself like the bird, the beast, and the angel in one, or like the flower, the peak, and the breeze.

If thou thinkest there is a stain on Purity and that thou must take it away from it, first try to take away the stain of ashes from the Flame.

Thou sayest what candle next Life will light; but unlike thee, the Flame whispers what kind of newer offering she will create, though the one may be only a flame-offering, the other the offering-flame.

When Life and its Lamp both burn against thee—when the spirit of Quest and of Goal hide themselves from thee—then, change thyself into a half-flame or a half-flicker.

441

Thou callest Nature by the name of Love and yet thou separatest the things 'like' Nature from the things 'like' Love, as if they were not linked together in every way.

Thou mayst know neither the 'one' nor the 'true,' still thou must say there is one thing true.

O leave thy quest of separating the memory of the soul from the memory of the soul-like; for a 'link' let thee not say 'at least' a link.

O half-shadowy Hand! dost thou bury the living with the dead ashes, and the dead with the living dreams of life—dost thou revolve only from the lyre to the cross, or from the cross to the lyre?

O Soul! wonderful it is that the half-visible hand thou

callest a killing hand; but the half-invisible thou
callest a life-giving hand though there is only a change
of words.

Lo! it is often from a thousand wars that thou learnest
to count a thousand things; but it is from a
thousand journeys that thou learnest to name a
thousand things for thyself.

442

Lo! the abode in which thou hast only slept, thou
givest it one name; that in which thou hast
given a message, thou givest another name.

Though often thou sayest that soul and love are not
equal, thou canst not say that the soul-like and the
love-like are unequal.

Often thou doubttest the singing voice of Liberty when
thou dost not know of how many liberated ones
it sings.

Wonderful it is that thou canst see only the faces of
those days in heaven on which the heavenly spirits
have made war or peace.

Some build an abode 'of' beauty, others 'for' it, yet
others 'with' it, yet lo! they say they stand apart
in their ways of building.

If at a certain moment only the stones show any mark
over them, say not that in the End, there will
be only stones.

443

Let thee not doubt if thou hast not put an unborn thing

after every born thing—or a born thing after every unborn thing.

This thou callest an abode and *that* not, for in this thou canst stand in one way, in *that* in another.

Some 'make' in this way, others in that, but they who 'make' in all ways, they only 'create.'

Of whatever thou canst not build a statue, thou callest untrue; of whatever thou canst not make a flag thou callest false.

Some thou callest the liberated for they have woven something round Liberty; others, for Liberty has visibly woven something round them.

If all dreams were nothing, O tell me, how should the half-dreams conquer the day—how should they create things that are twice-living?

With one offering wherever thou dost stand, thou dost call a peak with another, before whatever thou dost stand, thou callest a curtain.

444

O Soul lighter than a song, wert thou once the song, or the song thy soul?

O Message swifter than Swiftness, wert thou once the Swiftness or the Swiftness thy message?

Be silent, O new-born Spirit, if thou knowest not whether it was thou or thy offering that first touched the earth of Union.

O thou that hast faith only in the weapon that kills, when any Word of Soul refuses to be written on any thing

other than a weapon, only then dost thou call it
thine own word.

When thou art tired of the unborn things, thy soul buries
within thee the unborn worlds, but when thou art
weary of unborn strings, it buries within thee the
unborn souls.

Say not because thou movest from earth to sun, thou
must move always from desire to soul, and not from
soul to soul, or from soul to flame.

445

Is it that thou 'offerest' to nature, or it is only one kind
of bough that offers to a bough of another kind ; or
one kind of altar offers to another kind of altar.

Whether it is the morn or the eve—whatever those un-
born visions make their own—thou callest the dawn.

They who, since their birth, have painted only heaven
and hell, they have forgotten the colour of Earth.

Lo ! some clay is the growth, some growth the clay.

Often when thy word is newly written, all stand in doubt :
the 'soulless' say if it be theirs, it may be written
only on the ashes ; the soulful say if it be theirs,
it may not be written only on clay.

The messenger. whatever message he gives to the world,
he first writes it both on its past ashes and on its
future flame.

446

When the flowers open, see which of them open like the

first form of creation—which like its last; for they that do not open like any form of them are soulless.

Before man was a seeker, he doubted his body; but wonderful it is that after he became a seeker, he began to doubt his soul; so far away was he carried by the spirit of Quest.

Lo! when thou utterest a certain number upon the shore, thou knowest not how many times it will cover or uncover thee.

When I say that I have not built this upon a peak, thou believest me not; when I say I have not gathered this near a bough, thou callest me untrue.

If thou callest the world half-immortal, put not the word 'half' to every thing that it says or creates, for it shows only thine own division.

447

Lo! some think that before creating anything, thou createst a secret, others think the other way.

For raising things from the fallen to the risen, think not thou linkest them by only linking the footprints of clay to the dreams of clay.

Behold! when *this* is 'not to see'—*that* is 'to lose sight of'; when *this* is 'not to mark'—*that* is 'to miss the mark'.

Between two shadows, thou holdest thy dream; but thou holdest thy shadow between two mirrors.

Lo! Nature knows only two kinds of voices: the voice of the nightingale of Life—and the voice of the eagle of Death—the voice of the unborn, and the voice of the twice-born.

In learning to link the past to the present, do not link the ashes to the bones—or the bones to the stones, but link them like the present to the presence.

448

Anything of nature over which thou buildest thy shrine
thou doubttest it until thou seest every vision near
it revolving round it.

Lo! thou often leadeest either the hosts of Trumpets, or
the hosts of Shadows, for that which does not come
between them thou callest only death-like.

Lo! the weapons of nature that divide and link, thou
canst see they have a vein like that of the soul.

The body, when it holds more than a drop, it is untrue;
when the vein holds more than a drop, it is false.

O away with those things in which thou canst not put
the flame, or which thou canst not put in the
flame.

449

I wonder when thou sayest thou hast won the world as
many times as thou hast 'flown' with the Spirit or
as many times as thou art 'buried' with it!

At one moment what-ever thou dost, thou callest thy
building; at another, whatever thou dost, thou callest
it thy gathering.

Thou hast seen things blessed, things that are without a
'soul'—but never hast thou seen things blessed,
things that have no string within.

Often thou sayest thou makest only that thy soul on which the first star shines—often that on which shines the last.

Soul, soul within soul, and again soul within soul, are the poet, the soothsayer, the seeker - or the singer, the song, and the echo.

When thou seest one throne after every throne in a line of thrones empty, lo! thou sayest the empty one is not a throne, but something that buries thy dream.

450

A soul might not have uttered the word 'soul' but it must have uttered the word 'breath,' or the word 'kingdom.'

If thou wishest to describe nature's journey, first describe the journey of all her singers.

They who, since their birth, have not finished even one word, only for them does the spirit of Death fill a word.

There on the path: the fair, the fairer, and the fairest, ever meet with the dreamy, the dreamier, and the dreamiest.

Let thee not only try to know how many times has the spirit of Destiny, Charity, or of Peace knocked at the door of Light.

451

When thou seest the one-winged spirit, it says it is not so, for its other wing is the wing of Flight.

When the *dawn* of thy victory comes, the spirit of Dawn
'gathers' for thee.

If nature had made this earth a footprint of its messenger, she would still have made it a place where all dreamers can meet and speak of life, born or unborn.

There is a valley within which thine own words take the form : some of the past, some of the present, some of the future.

In the land of a thousand heights everything may get a thousand names; but in the land of a thousand streams, everything gets a thousand tongues.

452

I wonder when I see thou keepest the Dawn with the Soul, but thou keepest the Morn with the Soul-like.

When thou seest more presences than the morning souls, thou art puzzled ; when thou seest less than them, thy disbelief grows within thee.

If there had been no bondage in nature, man would still have made himself free before he could have called himself man.

Though there had been no freedom, he would have breathed in a newer way before he could have wished to meet with anything of nature.

Doubt not, O Seeker, if whatever grows on the footprints of a messenger does not take his form or the form of his message.

Often thou dost not believe in any light until it takes the

place of one of the poles of nature, and wonderful it is that thou sayest thou knowest only the centre.

When I give thee the names at the time of my 'gathering' call them not mere names.

453

Lo! whatever newer word thou createst 'above,' thou givest it the form that is between man and the angel.

Whatever word thou createst below, thou givest it a form that is between man and the voiceless dreamer.

When thy soul becomes a desire, thy body becomes nothing but a shadow of Desire.

Where there is neither the quest nor the goal, there is the trace of the stream; surely where there seems to be no soul, even there is the soul within soul.

In the land of flames, if everything be linked only with the ashes, they may be called not the ashes but the links.

Sorrowful it is that thou hast not so much flame within thee as is within the abode which thou hast made for thyself to live in, for it breathes in more ways of Life than thyself.

454

Here thou mayst say that this is the message of Morn, but about the Dawn thou must say it is itself a message.

It is only the String that gives names to all things on

which thou always playest.

It is only the Trumpet that gives names to all the weapons
used by thee.

Lo! the stony Shrine throws away its stone after stone
and then fills itself again with other stones: one of the
Past, one of the Present, one of the Future, though
over them rise the same flowers.

Who knows that before nature adds a newer link to thee,
whether she adds it to a thousand strings or to a
thousand weapons.

455

The Bough which a child holds, see that it bends with
a smile of the child.

The mirror that Life holds, is cleansed by Dream, Joy,
or Peace.

When the Dreams make their footprints upon thee, thou
canst make thy footprints upon the clay.

In the desert, whatever footprints thou canst not know,
thou callest them the footprints of the Caravan.

Sometimes thou walkest before the caravan, sometimes
after it, and wonderful it is this thou callest awaken-
ing and sleep—or life and death, after the ways
of thy walking.

When the Spirit leads thee through the Garden of souls,
doubt rises within thee when thou seest some curtains
held up by the pillars, others by the skeletons.

456

Lo! the first messenger spreads his wings over thy soul;

the last—over what comes out of thy soul; the one over thy vision, the other over what rests over it.

Lo! whatever things thou canst not clothe, thou buriest in the earth: whatever thou canst not hold up, thou buriest them also, but that only in the dream of earth. Instead of seeing the soul of a flame before thee, thou wishest to know from it whether it had once dwelt in the heart or in the head.

They who stand apart from a dream, even they know the dream from the dream-like.

The flame that is within thy palace says when thou art asleep, it changes itself into a visible candle and thus shines near thee.

457

The soul thou callest the first form of offering; the offering the first form of soul.

O Poet! write not thy word upon a stone before thou knowest whether that stone will, in the end, be for a tomb or for a tower—for a depth or for a height.

When Nature asks what kind of soul thou wishest to have—what kind of voice, thou sayest it should be the soul unknown to soul—voice unknown to voice.

Unlike other trees, on the tree of Knowledge, whatever thou keepest, is changed either into a sweet fruit or into a shadowy leaf.

They who know neither the Blessed nor the Blessing, even they know the blessing Hand.

They who know neither the flame nor the ashes, even they know the burn which is upon the flesh or soul.

Till thou canst say of what was thy 'first' offering, thou art in doubt, and dost not put the word 'first' to any other word or deed.

458

Lo ! when the Earth gives thee no place to bury thy dreams, thou callest it stony.

Lo again ! when it gives thee a place for any kind of dream thou sayest it is only a place of burial : such is thy doubt.

If thou art made 'immortal' near a stream, say not that there is no ocean.

Blinded by the mere word, the half-visible world thou callest a world of evil spirits, the half invisible a fairy land, though both of them mean the same.

O Love ! the two streams that flow together : one thou callest a stream, the other a pearl.

The two flowers that rise together : the one thou callest a flower, the other fragrance.

I wonder, often thou canst see only so many faces of a flame before thee, as words of thine can stand upon it.

459

The Desert through which the streams of all desires visibly run, thou sayest that not this but that desert is thy body, and yet thou puttest the word 'sands' before everything that thou dost create there.

Lo ! everything thou callest either the first or the last

thing of creation ; that which thou dost not call so thou sayest it is without any cycle.

Sometimes thou art the glow of my soul-dream, sometimes the glow of my dream-soul - still ever art thou my glow.

Lo! everything thou callest a stream, yet a stream which is without any brink, thou callest not a stream but the shore-less ocean.

Where man's Spirit of Reason, beast's Spirit of Dumbness, bird's Spirit of Flight visibly walk, even there man wishes that his word should be marked with blood.

Say not because at a place the gods of Light and of Shadow have fought, thou must make it a battle-field for ever.

460

Rise thou that knowest no heaven, rise if not within it, within that which gives to and takes from earth.

If whatever stands upon a 'point' thou callest a soul, upon whatever stands the point itself, thou must call the creator of soul.

Whatever comes between us two, thou mayst call a curtain, but whatever comes between those curtains, thou must call it a soul.

When thy echo is heard, O Soul, what if it is carried through the valley of stones or of ashes !

Thou must not call this the last word until thou takest away from it the word 'last'; when thou takest away from it the word 'last,' thou must not call a mere word.

461

Lo! how some sacrifice their all in trying to change the soul into the vein, some in trying to change the vein into the soul.

One singer says he is awake for he can give to the Shadow ; the other that he is awake for he can take from the Shadow—one says! for he can take back his own soul really given by him to anything; the other for he can create a newer soul from anything.

When thou dost not write thy words in the way in which nature writes, thou only makest so many cuts within thy present or future self.

When thou dost not dig as she herself digs, thou only buriest thyself, for such is the law of the Spirit of Depth.

Often thou thinkest thou dost stand because thou thinkest thou dost stand upon something offered by one spirit to the other.

This drop thou hadst gathered from the place where Stone said farewell to Stoniness—where Stoniness said farewell to a stony dream.

462

Listen ! the spirit of the Desert says if it should not make clear the imprint of what is within the caravan, it may not make clear the imprint of the message within it.

It is better that thou shouldst stand still than that thou mayst not be able to walk without all thy past and future shadows.

It is better to say farewell to the life whose name thou canst not utter without first uttering the name of all things created by it.

In the whole day whatever thou givest and takest, thou givest and takest through the breath of the dawn, even if that dawn might have passed away.

Lo! the tales, songs, or links of the past, if they are true, ever do they meet with the untold tales, the unsung songs, or the links of unmade chains of the future.

463

Lo! often for the words thou turnest to the Vision, for the deeds to the dream of Vision.

They who are above 'change,' even they 'turn' to thy dreams, and call it their creating.

See, O driver of Camels, behind as many 'camels' as thou walkest, thou seest the soul of so many days before thee.

When thy dreamy self leaves thee, thy dreamier self rises before thee; when thy dreamier self leaves thee, then rises thy dreamiest self—that is the soul itself.

Over whatever dream thou drawest thy line, as if one part is changed into the moving Spirit, the other into visible Destiny, though all is one.

If thou mayst have as many memories as the Flame has, it may keep thee afloat however bound thou mayst be upon its surface.

464

I have turned thy leaf, O Mystery, even with an unborn hair, but surely it is not an unborn hair, but the very soul.

Even before there was any voice, thou hadst told the whole tale of creation by standing upon a tide.

O beware, thou buriest thyself when thou ringest up or down more curtains than does the spirit of the Moment.

Though a dome built by thee may be wholly made up of burning candles, it still wants a newer burning candle for its centre—a candle that may call it an abode of candles.

If thou canst not know how many are thy dreams, O Soul, change thyself into the flame and see how many tongues it has, or in how many ways them it meets with the Moment.

465

The little 'things' that cannot hold a grain, when they do not give place to a 'caravan,' they are unable to breathe.

Here in the world of voices, a threshold may be without some offering, but an offering cannot be without some threshold.

O walk warily through the door through which no spirit has yet passed and yet through which only the offerings have been sent.

O what meanest thou when thou wishest that whatever

should come between day and day, only one message may come between dawn and dawn ?

Lo ! at every moment two statues are being built ; but no, for one is the truth, the other what makes it stand upon the threshold.

At every moment two winds pass ; but no, for one is a wind, the other a message.

466

Lo ! whoever took a message before thee, thou didst call him a heavenly being ; whoever took it after thee, thou didst call him a voiceless dreamer.

If a petal does not become wet with some blood-drop, say not it is hard, but that thy blood-drop is without a soul.

O new-born Dream ! thy first foot-prints are so soft, that the spirit of Earth makes them wholly its own ; and so does the spirit of Heaven.

Perfect, more perfect, most perfect : between them all comes the word 'goal.'

Life, greater life, life in the greatest : between them all comes the word 'love.'

Ah ! when we become two memories, some passing heavenly spirit wishes it may become a soul between us—to make of us one soul.

467

O beware to touch the flower of Earth which is with one petal of 'Whence,' the other of 'Where'; one

of 'Quest,' the other of 'Goal'; for even then it is the flower.

Lo! some die in their trying to change the whole of time into one moment; others in their trying to change the moment into the whole of time.

Though Joy and Peace may not have the same little memories as thou hast, they have much more warmth of soul in their place.

Some of the unborn have memories that are of the living Lyre; others have those memories that are of the living Cross.

That which thou callest 'at most' a soul, thou callest a dream; that which thou callest 'at least' a dream, thou callest a soul.

See that Death itself has its halo, so thou must not call it death; nay, nothingness also has a halo; the halo itself has a halo.

468

Before thee, O beautiful One, sometimes when we cannot paint some unborn vision, we can paint the gift given by the unborn to the unborn.

He, who has killed from birth to death and says he has no time even to utter the word 'life,' through that very killing, Life makes him utter her own word.

The hour-hand of Destiny creates as many dreams within as the things it strikes before touching thee.

Never has the Candle told thee that it will burn either on the banner of the living or upon the tomb of

the dead, for when it tells thee so, it ceases to be a candle.

When thou givest anything of life its proper place, it is changed into a flame.

When thou givest a flame its proper place, it is changed into a glow.

469

What is between the King and the Poet, thou callest a cup. What is between the Dream and the Vision, thou callest a message.

Lo ! by putting human eyes in a stony image, thou only makest thyself sightless.

When thou separatest the burnt threads from the threads unburnt, thou seest that the only thread that remains, is the flame itself.

If thou canst not separate the half-dream from the half-flame, touch neither the dream nor the flame; for if thou canst not separate them, how canst thou walk before life or its dream.

Often thou art afraid of the prophecies when they do not come to thee in the form of grains; but those that come to thee in the form of grains thou thinkest they are doubts visible.

This or that : all is a race towards thee, still let the word 'race' be put only before the immortal dreamers.

470

When Peace, Joy, or any other spirit says it has its own

heaven, that Vision whispers it gives every spirit its own heaven.

O blame not the stream when it flows between the dreamers and the dreamless, for then it really flows between the dreamers and the spirit of Dream.

There are dreams on which thou canst not make an imprint; there are flames only on the dreams of which thou canst make an imprint.

Behold! whatever offering is kept over the Shrine, is changed either into a flower or into a candle; so call it not a soulless shrine.

Death may weave tales with the words of the frozen brows, but Life weaves them with many strings half-woven—with many visions half aflame.

When the Spirit comes to thee while thou art 'gathering,' thou knowest not what name to give to that gathering.

O call not a thing evil if thou canst not see a certain number of rays falling upon it.

471

The 'mortals' may give their own message to the world, but the message of the 'immortals' the spirit of Immortality itself gives.

O let thee not waver as to what to call that place where thou canst build neither a 'shrine' nor a 'tomb'.

The 'shadow' of a moment may not fall on thee when it falls upon anything, but when it falls upon another moment, it falls on thy soul.

Thou canst not say there are places where there are no

half-dreams when thou sayest there are places where thou canst see half-lit fires.

On thy path two burning candles are seen; but no, for one is a candle, the other, its halo; so be not lost between them.

There are two flames that thou canst see; but no, the one is a flame, the other its moth.

Lo! the twice free, thou callest the beautiful one.

472

The words that thou dost 'invite' thou canst not say they are soulless.

The souls that thou dost gather like leaves, thou sayest they themselves come to thy soul.

Thou canst softly gather the worlds only with their own leaves, but thou canst gather those leaves only with their own dreams.

Though all is one, yet, as many pearls as lie in thy depth, so many depths thou hast.

Whether thou sowest or reapest, these are only the ways of thy harvesting.

If one half of thy dreamy self lies on this side of the stream, the other half on that, think not it is the stream itself that has divided thee, for it can only link.

The words 'sow' and 'reap' may be unknown to a soul, but not unknown to it is the word 'harvest.'

If thou doubtst if this is a word, put it within any kind of ring.

If thou doubtest if this is a message, keep it upon any kind
of ashes and surely it will separate the ashes of a
string from the ashes of anything else.

473

Lo ! often though from many ways pass the kings, from
more ways pass the thrones.

Thou hast seen many spirits meeting where not even the
spirit of Union has met with its shadow.

O light not the lamp of life near its tide; if thou canst not
make it stand upon it.

However cool thou mayst be, O flame, thou canst at
least melt our dreams; therefore it is that we ever
turn to thee, even before turning to our dream.

Surely if the memories come to thee only through a
stream that has beneath it the bones and the ashes,
they may be called their memories, O Soul !

However little a stream of life be, it can run from
the true bones to the true ashes.

474

If thou hast some vision within, always water some higher
thing, but if thou hast nothing, water the Drop itself.

For thee to put the soulless words upon thy string, is
only to hurt thyself; to put soulless wounds upon the
soul is only to kill thyself.

O between Flesh and Blood thou mayst give place to
'bread', but to what wilt thou give place between a
grain and a grain ?

Whether thou raisest thy head above the head of the Moment or above the head of the Century, thou seest thy sight becomes below that head only by one grain of sand.

If whoever comes from the east is not a messenger, say not therefore whatever ray comes from the sun is not a ray.

475

When thou callest that which rises over the waters a lotus, thou must call also that a lotus which rises over their 'shadow'.

The fountain that has as many arms with out flowing water as drops within, call it the full Drop.

Doubt not when within thy home, the Flame within it invites something shadowy, and its Warmth invites something visible.

Often within thy half-lit home, thou invitest one thing and the Candle lit by thee invites another, so thou canst not separate them.

When thou putttest more robes of light upon thyself than are the strings of nature, thou only putttest upon thyself the robes of Doubt and thus buriest thyself.

476

Whatever is not a messenger's word, is only a word of division.

Whatever is not a seeker's journey, is only a journey of Death.

Lo ! a bird thinks only that a moment in which it can leap from bough to bough ; man thinks only that a moment in which he can either 'kill' or 'save.'

Whatever spirit dwells within a dome made up of bones, thou callest it a 'killing' spirit ; but whatever spirit dwells within a dome made up of feathers, thou callest soulless.

When the Hour strikes so silently that even the Moment does not know it, thou doubtest whether to call it a moment of life or a moment of death ; so thou art silent.

They who are born upon the Cross, they make their own as many words of Life as can come within the Cross.

477

O see, often the shadow of the King is like the shadow of the Crown ; the shadow of Crown is like the shadow of the Pearl.

Lo ! when thou passest by the cottage door, thy Shadow passes by the palace door ; what is less than a cottage, thou callest a grave.

On the day of 'giving' thou dost 'offer'.

On the day of 'offering' thou dost 'sacrifice.'

Though we both are ever born 'together', and ever 'together' die, wherever we meet, we meet neither on the height or in the depth, for if we meet anywhere else, we do not call it our meeting.

Think not the reply of earth to thee is false if it does not come at the time at which grows the seed.

that is sown by thee.

When thou sayest thy dome has many walls of flame
we believe thee not, for the true flame cannot divide
with the word 'walls', for it can only link.

478

They who give their offerings with more hands than has
the spirit of Dawn, thou art puzzled what to call
those offerings.

Some are voiceless for they cannot utter a word ; others,
for they cannot sing ; others again, for they cannot
give the song a fleshy form.

If there are more broken ones than the spirit of String
knows, do not call them the broken.

O Spirit of Doubt ! where thou canst not write a word,
there thou art afraid to walk ; where thou canst not
link a word to a word, there thou canst not link any
other things.

They who know not what place to give to their words of
soul, they cannot know what place will Life give to
their remains.

479

Because thou meetest some winged spirit at every step,
thou thinkest that at every step, there is some height
or depth.

Blame not the seasons, for they move only in that way in
which move the seasons that are within the Moment.

If more have mourned than are ever born, they have not

mourned but rejoiced.

Before using a word see of how many *points* it is made ;
for then it will not hurt thee.

Often thou doubtest a word of nature that has been with-
in some tale or song ; but the one that has not been
put, itself doubts whether thou walkest upon a path.

Behold ! often as many flowers dost thou see on the way,
so many 'turns' of the way canst thou see.

480

When thou seest there is nothing less than a smile, thou
must say there is nothing without a dream.

O Poet ! surely the memories which thou hast, are only
the memories of Song.

The words that have fallen from a bough, are restless
until they are changed into fruits ; the words that
have fallen from some peak, are athirst till they are
changed into clouds.

Doubt not, O Seeker, if on the face of Creation thou
canst not see one line of bird, one of beast, one of
man—if sometimes one comes before oneness, some-
times oneness before one.

Lo ! whatever thou canst not name, thou callest either
some birthday gift, or the gift of some last-day.

So hast thou linked thyself to names, that often thou
callest only that a sleep in which thou canst not give
some name.

All call this a kingdom : some that which holds up a
throne, others that which a throne itself holds up.

481

That which is ever 'born' upon some peak, when it touches the earth below, it thinks itself buried.

If all words be changed into laws, surely the dreams may be changed into words.

Lo! the vision is sometimes a messenger—sometimes a message, and this thou callest life or death by turn.

Let thee not cease to sow till thou canst separate the seed of 'Growth' itself from other seeds.

Lo the world! before it uses a newer word, it puts it into some law; before that it refuses to believe it.

O divide the law in two and its one part becomes the breath, the other the moment.

Whatever does not stand between us, we call it buried; whatever does not grow between us, we call decaying; whatever does not flow between us, we call it flowing backward.

482

When thou thyself dost rest or sleep beneath a bough or near a hill, the spirit of thy Message rests above that bough or hill.

When a blood-drop speaks to a dew-drop, thou must say it is the spirit of Flesh that speaks to Nature.

Here Time itself may be unknown to thee, but even then when the day is changed into the moment, or the moment into the day, thou canst feel something passing between them.

When I see thee asleep, I can see when thou dreamest an immortal dream.

When thou callest this a gift of the unborn, how dost thou call it a mere gift?

When thou sleepest on the unborn flowers, how dost thou call it thy mere sleep?

483

When thou hast many riddles, thou puttest them within a halo of light and art content that thou hast solved them at least for a moment.

As many offerings as thou givest, so many newer hands are born to thee.

Here, they who have not heard the word 'armour,' even they have heard the word 'link'.

Often, the very 'giving' of the unborn is called their sacrificing—the 'sacrificing' of the born, their giving.

Lo! Often by burying things in earth, thou sayest thou weighest them, yet thou dost not call death as life.

Even the unborn poets have their own ashes; but no, they are not the ashes but their songs.

484

Lo! the rising tides—if indeed they are true—they never descend without first touching some passing spirit of Heaven.

With every word thou addest a newer banner to thyself, but nature with every new word links a newer petal

to her flower.

Behold! the world builds a shrine over its every word and deed and then it takes a stone from every shrine and out of them it builds a newer shrine.

Surely if the world had not been created as it is, even then there would have stood the dew-drop between its tear-drop and blood-drop.

When all these flowers, like a sun-flower, turn to the sun, wonder not, if then the sun-flower turns even to the unborn sun, or even to a dream of the sun.

Tell me not whose flame thou art, but whose glow; tell me not whose glow thou art, but whose vision.

485

In the land of Shadows, often thou canst not see the shadows of those who meet thee, apart from the shadows of their Words and Deeds.

A flower can grow on the edge of a weapon, but man cannot stand where he has not made some kind of sacrifice.

O doubt not when the Door, before it gives thee way, often it gives way to some living Shadow.

The path of Light through which thou passest now, who knows if thy future Shadow may be passing through its future Shadow.

Lo the world! between word and word, it gives place to a 'letter'; between letter and letter it gives place to a 'word.'

Between 'light and shadow' it gives place to one kind

of word, between 'shadow and light' to a word of another kind.

486

Lo ! upon the height, whatever dreamy thing of nature thou keepest, it looks to thee like a flag.

If things may rise above a touch, even then they cannot rise above the Touch-stone.

If blood that flows from thee becomes frozen before it reaches the Ocean, let it not flow, but let it be changed into something soulless.

If Peace, Joy and such other spirits live only on the heights, they may not show thine own footprints.

Lo ! the spirit of the Year often hides from thee one night from its many nights ; no, for that is not a night but the moment within which it gathers all the moment-like things and gives them a newer flesh.

Under one star who-ever meets thee, is thy guide ; under another, who-ever meets thee, is thy companion ; under yet another, who-ever meets thee, is thy very soul.

487

If thou wishest to weigh a lotus, weigh it on the stem on which it naturally stands.

Thou canst not say how long thou hast lived, for it is only thy Blood-drop that can say so.

O listen to the Breeze ! it says because it is the spirit of Softness, it has no need for a 'separate' heart within it like thee.

Often the same thing when it is at the foot is like a flower; when in the hand, like a goblet; when above the head, like a star.

Only the wings of a moth can light the moments, for so soft they are.

O let thee not water the seed or the root as many times as the centuries thou canst count, for it cannot make it grow if it has no soul of its own.

The place where only the shadow and the angel meet, say not that there meet only the past and the future, and not also the present.

488

Let not thy doubt rise when thou seest in nature more garlands than the flowers—more flowers than the petals.

Think not if this night does not wholly change itself into many leaves, it will not give a visible form to thy dream.

The shadow that rises from the highest heaven, call its rising itself a vision.

Thou hearest the stones whispering, if they can hold the foot-print of some passer by, surely they will take it as nothing less than their very soul.

Whatever spirit comes from the East, thou mayst call it soulless, but thou must call it a rider.

Whether the heavenly spirits water this or hold that, they are all the ways of their kindling this or that.

The spirit of the Waters says, nothing can melt it
except the Pearl.

489

The moment that can dwell only in a drinking goblet,
call it not a moment of Time, but a moment of the
Drop or of the Tide.

When Life and Death exchange, the Present exchanges
itself with the Seeker.

When Life or Death takes only one corner, call it not a
corner but the very Breath.

O think not that by turn come day or night, so by turn
the earthly or the heavenly spirits are ever at war or
at peace.

The broken drinking goblets may be only for the broken
ones, but the 'broken' drops are for all alike.

I wonder, O Seeker, often not the place where there is no
soul, but the place where no tale can be told, thou
callest that a soulless place.

490

O let thee not wish to give thy tongue to the words that
have not heard of the Voice.

Thou dost not stand to 'bury,' for thou dost not stand
upon the word 'burial.'

Let thee not see in the broken pieces of thy mirror as to
which of them was once thy dream, which of them
thy vision when the world had not yet begun.

What if thy dreams become hidden, for the wheel that is

turning on before thee, shows them visibly upon earth in its long imprint that it leaves behind.

When thou dost not say, 'life and union' upon the Threshold, thou only sayest 'disunion and death.'

When within thy dome thou lightest a lamp, doubt not if before turning its face to thee, it turns its face to some place where a candle might have burnt.

Often thou wishest to know after how many calls of soul to call life a call—after how many offerings to call it the incense.

491

When thou hast to open a window even for some passing shadow, thou canst not say that shadow is without a soul.

O doubt not if the stone mourns for one thing, the spirit of Stoniness for the other.

A wound upon life thou callest a word; but a wound upon wound thou callest life again.

Look to the arrow, when it passes by, it says, if at all thou wishest to bury it, to bury it only with the points.

Let thee not wish for some whole word from them who themselves are half-buried within the earth.

The voiceless flame of earth tells thee that because it is voiceless, let thee not compare it with a wingless moth.

When thou callest anything round a flame a moth, what wilt thou call that which is round the moth itself ?

492

The fruit on the bough, when it is nearer the root than to the bough, call it the sweetness.

O doubt not if thy own future days change themselves into many birds and rest over thine own boughs.

Say not because many heavenly spirits have awakened the vision within thee, every word of that vision has 'many' shadows.

Thy same boughs, when they bend in one way, they show one kind of fruit; when in another, a fruit of another kind; and so when in yet another way, of yet another kind.

Behold! how the Vision holds a grain like thee, and yet thou thinkest that within the ear of corn, there may be some grains of Doubt, others of corn.

Say not because there is a war between man and the evil spirit, let there be a war between blood and the Drop.



493

The great angelic spirits are born only at that place where the Dreams are born in a visible form.

The days on which no one has rejoiced or mourned, or on which every one has rejoiced or mourned, are the days nearer to soul than to time.

O doubt not when the Spirit gives more *points* to a word than the points of which it is made.

Often thou buriest one wing with the other, thinking that thou buriest it, but lo! it is the very opposite.

To the spirit of water that destroys, let thee not add the word 'drop', for a drop never destroys.

The Deep says thou canst be drowned not so much within it, as much between it and the drop.

494

That which thou canst not link to thy vision, link it to some 'stain.'

Thou becomest a burier of things not when thou buriest them, but when thou buriest more things than does the spirit of Burial.

The first stain that Life took upon herself she changed it into blood, the last into that which makes the blood flow

Let thee not be curious to see a ray that falls, whether it falls more on thy born or more on thy unborn dreams.

If thou canst not stand at the place where many races are run, it may be the place of thy burial.

If thou canst not speak at the place where many souls are visibly created, thou mayst lose thy tongue.

The flame of the past thou callest the ashes, the ashes of the future the flame.

Often the little Coming thou callest Light, the great Coming the Bringer of Light.

495

O doubt not when thou seest 'that even the leaves of

Immortality show the shadows of fruits.

O doubt not if the gifts of nature do not come to thee
through the showers—if all the drops of the showers
do not fall on thy dreams.

Often, the rivers turn from their course and flow towards
the place where the 'first' drop in a visible form
had fallen.

Open only so much of the Door through which thou
canst give full-flowing charity, without leaving any
empty space within it.

When thou liftest up the wings beneath them thou
seest the ashes of their own past.

Lo! often before thou canst give a name to a dew-drop
or to a ray, thou canst not give a name to thyself.

O Weaver! if thou art near the water, let thy first thread
be of the dream of tide; if near the flame, of the
dream of flame if thou wishest to weave well.

Doubt not, O Love, if the half-immortals have not their
words even half aflame.

496

If the call be not of something rising, still rise at the call.
From thee, O bleeding Dream, fall many drops, but when
the Drop itself bleeds from it falls that which makes
the Drop stand or flow.

The water that falls from the dreamy self, who knows how
many times it is changed into a drop on its way.

The seed before it becomes a full tree, who knows how
many times it is changed into the fruit.

Lo ! often to the 'created uncreated' thou givest one name,
to the 'uncreated created' another name.

To the 'sung unsung' thou givest one offering, to the
'unsung sung' another offering.

Thou hast no need to 'go' to the place where things are
bought and sold to seek the opposites of all things.

Thou mayst say 'hour after hour,' or 'day after day,'
but coming to soft things—thou must say 'moment
within moment' or 'twinkle within twinkle.'

497

For solving the greatest riddle, thou mayst go to the Deep ;
but for solving greatness itself, thou must go to the
Depth.

Often thou canst not say before the day or the night ends,
whether it is a gift of the Soul to Dream, or of
Light to Darkness.

When thou sayest world 'beyond' world, or world
'within' world, call the 'beyond' and the 'within' too
as worlds.

The shining Ruby tells thee, if thou wishest to bury it, to
bury it only like the Dream; the Dream whispers, if
thou wishest to bury it, to bury it like the Ruby.

If thou knowest not, before thou wilt break a ruby, how
many visible dreams will be made out of it, touch
it not.

If thou wishest to change a stone into a touch-stone,
make it lighter than a touch.

Say not if some can create a new word only within a valley, they are born within a valley and at no other place.

498

Things that cannot grow in the land where only the messengers dwell, thou thinkest they have no soul.

The place where only the 'singers' are born, thou makest it a place either for burying thy secret, or for lifting up a banner.

Often, when the moments offer to the moments, thou knowest not whether the born offer to the unborn—or the unborn to the born.

Say not thou makest a blood-offering to the spirit for thou seest over it a halo of blood—that thou makest a flower-offering to it for thou seest it seated upon a flower.

There are rays which before they reach thee, they are prophecies; there are others which after they leave thee become prophecies.

Lo! thou canst link a spot to a stain, but thou sayest thou canst not link a point to a twinkle.

499

From thy thorns, O Spirit, fall upon us the rays of Virtue, Beauty, Love, and Immortality; but of whatever they are, surely they are the rays.

O Mystery! if thou hadst not sent thy voice from all summits to the world—either it would not have called it

a voice, or them not the summits.

Be content with thy natural burden, O Soul, for in an unnatural way, thou canst move neither with the burden, nor without it—neither with the message, nor without it.

Give thy pillar its proper place, for then if every stone be gone, it will not fall to the earth.

Give thy candle its own place, for then if every part be gone, it will still burn in some way or the other.

Lo! in one Age thou callest deathless that spirit which is free from the wound of any weapon; in another, that which has upon it the wounds made by all kinds of weapons.

O barred One! stand behind the bars, if at all there be bars, still let thee not stand behind numbers.

So everywhere spreading is light that to build any statue for it is to make a stain on one's own self.

500

Behold! sometimes thou art the host of the Voice; at others, it is thy host.

Often the tide of the Deep rises as long as it takes a messenger to go from shore to shore.

O Nature's Heart! O Heart of Joy! from thee comes the throb of all the sexes at the same time.

O Soul! often thou triest to see not of how many threads but of how many laws the robe of a king is made, for often thou callest only that a robe.

Unlike the sun, O Vision, thou hast wholly melted thyself into rays for the world, and therefore it calls thy melting itself a ray.

Say not, O Love, because that which can be born upon a rose thou must offer it only to a rose—what-ever is born upon a stone thou must offer it only to a stone.

If sometimes we call thee a twofold Nature, O Freedom, we call thee a nurse of souls.

Always one throb more and lo ! a newer world !

O Soul ! do not lose thy Throb between Word and Silence—nor thy Love between Joy and Sorrow.

And yet another throb—and then another kingdom !

FINIS.

**PRINTED BY NAVALRAI FATEH CHAND
AT BHARAT PRINTING PRESS, RAMBAUGH ROAD, KARACHI
PUBLISHED BY GAGANDAS H. JAISINGHANI,
TAIB (DIST. LARKANA)**

ERRATA

POEM	LINE	
24	1	delete 'to thee'
53	7	read 'to set'
57	5	delete 'let thee'
59	12	delete 'on thee'
66	12	delete 'A'
68	11	read 'as many forms as dreams...
72	13	delete 'to'
78	14	read 'Vision'
119	7	read 'a grain of sand'
129	17	delete 'it'
204	11	delete 'in'
228	4	delete 'by'
269	last	read 'O Drum !
361	11	read 'of Joy or Sorrow'
435	3	read 'so that'
<hr/>		
100		delete 'The Darkness is a feast ... of soul.'
<hr/>		

